

デインの紋章

赤巻たると
AKAMAKI TARU

～魔法師レジスの転生譚～

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DIN NO MONSHOU

– Crest of Din –

- Volume 1 -

CHILDHOOD PERIOD

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– SYNOPSIS –

The hero is a Ronin who is undertaking an embarrassing job search when he is killed in an unfortunate accident.

When he wakes up, he has been re-incarnated into a new world.

“I’ll never live a lazy life again.”

He tries to restart his new life with such determination.

He is born to a fallen noble.

How on earth will he manage?

This is the story of a young man and his partner’s struggles to save his home from downfall.

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◆ シャディベルガ・デイン

◆ ウォーキンス

▲ エドガー・
クリスタンヴァル

▲ レジス・デイン





◆シューターリン兄弟

◆イザベル

▲ドウルフ・ザジム・
ホルゴス

主な登場人物

「髪、綺麗だな」

「ありがとうございます。
頑張って手入れしてるんですよ」



PROLOGUE

In hindsight, my life was trash.
I earnestly feel so.
If I can start again, I want to restart from a previous point in time.
Specifically, ten seconds ago.
Let me start over from that time.
Because, if I was able to return even ten seconds ago, I need not die.

A scream rises from the surroundings.
There is a man who shouts to call for an ambulance.
But most of the shouts were "Are you okay?"

No, it's not okay.
I'm trapped under a steel frame. And I'm alive.
Meanwhile, a television report is being broadcast about the iron frame.
"It was a strong pressure. Yes, internal rupture."
How is it being broadcast calmly?
It seems...
In a word, it is an answer.

The vision that I can see is narrowing steadily.
I can sense that my body is becoming cold.
The small business cards I got from my father had become red with my bodily fluids.
Although one might say, in this case, it was a mistake to leave.

The steel frame spike that was released by the labourer directly hit me.
Nevertheless, I'm dying.
It was too unreasonable.
I should not have gone outside on Christmas Night, if such a thing was going to happen.
And furthermore, the thought 'Let's get a job!' should no longer occur to me.

Anyway, I was a man who could not do anything.
The only saving grace for me was that I was good at resisting pain.

I lived for 25 years and there were no good things (about me.)

My youth is accurately expressed in 2 kanji — It is so.

『無惨』 "Tragic". Gloomy, isn't it?

I was not especially eager for extracurricular activities.

Having said that, I was not one to study either.

How can someone be friends with one such as I?

A girlfriend was something of a dream.

I am a typical, useless human being.

From when is it that I entered into the death route?

Is it the time I had been affected by the flu on the eve of the college entrance examination?

Even with my poor academic ability, I should have somehow got into the university.

Putting up with intense joint pain and headaches, I somehow managed to get to the school gate.

However, to my regret, the disease I had was a biohazard.

I still remember how I was rushed to the hospital at the speed of light.

And then a supplementary examination.

The last chance I had.

The day before — I fell down with Norovirus. (*TL: Norovirus, In the UK is known as the winter vomiting bug.*)

Bad Oysters.

More than that, I was stupid.

Even though I wanted to liven the party with the family.

What on earth was I thinking, eating oysters that were meant to be cooked raw.

After all, my imouto was driven away.

But, I did not think I would really have such a serious illness.

To say, my result was that I did not receive entrance into a university in my youth.

Was it at that time?

The tension in me snapped and I began living a loose life.

The job-hopping part-timer who works in production.
I became estranged from my relatives too .
Needless to say, my parents gave up on me long ago.

“You, are you really my son?”

When those lines were spoken, I was unable to retort.
Well, I was jobless. At a mature age.
Although I debated whether or not to act upon the feeling and behave violently, but I
had no such courage.
I cried all night, curled in a ball.
Nobody will take sides with me anymore.

However, my imouto was different.
My imouto was totally different from me.
Only she cared about me until the end.

It seems my parents proposed a plan to drive me from the house.
At that time, it was my imouto who persuaded my father to prevent it from happening.

The incompetent fool who can not do anything.
However, I wanted to be the elder brother in front of that person at least.
It was selfish pride.
But, even so. I didn't fake only these true feelings.

Then, a report came that my imouto was getting married.
The partner was a novice doctor with good relations from the university days.
After several years of friendship, it seems he finally reached the finish line.

While it was lonely, on the other hand, I would be happy to send her off.
As a big brother, I wanted to celebrate the happiness of my imouto .
So, for the first time in several years, I spoke to that man.
I asked for an introduction to a job from my father who was reading a newspaper with
a difficult face.

I lowered my face and was seriously scolded.

An alcohol jar was thrown at my head and my head bled.
However, I did not give up.

I am a person who is originally resistant to pain.
I have the self-confidence that even if a bone is broken, not one eyebrow will be moved.
For hours I continued to sit in front of my father.
This was stubbornness.

As a result, I received a business card from my father.
I understand only the company name and it was an enterprise that I had never heard of.
It was a rumour of the wind.
I heard it was being run as a "clinical trial".

However, the information was only rumours up to there.
What was being done was something that's unclear.
There was a suspicious aura about the conditions.

Though, it was fine if I could get money.
I can do something for my imouto.
It seemed good, no matter what.

And — across the nation, it was Christmas today.
I went out for the first time in a long time.
The place of the company is a multi-tenant building at the edge of town.
I walked straight there.

Here and there are men and women who were bringing their bodies close to each other.
In contrast, I prowled around in a suspicious manner.
I'm sure I would've been seen as a suspicious broker.

I tried to pass the front of the building under the construction.
At that time, a couple walked in front.
They're on good terms and a muffle is wrapped around one neck.
I was suddenly driven by an impulse that wanted to disturb them.

But it was different.
Today's long-cherished desire is no such thing.
Simply recalling the face of my imouto, infinite power will appear.
I strayed largely from the couple and walked along the building.

I seemed to be able to tolerate any pain now.
Shoot even a genesis bow or gun at me.
There was even such a thought.

Then, was it the mischief of God or the Devil's doings?
There was a big shadow at the foot of the building.
Is there a ship floating in the sky?

The moment that I thought so, I looked up.
My view was stained red.

My body became like a broken doll.
It hurts. It hurts.
What was this?
The pain was okay, but what was this flowing blood?

To die like this.
If I'm not mistaken, I was to die soon.
Not now.

Please, wait a little.
At least, only to the wedding ceremony of my imouto.
Please let me attend the place where she is congratulated.
Did the heavens vengeance come down on me, as I lived selfishly?

The judgement of God?
Anger of a great God.
Now that I have reached here, either doesn't matter.

Then if it is God.

I won't say I'd like to do it over anymore.
Even if I think that, I won't say it.

So, for my imouto at least —
At least make her happy.
If that isn't the case, I can't rest in peace.

Also, if possible.
If possible for one more request.

It's kind of stupid that I can't celebrate the happiness of my imouto.
Give me the chance to make somebody happy in my future life at least.

A lazy lifestyle won't be lead anymore.
I will live with full effort.
I'll do everything I can.
So, s-so —

The area is filled with red light.
A noisy siren echoed in my ear.
Oh, did help come for one such as me?
Even though I didn't get work, strangers are saved.
I think that it is a wonderful thing.

If there is a next time, I'd like to be a man who is loved by someone.
And I want to be the man who is able to save somebody.

I vomit a mass of blood, and I meet my end.
My life vanishes away.
At the last minute.
I spoke of an earnest desire which wouldn't be voiced.

— Only once more. A new life.

I'll probably do the next chapter, but anything after that depends on the response.

CHAPTER 1

START BEATING

When I wake up, I am unable to move as I expected.
I could somehow move a hand or a foot.
However, the body is undeveloped. Such an illusion.

Did I suffer a serious injury to both the hands and feet?
What do I do about the medical expenses?
My father....is impossible.
Rather, the guy is likely to finish me off in my sleep with a vase.

And my imouto is excluded.
She has no money for looking after a person.
I twist my head looking for the bill, and overhear a voice from above my head.

“Is there truly not a problem?”

It's a man's voice.
It is a low tone, making me anxious.
Someone calls out to him.

“It's alright.
One month has passed since he was born. As you can see, he is energetic.”

It is a gentle and calm voice.
It seems to be a woman that had called out .
I am soothed and the man exhales deeply.

“Hmm...I was worried because he doesn't cry at all.”
“It is the proof of perseverance.
If it is this one, you could possibly revive the house of Din.”

The house of Din.

What is that?

I am unable to understand the situation well.

When the man laughs feebly, he extends a hand out to me.

“Although he’s my son, he is also the son of Sefina.

Although she has fallen, she made her success in life by the sword and magic.

He is different from me who was a low life from the beginning.”

While ridiculing himself, the man pats my head.

From such movements, my hairs stand on end for a little.

I don’t have a preference to be touched by men.

“Looking at his face, I see a resemblance to my wife.”

“I agree as well, but who does this black hair resemblance?”

The man brings his face closer and touches my hair.

Strangely, the man’s hands seem large.

Is it my imagination?

My eyesight is weak and I could see nothing until just a little while ago.

However, since the man was approaching me,

I am able to grasp his features.

To say it in a nutshell,

A good young man — Though he seems timid?

His eyes are blue and he has striking gold hair.

For some reason, he is wearing western clothes from a different era.

Although the man seems old to some extent, I don’t feel he is declining from age.

Behind the man who has a serious face,

A finger is raised as the woman recalled something.

“Which reminds me, I heard the conversation from before.”

“What?”

The man turns around with an unpleasant look.
I assume it is something the woman was not meant to have said.

“An excellent person married to an inferior person.
The child who was born from the two has black hair.”
“In that case, surely I am inferior.”

The man let out a sigh.
Seemingly wanting to say something, an explanation is expected.

I’m anxious about the man who seems sad.
And to sum up,
The woman looks puzzled.

“Why are you giving him up?
Should not Shadiverga-sama become a superior genius too?”
“It is impossible. As I am not young anymore.”

Through listening to the conversation, I learn the name of the man.

His name is Shadiverga.
His family name is probably ‘Din’.
In other words”Shadiverga • Din”.

It is quite a good name.
It’s such a naming sense seen when an illegal in a host club is exposed.
When the report comes, by all means, I want him to insist that it’s his real name.
I wonder if it’s not an alias.

However, this man named Shadiverga,
He has an extremely timid appearance.
There is the impression that he is not living up to his name.

I recall my high-school days.
Shadiverga tightens his facial expression, to address the woman.

“The name of the child has been decided on with Sefina-sama.
It is because I would like you to live your life to your satisfaction.
I gave him the name which means “The Surging Waves” in the home-town of Sefina.”

Shadiverga takes a shallow breath,
In order to declare his resolve.

“Regis. This child’s name is Regis Din.”
“It is wonderful.”

The woman praises it honestly.
Then Shadiverga draws on my cheek and I am embarrassed.

“Is it?
Well actually, my opinion was refused.
It was decided by Sefina.”

Where is the name that was decided together?
Is it not a complete dictatorship?
To Shadiverga who has a bitter smile, the woman responds with a fresh smile.

“Because your wife is so strict.
The day when Shadiverga-sama comes to hold authority in the night will never come.”
“.....”

Towards such a remark, Shadiverga can find no words to say.
On the other hand, the woman looks proud.
Shadiverga shrugs his shoulders as though he was fed up.

“Good grief. Sefina has nothing but quirky servants.
Wokinsu is the prime example.”
“Am I to tell your wife you spoke my name carelessly?”
“I need to pay attention.”

Apparently, this woman’s name is Wokinsu.
The crystal-clear voice is beautiful.

But there is a strange and mysterious atmosphere.

Wokinsu is a servant,
Shadiverga's relationship with the employer is that of the husband?
Unexpectedly, the power balance is funny.

"I will go to Sefina.
Don't take your eyes off Regis."

I try to flee as Shadiverga begins to walk.
Before anything more is said, I'd try to leave.
But at that moment, my view is abruptly shaken.

Shadiverga has used something to suspend my body.

After the feeling of floating for an instant, I fall to the floor.
By visual estimation, around one meter.
Saying from the results, I am landing on my face.
It is ridiculously painful.

"... Desu!"

This bastard.
He drops the cradle in which I lay.
Absolutely not allowed.
Authorities express it is best to carry with all one's effort and express opinions to
eradicate all opposition.



Wait a second.
In a cradle?
Why am I in such a thing?

Why am I not able to stand?
Power does not enter my neck.

Possibly, my neck bones are broken?
But there isn't pain and I do not seem to be hurt.

For the first time, my body enters my line of sight.
And a strong question appears.

Why was my hand so smooth?
It was as though....

"... I'm sorry! Regis, are you okay?"

Shadiverga hastily lifts me up.
He lightly shakes me while cradling me.
Please stop because the vibrations hurt.

And, at that time,
The appearance of the female – Wokinsu – enters my eye.

It is dubious if she was 20 years old, or younger.
However, her age is a mystery and cannot be specified.
The silver hair which reaches her shoulder causes me to think of aesthetic jewels.

She is dressed in serving clothes, made of black and white.
Coupled with her cute appearance, it suits her very well.
To such a Wokinsu, calling out would be embarrassing.

"It is not good, Shadiverga-sama.
Not good when the neck is not stable, so make sure to embrace the hold body."

She snatches me from Shadiverga.
A sweet fragrance like vanilla tickles my nose.
My cheek is pushed against a soft chest and it is very pleasant.

Usually I should go wild with joy, like a barbarian with a spear.
However, there is no such evil thought from me now as though I am now a sage.
Because I am undeveloped, it is difficult for lust to appear?

I don't know.

"The future of the Din houses rise.
It rests on the shoulders of Regis."

Wokinsu swings my body a little.
Although it is a minute vibration, I am anxious and my voice comes out involuntarily.

"... Au"

"Oh, you answered.

Do you understand what I said?"

"There is no way. He shouldn't know a basic word yet."



It is hard to say that I understand all of it.
It would be better to cover it up.
Even if I expose myself, I would be considered a heretic.

As of yet, the expectation is that I would be understanding nothing.
For the time being, I have learned one thing.

More or less, it seems my wish has been granted.
Unconsciously, I clench my hand into a fist.

I may be able to experience a new life.

Because, I thought it had ended already.
It is because I had given up that it was all useless.
Realizing the situation, I am almost in tears.

A new life.
What a sweet sound.

I am in a good mood and express gratitude although it is a principle that I do not usually pray to God.

Therefore, pay attention, God, and listen carefully.
It's probably something I will only say once in my life.

–For my reincarnation, I'm extremely thankful!!

CHAPTER 2

I LEARN MY POSITION

For the past six months I've been unable to stand.
I have come to understand this household somewhat.

I am Regis, the only son of the Din house.
And my father who is naive and prone to worry – Shadverga Din.
He is 32 years old.

He's a man wise to the world who seems to manage the politics of this territory by himself, mostly.
Despite this, his popularity within this territory seems to be high.

My mothers name is Sefina.
Her age is 15.
No, as there was a celebration after I was born, she's 16?

Basically.
My parents are a man who's 30 years old, and a girl of 16.
Isn't this what's called a crime?
The police should do their work!

After Sefina gave birth to me, her physical condition seemed to have become bad.
For the past six months, shes been in her room resting.
Even her husband Shadverga, seems to meet her only occasionally.

Of course, I still haven't met her yet.
It's strange to say,
I have never seen the mother who gave birth to me.

In a mirror, it seems I resemble my mother.
My voice and outline are from my father, though.
On the whole, It seems not much of Shadverga's appearance is taken.

And the servant, Walkins.

Her age is unknown.

But judging by appearance, she's in her later teens.

Apparently the relationship with the master Sefina was good since childhood.

However...

Even if I observe Walkins, I cannot guess what's on the inside.

I don't mean that she's plotting something.

Just a fearless aura is being given off.

Finally, there are several other servants.

They are residents of the Din house.

By the way, the standing of this house in the country is simple.

The so called "Fallen Noble".

What does that mean, and what is its impact on me?

I've not heard it in detail.

Well, as it won't be a pleasant story, there's no need to know now.

But in the meantime.

I have a sincere question.

It's a common discussion,

Is the view during my meal ethical?

I think that it's rare for the real mother to give milk in this world,

A young woman nurses me by breastfeeding at meal times.

I wonder if this person is one of the maids.

Without reluctance, I get my calories.

The fact that the partner is a pure infant, makes such a thing possible.

If I tell them I have an ego, what on earth would happen?

They may faint at the speed of light, unexpectedly.

I don't say it as it will be inconvenient.

“Haa. You drank well.”

Stroke *Stroke* Onba-san^{“1”} caresses my head.

The fact that milk is produced, has she given birth before?

However, 20 years old is a suspicious appearance.

The heck. What kind of man sinks his teeth into such a young girl.

There may be a lot of fellows with a lolita complex in this world.

It's something I'll use to my advantage.

It would be lovely to have a cute bride.

While somewhat jealous, the room's door opened.

“Oh, Finished? I'll take over.”

It was Walkins that entered.

Held in her hands, is a child's plaything.

I grasp at the strange stone with one hand, as she approaches with a smiling face.

How should I say... This fellow is tricky.

She feigns ignorance, while in truth being quite capable.

Moreover, there is a fondness for mischief.

That said, Shadverga seems to have a weak consciousness of her.

“Please listen, Regis-sama^{“2”}.

Today something interesting was taken from a burglar.

Look, please see this, Probing Magic Stone!”

“... A.”

I reply weakly.

How should I put it, did you not just say you took it away from a thief?

In order not to chase too far, I nod obediently.

“Oh? As expected, Regis-sama

Somehow or another, I think you understand what I'm saying.

As one would expect, Regis-sama is mature early, and wise!

Study more, then please tell me how to easily raise money!”

If there is such a thing, I want you to tell me.
How much trouble I had with money in my past existence.
Walkins raises me with her arms and holds me against her body, disconcerting me.

“This Walkins, will devote all my body and soul to playing with you.”

This is it.
It appears possible to move by crawling.
When I attempt it, Walkins and the other maids stop me.
The over protectiveness is troublesome.

“Well, well. In this room... ..”

Walkins had taken me to a library tightly packed with books.
There’s mountains of information.
When she lay me down on the mat, I picked up the strange stone.

“This demon stone has the power to see latent magical powers.
When someone has a lot of magical power, it glows red. For those without talent, it breaks.
It’s not as precise as the crystal from the 『Employment league』 though.
But it’s fine for just a rough magic check.”

Walkins strips off my shirt and
A chilly and cold sensation.
But gradually the stone begins to heat.
My body temperature begins to rise.

30 degrees.
40 degrees.
50 degrees.

I have a bad feeling.
The heat is rapidly rising, and not settling.
Noticing the unusual phenomenon, Walkins twists her neck.

“The stone is easy to use and.... Hey? Is it getting hot?!”

Did she just notice?

One step before being burned.

The magic stone is filled with enormous heat, faint light from within the stone.

Then immediately after.

The stone burst and scattered, without leaving a single un-touched part of the room.

“... .. Gwu, ah!”

The roaring sound penetrated my eardrum.

My retina was burnt by the radiance, taking away my view.

“Regis-sama!”

But Walkins wasn’t fazed, and covered my body to protect me.

I was momentarily confused, but I regain composure from her scent like vanilla ice cream.

The light gradually shrinks.

The stone was shattered, causing it’s shape to be destroyed, and it ended up as dust.

When Walkins separates from me I take a good look at the broken stone.

“Th... This is...”

To be honest, It’s an unpleasant feeling.

If the stone is broken, it may mean there is no magical talent.

Even though it is frightening to think, I may be an incompetent person.

Walkins opened her mouth in shock, about to faint in shock.

“... The light and heat were too strong, it just broke and scattered.”

The cross-section of the stone is scrutinized, and she determines something.

After checking briefly, the stone is thrown out the window.

And now, at a lightning speed, I am jumped at.

“It’s wonderful, Regis-sama!
I have never seen such a reaction!”

Walkins looked extremely excited.
She lifts me into the air over and over in delight.

“For even the kingdoms top magic teacher, a crack is difficult.
To serve such a person, Walkins is glad!”

I don’t understand it well, but it seems that it was a good result.
Should I be pleased?

“H-Hey, Walkins!
Wasn’t the library door just blown off!?”

Shadverga burst in, confused.

When you look properly, the rooms door has disappeared somewhere.
Was the thunderous roar from earlier the door meeting its end?
It was decorated with a feeling of luxury.
Craftsmanship like that might have made it valuable.

“I just presented the money to the king....
Must I also take out a repair fee for my private property?”

Shadverga’s facial expression is shrouded with dark clouds.
Like that, Walkins went about soothing him cheerfully.

“Well... Putting that aside.
Your son’s future is very promising.”
“That’s not the issue!
Does Sefina know about this?”

Shadverga breathes out a sigh.

However, without being timid, Walkins whispered.

“Although you like being tormented...”

“I don’t like it! What thing are you saying to your employer?”

Pouring oil onto the fire.

Though, in the case of Walkins this is normal.

“You are mistaken!

My employer is Sefina-sama right? Regis-sama agrees.”

While requesting affirmation, Walkins smiles pleasantly.

In contrast, Shadverga is struggling with the servant of his wife.

Who was in the higher position was something I did not understand.

The dispute between them seems to have gotten quite lively.

Shadverga does not seem to be seriously angry though.

Walkins lightly shakes me, pressing for an answer.

“Regis-sama is on my side.”

“You can’t use a baby to win an argument”

“.... Aww.”

It was me who did not understand the relationships of this house properly.

Shadverga and Walkins are quarrelling happily.

I dropped my eyes to the floor.

In this room there are many books.

A book which collapsed has left its pages open from impact.

I took a brief look, but the characters seem to be readable, somehow or another.

I’m a bit relieved because I won’t end up with any failing marks while being taught it.

Learning about this world won’t be a problem.

It became possible to come and go into the library as the door disappeared.

This could be called a godsend.

In all honesty, I'd like to have knowledge of the thing called magic.
I wonder if you accumulate training, like in an RPG?
My heart beats quicker in anticipation.

Taking the word of Walkins, I probably have magical aptitude.
If there's power in the beginning, I'll develop it.
Because this time, I'll live without regret.

I take an oath in my heart.
I remained a spectator of the fight between the head of the household and servant.



Incidentally. a few days later.
Shadverga was called by Sefina after she heard about the library.
It's been a while since he saw his wife so he might be happy.
However, it was not like that.

After several tens of minutes.
Shadverga came out of the room, with the eyes of a dead person.
Even though it wasn't cold, I felt a chill and my teeth began to chatter.

Shadverga unsteadily sits down near me.
He seems to have been through something terrible and his hair is standing on end.
Walkins called out to him, as he's in an abesentminded condition.

"Oh, Shadverga-sama. What has been done?"
"It's nothing."
"Fufu.³ Sefina-sama is as merciless as ever."

Walkins smiles wryly.
It seems she knows what happened.
She speaks while patting my head.

“Also, Sefina-sama would like to see Regis-sama.
When she is well rested in the morning, should I take him in?”

Don’t do it!
After seeing this devastation, is it safe for me to go in?
Shadverga puts a hand on my shoulder.

“..... Don’t die, Regis.”

Quit being so ominous.
In my past life I’d be throwing salt!

Seriously though.
Sefina won’t do anything horrible to a baby.
There shouldn’t be a problem even if she sees me.
A landmine won’t go off until you step on it.

Well, I’ll tread carefully.
Even so, I trembled at the thought of the upcoming encounter.

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1. Onba-san means ‘Wet Nurse’ or ‘Nursing Mother’
 2. I’m sure it’s mostly known, but it’s used to refer to people of higher status.
 3. It’s laughter. Mostly devious.

CHAPTER 3

LEARNING DANGEROUS MAGIC

Two weeks after the library door was blown off, I finally succeeded.

I read through a book and learned magic. *(TN Note: This is future him speaking and below is a detail of how that came to be.)*

I jump down from my cradle when the moon appears and the servants fall asleep.

“...Phew”

I shouldn’t rush, but perhaps I’m over cautious?

In the depths of the library some books are stacked up.

In the end, my movement is critical.

However, I’m near the area for reading.

The kind of book that I need has already been searched for.

I climb over the broken door towards the stack of books.

I don’t want to be found by the head of the household, so I crawl towards the stack.

Umm, if I remember correctly it was around here——

“Comprehensive Magic Directory ∼Master Volume∼”

This seems to be it.

I reach for the magic book and take it, since that’s all there is available.

The beginner book that I actually wanted to start with is stored high up on a bookshelf.

So I use this as my textbook for magic in place of the starter guide.

I got onto reading it and picked up some magic that I could do.

The Principal Magic is:

- Attack magic

- Support magic
- Recovery magic

Magic is finely divided by scale and characteristics.

“Attack Magic” it’s strange due to only the few spells of its kind, but it’s relatively easy to learn.

Fire, Earth, and Water and the like are attributes that easily have an effect on one aspect.

And “Recovery Magic”.

In order to learn this kind of magic a rare talent is needed and those magic masters who have that talent number only a handful.

There are many restrictions to it, such as the inability to revive the dead or instantly close up wounds.

“Support Magic” grants special benefits.

Enchantment Magic, detection magic, search magic, and so forth fit in the category.

Mastery is difficult, so one should resolve to endure the uncommon training needed for this kind of magic.

“.....Hmm”

Next, the backlash of this.

From the conclusion it can be said that magic cannot be used recklessly.

There is large cost to health if magic is conjured.

By using magic to a large degree some amount of damage is suffered by the body.

It could be fatigue or reopening of the old wounds.

The damage sustained is different for every person.

It’s fine.

Out of a 100 theories I’ll practice 1.

For now, a suitable magic may be found by trial and error?

It’s imprudent to practice unskilled attack magic in the library.

It’s doubtful whether recovery magic can be mastered.

Perhaps I should try support magic?

『Megatelepathy...magic moves to a person's head and a connection is made. It's the superior version of telepathy, since telepathy can only convey my thoughts to the other party. In this higher rank form of telepathy the other party can send a thought back. The lower rank version is no match for the communication range either. Magical Power Usage: Low. Learning Difficulty: High.』

Oh. If this is used, then I can't talk with the person due to lisping.
If privacy could be kept, then I could use this to tell someone my will.
It seems that in order to learn this, then the spell must be inscribed in the mind.

The important thing to become a master of magic is an 『Image』 and 『Pose』 .

When I do this in a careless manner, then there's I get a strong backlash regardless of whether I learn it or not.

Also, the memorization of an incantation is indispensable as it becomes the key for starting magic after it's learned.

You'll never know unless you try, so I'll try learning it anyway.

(...magical power deployment)

For Megatelepathy I use myself as an image and start chanting.
After deploying the magical power, then I can imagine who I'm connected to.
It's only a test in the end, but is it good and proper?

I proceed to the next step.
Towards a target person I make a road of magic.
Through this the preparations are completed.
After the circuit is made, magic should put it into action.

(...from my body appears an evil circuit- 『Megatelepathy』 ツ!)

I chant strongly in my mind and feel my entire body become hot.
At the same time my heart beats violently.

“Ughh?”

I shake a little.

Is this the backlash of activating magic?

Nonetheless, the degree of it is not insufferable.

A letter appears momentarily before my eyes and I feel relieved.

【Megatelepathy】

Oh, it seems that I succeeded in learning it.

The phenomenon of information being burned into one's sight is an incidental sign of magic being learned.

However, I couldn't communicate with the other party.

That's probably due to me being the partner, so instead I got a sound like a sandstorm coming forth.

It's fine.

With this the next spell can be activated by chanting.

Well, should I learn another one?

I shouldn't practice flashy magic, but for the sake of self-defence it's necessary to learn attack magic.

Because my body is an infant's that only leaves the option of defence through magic.
I look for the weakest spell in the master volume .

『Astral Fire.....a vast amount of magical power is condensed and a fireball the size of a fist is made. A highly-compressed fireball, which can be sent at a target to burn it until the magical power of the practitioner runs out. Magical Power Usage: High. Learning Difficulty: Low-Medium.』

Is this all right?

There is also water and wind attribute magic, but the learning levels are too high for them.

As one would expect, it's hard to learn it on the first attempt.

However, the learning difficulty of this magic is low relative to the other kinds.
If it's controlled well the fire won't spread either.
Should I test it carefully?

I steel myself and began chanting the incantation for the spell.

(Overflow from my body to become demon blood. Seed of flame that cannot resist becoming hellfire 『Astral Fire』 ツ!)

The room was wrapped in a sheen of red.
At the same time a character floats into my sight.

【Astral Fire】

Alright, I succeeded in mastering this spell too.
It was easier than I thought.
A fireball with extreme heat capacity levitated in the center of the terrible light.
It shines brightly like a crimson jewel.

Okay, it shouldn't be in such a place.
I gradually cancel the magic-

The scene vanishes.

My head grates in pain.
At the start is a vomiting feeling.
Then, gradually an unbearable migraine rages in my skull.

“.....Uu、Aghhhhh!”

It hurts.
It hurts, hurts, and it hurts.
What on Earth is this? Magic's backlash?
Yet, when I used Megatelepathy earlier-

“.....Agh”

Astral Fire.

Magic Amount: Large.

The amount of backlash is proportional to that used for the spell.

It was written in an explanation in some part within the book.

I didn't forget that in particular, but I didn't expect to suffer like this.

I didn't know that the backlash brought such acute pain.

It's unpleasant.

Because my concentration was cut the fireball began to drift.

The fire is swelling and shows the signs of exploding.

As it is now the explosion would be huge.

“.....About this、 uwaa”

I need to stop it.

The one who created the flame was none other than myself-

I should be able to deal with it.

What about that pain?

I guess my sole redeeming feature is my pain tolerance.

Even though I grimace from withstanding all the pain, the fireball is stopped.

Either way, I use up all my strength to stop the flame.

The pain comes from using magic.

Magic needs to be stopped early.

However, magic is practised to control the addition of magical power completely.

It's an early story: the vicious circle.

“.....Stupidity.”

I've died once before, so I should be cautious of things happening.

However I overlooked that for curiosity's sake.

Alongside intense regret an acute pain tortures my consciousness.

As the situation is I faint.
Then, at that moment-
“Regis-sama!”
Someone held my body.
Although, everyone should have fallen asleep.

The comfortable smell of vanilla ice cream came to me.
A sense of security spreads throughout my body.
I forced the pain down and looked at the person protecting me.

It was Walkins.
Why is she here? Regardless, the fact is that she is here.
Including a servant, everyone in the mansion should have been asleep.

When Walkins sees the floating fireball I clear my throat once below her.
Then, I hear a magic incantation the likes of which I had never heard before.

“Ancient waterfall take in all things.
Taint of death please be washed away by holy water.
Holy Grail、pour down your abundant waters— 『Chaos • Cataract』 ”

A veil of water entirely obscures visibility and it suddenly begins to rain.
The fireball resists the water by turning it into steam.
Except, there’s too much water.
The fireball is extinguished in no time.

“Are you well, Regis-sama?” *(TN: Polite language.)*

Walkins looks worried as she stares at me.
Although, she doesn’t seem angry.
My heart on the the other hand hurts, since there’s no excuse to say even if I wanted to.

Nevertheless, I noticed that I fell into a predicament. I’m not sure how that happened.
(Did she feign sleep, then get up.....?)

“No? I went to bed.

However I heard Regis-sama say 『It's painful』 —that made me jump out of bed in a hurry.”

“.....Fua!?”

Did you read my mind?

Megatelepathy was connected.

I had intended to choose the other party of the spell with consideration, but I seem to have subconsciously chose Walkins.

She closes the book I had been reading.

“Astral Flame is still too soon for Regis-sama.

If you use it, then do so after memorizing more of the lower ranking fire magic”

It is necessary to go in order.

Using higher ranking magic suddenly will surely not go well.

How should I put it, wait a minute.

I ask anxiously.

(.....Walkins?)

“What is it?” *(TN: Once again she's speaking politely.)*

(About my having sought out the magic book, my thoughts, and speaking this well—Will you not say anything?)

If I were in her position, then this talk wouldn't be far from creepy.

An infant shouldn't be able to speak this well.

Yet, Walkins nods with a smile.

“After thinking, Regis-sama doesn't want to seem different from normal people.”

(Oh, did you see through me?)

“Yes, but the conclusive evidence was intuition.”

Was my acting so unskilled that it caused these circumstances?

I had intended to play the role of a natural infant.

However, now I was anxious about the matter of what was said.

(.....Intuition?)

“Women’s Intuition——rather, it’s a magic master’s intuition.”

I see.

The magic power I have was seen and I couldn’t be a normal person. By that it seems I was seen through.

She’s a frightening servant.

“I’m the super servant who can do anything, because I can see in this way.

If I see someone’s magic power, then I can generally size up what kind of person they are.”

(.....Amazing.)

“Thank you. Heehee, I’ve been praised.”

Walkins puts her hands against my face and my face starts to color red.

What a mysterious reaction!

As usual, I understand little of what this person thinks about.

While peeping at Walkins’ expression she 『enquires』 and her mouth is opened. She puts a finger to her mouth, since it’s a little bit of a serious situation.

“Regis-sama should likely keep this appearance secret.”

After all my character seems to be strangely reflected and I also want to avoid something troublesome.

The tail must be restricted from being shown.

“I’ll keep quiet about this, so don’t worry.”

That’s what Walkins said as she put a hand on my chest.

It’s a welcome promise.

I really feel indebted to her.

“On the other hand, study magic from time onwards with me. At least obey this much.”

Oops.

As might be expected, should we move on unconditionally?
However, I have no inconvenience with it as I agree.
Rather, I have a better teacher now and it's all working out.

"Do you understand?"
(I understand.)

I nodded, then her whole face was filled with a smile as she grasps my hand.
The appearance of Walkins lit up by moonlight was incomparably beautiful.

"Then, after this please take care of me Regis-sama."
(For sure I'll rely on you too Walkins.)

Thus, the curtains raised on magic lessons with Walkins.



By the way, the library was flooded.
It was cleaned the next morning by Walkins and Shadverga with complex faces.

I feel very guilty after having others clean up my mess.
This favor will eventually be returned without fail.

Incidentally during the middle of cleaning there was an accidental happening.
Shadverga was hiding some lovely books in the library.
Walkins found them.

Selfina heard about it, so Shadverga was called out for lovely chastisement with some physical part among other things.
The scream at that time was more terrible than the moments of death.
I wondered about what happened to him later and heard of it from Walkins.

However, he was found on his way back.
His face was paler than expected.

.....Okay.

Honestly, nobody had to ask to find out.

I keep the lesson in mind wholeheartedly while letting out cold sweat.

Gentlemen, don't court danger.....!

CHAPTER 4

SEVEN YEARS LATER

Time flies like an arrow and the passage of time is quick.

Over the years, I have steadily aged into a seven-year-old. Walkin's is keeping my inner-self a secret, as promised. However, I do feel that the pampering has decreased.

This is due to the fact that my thoughts and answers are equal to the youth level, I suppose. I won't be treated like an infant for much longer. Though, I occasionally get teased, when she deliberately treats me like a child.

This is the relationship between Walkins and I. Today, I was also immersed in a fundamental magic lesson.

"Regis-sama, We assume the enemy has been using thunder magic. If that's the case, how do you handle it?" (Walkins)

"Build a wall with earth magic, also, using the same thunder magic counteracts it." (Regis)

"Amazing. The review is perfect!" (Walkins)

The attributes are a matter of affinity. There are five types of attributes which are confirmed – 'Fire', 'Water', 'Wind', 'Earth' and 'Thunder'. These are commonly known as the five elements of magic.

They are correlated with each other. When the same attribute is used, counterbalancing occurs. After confirming the theory knowledge, I ask casually.

"Is it not about time to start learning higher magic soon?" (Regis)

"No good. Regis-sama's body is still unable to withstand the recoil of magic yet. By all rights, at your age magic shouldn't be possible. I can say without doubt that learning

it would be a problem.” (Walkins)

The fact is, I was close to death when using Astral Fire. There is no helping crying without a rebuttal.

“How should I put it... To start with, I have magical talent?” (Regis)

“Rather than talent, you have vast reserves of magical power.” (Walkins)

I was too reckless and was swayed by my magic.

So it’s like that. No matter how strong the magic is, if the body cannot withstand the backlash of it, then it becomes insignificant. Although, I feel like I’ve become accustomed to magic in these seven years. This is because I haven’t had a backlash when using low-grade magic. Though, when used in rapid succession, it is painful as would be expected.

“But, I remember Walkins has unusually strong magic. When the fire was put out. Also, when the thieves appeared in the village, Walkins kicked them all around.” (Regis)

In this area with many mountains, bandits can easily settle down. The bandits from yesterday, the cannons rattling drew attention to them while they were mountain climbing, so the location was reported. They were crushed by Walkins. Towards the crime committed in broad daylight, Shadverga wore a bitter smile.

“There was such a thing.” (Walkins)

“In particular... (Chaos Cataract)? I mean to say, it didn’t appear in the master edition. Where was it acquired?” (Regis)

“As I am the hyper-servant, I memorised it from the beginning!” (Walkins)

“Liar!” (Regis)

Thinking that everything would be solved with words was a great mistake. My pointing it out with frankness hit the bullseye? Walkins is giggling.

Come to think of it, I don't see Shadverga. Has he gone for an inspection?

That my inner-self is more mature than – he suspects it. I was worried he would behave weirdly. Judging from the result though, the fear was unfounded.

The person is of a higher calibre than I thought. Though Walkins help by playing a cushioning role was also big, I guess. Far from evading me, Shadverga speaks to me pro-actively.

According to Walkins, since the old days he was not one who would seem to doubt his family. People from the common population are judged on their personality and employed as maids. I think that's the reason that the population relies on him in that area. However, as he has the habit of undertaking all the work, he is often swamped.

Nex time, I'll help as well. While repairing the study tool, I bring up a topic with Walkins.

"Recently, my father hasn't let me outside." (Regis)

"That's because outside is dangerous. As the country is skewed in disorder, the security isn't good." (Walkins)

It's as she says. In this area, multiple groups of bandits and thieves have been confirmed. The territories struggling attempts to deal with them are not catching up. Walkins also noted that there are other problems.

"The situation with the neighbouring countries is spurring the deterioration of public order. In an emergency, the Din house will also be recruited." (Walkins)

"It's unpleasant." (Regis)

The neighbouring country was in the middle of a ceasefire, wasn't it? Then again, no agreements were exchanged. IT wouldn't be strange for a war to break out.

"Although the nation has become impoverished and struggled to deal with monsters.

A war with a foreign country isn't the case." (Walkins)

Walkins said it sombrely. Though, troublesome words were said.

"Monsters....? Aren't they slime-like things..." (Regis)

"There are various. They differentiate by race and family. Many demons also pursue evolution." (Walkins)

Come to think of it, a monsters attack on a neighboring village was intercepted by a private army. Because of the rise in injuries Walkins – the ultimate weapon – stepped in and it came to an end. The demon boar who lay waste to the field was slaughtered by such a peerless warrior. Her sword skill was not normal. Who is this person, really?

"Next time a monster appears, will I also attempt to exterminate a monster?" (Regis)

"Sorry, please leave it to Walkins and the Private army. As in the future Regis-sama must govern the territory." (Walkins)

"Even if you say territory..." (Regis)

It's ridiculous as it's a tiny area. It has only a single village. It barely reaches the lower classes of nobility.

"As it is small land, it gets used effectively. Recently in this place, a draught has continue. The territories finances are also tight." (Walkins)

"Nothing will come out of speaking with a seven-year-old child!" (Regis)

I mean it's impossible even with knowledge from the previous life. I didn't even have domestic stability – how could I handle the management of a territory? However, Walkins is intent on praising me.

"You're kidding! Before even being a 1-year-old, is it not that Regis-sama learned two Master-rank magic's? Now then, domestic administration. In my head – Regis-sama is farming!" (Walkins)

“Be eaten away at by locusts” (Regis)

“You’re cold, aren’t you?” (Walkins)

To say I learned magic... Honestly, there is no meaning when it can’t be used.

When I used Fire Magic ‘Astral Fire’, it was a complete failure. Though the acquisition was completed, the construction of the image and pose was incomplete.

If activated in my condition today, it would surely end up running wild. Why it was listed in the master edition – I finally realised.

“But for now, I’ll leave that to Walkins and father. Speaking truthfully, that’s not what I’m interested in.” (Regis)

During my life I had no work experience. The NEET experience of a NEET. With that clear declaration, Walkins had a troubled-like face.

“So, what are you interested in?” (Walkins)

“The ‘Dragon God Spoon’ rumoured to be in the royal capital, and the ‘Elf Elixir’ said to be buried in the Elf Village.” (Regis)

“Etto, that is his wife...” (Walkins)

Walkins words are vague. This is because it’s a delicate issue. Right now, my mother Sefina’s life is in danger. The day before I was meant to meet her for the first time — she collapsed.

Her skill in magic is excellent. Even the sword of the private army’s leader was overwhelmed. The mental pressure was also strong and it seemed that person was like a flame.

However she fell sick when she gave birth to me. It was thought she’d recover quickly, but that was naive. In order to end her suffering, I wish to solve the mystery of the strange disease which troubles her.

— Commonly known as “Illness of No Return”.

It seems it is an epidemic in the kingdom. It’s characteristics are super-delayed, so death isn’t immediate. That said, it has never been cured and is lethal. While being accompanied by intense pain, they gradually arrive closer to death.

According to the doctor, the danger level is no joke. Despite being in her early 20’s, her life being threatened by such a disease. The misfortune is just too great.

As time passes, the signs of death become clearer. I must do something. That was what I decided when I was a one-year old.

Shadverga and Walkins do their best in governance. When it is I, the only son of a noble, I have no choice but to take action.

For the time being, my goal should be to obtain two medical ingredients. In other words “Dragon God Spoon” and “Elf Elixir”. When these two are combined, it becomes possible to negate any disease.

But the two abnormalities are priceless. It’s nearly impossible for even first-class nobles to lay their hands on them.

“I must go to the royal capital soon – it is absolutely necessary for me to obtain them.”
(Regis)

“The ‘Dragon God Spoon’ is a national treasure. Once, ‘Four Sages Of The Continent’ known as Supreme Magic Masters gathered and the thing was made in a year. As magic masters are nearly all dead now... Making a new one is difficult.” (Walkins)

Four sages of the continent. They’re deified – with overwhelming faith being assembled in ancient times for these magic masters. The people who were known as magic masters created the ‘Dragon God Spoon’.

“How many still exist?” (Regis)

“There should still be seven. Three of them are in the custody of the Royal Capital.”
(Walkins)

“To that extent, is it possible for even 1 to be loaned?” (Regis)

I think so, but ordinarily such a thing isn't possible. I don't think there is a single government official who'd leave a treasure of the country in a fallen nobles hands.

“Nevertheless, there is a way. If it's Regis-sama, it may be achievable.” (Walkins)

“...There is? Tell me more.” (Regis)

“Truthfully, about 'Dragon God Spoon' – One of them is currently in the custody of the Royal Magic Academy.” (Walkins)

“The Royal Magic Academy –!” (Regis)

This country sits on the west edge of the continent. Furthermore, my house is to the westernmost point of the country. A little bit further and the place where the sea penetrates can be seen.

As the Royal Capital is in the middle of the country, it's a fair distance. Walkins glances at me who is lost in thought and continues with her explanation.

“At the end of the year, one graduate is selected at the Holy Scriptures festival.” (Walkins)

“Which means?” (Regis)

“The student who was most active is given the award for a year. It's possible to borrow the 'Dragon God Spoon' for one year as the prize.” (Walkins)

“Oh, I see!” (Regis)

There's such a method of acquisition. My head had turned to illegitimate means but this is good fortune.

“Though.... The minimum age for entrance to the academy is... 15-years-old.” (Walkins)

“What? That is...” (Regis)

“So, let us study now in preparation for that time–” (Walkins)

I wanted to take action immediately. If my age is insufficient, there’s not helping it.

Sefina’s disease. It continues to cause pain until the day they are at death’s door. But, in contrast to a violent illness until death, it seems it takes ten to twenty years.

Severe pain drives at the body. It seems there are many cases in which the spirit breaks after five years. If you’ve heard of it, Sefina’s power of perseverance is tremendous.

Anyway. Before her physical strength runs out, I must obtain the necessary things.

For now though, I must prepare for adulthood.

“Yosh, let’s start studying!” (Regis)

“That’s the spirit, Regis-sama!” (Walkins)

The aim has been decided and the passion I put into studying increased magnificently.



I always study and train in the library.

And for today’s training, Walkins is teaching me a new magic.

In order not to interfere with the training, most of the furniture was placed to the edge.

However, there is one thing to be concerned about.

I don’t know what these books are, but book-like things are scattered around.

Furthermore, they are near the middle of the room.

It felt intentional.

Like there was a great statement concealed in that mountain.

“Well, today what shall we learn?”

“Please teach me attack magic.”

“That’s fine, but, anything that requires a lot of magic is rejected.”

“I know that. Can I ask for 2 fire magic spells? A single target spell, as well as one for multiple targets.”

“Fire, it is? That is within my area of expertise. There is no need for this magic book then.”

As she said that, Walkins threw the magic book behind her.

It seems that she’s going to personally teach everything she knows.

By the way, training is doing well.

That’s because I almost never fail in learning magic.

I first magic that I learned was Mega Telepathy.

All the magic medium and higher is incredibly difficult.

High level magic like that, ordinarily wouldn’t be able to succeed in learning without knowledge of magic first.

That’s according to Walkins.

“When trying to use an un-acquired magic for the first time, usually recoil is received several times. The reaction in many cases appears as pain and discomfort. But Regis-sama’s concentration somehow isn’t interrupted by the pain. As to be expected, you are far more resistant to the pain than an ordinary person.”

Is it something like that?

It doesn’t feel bad to be praised for that.

My pain resistance is one of my few merits.

The barrier on which many people get stuck at, I pass through by will-power.

So, after that is image and pose.

Then if the magical power control is successful, it is easily acquired.

As long as it isn’t difficult magic, I won’t fail the chant.

“...Or rather, you are able to do fire magic. By any chance, can you cover all the attributes?”

“Not at all! Such a thing is only possible for the Four Sages Of the Continent. I’m not such a great person.”

“Is that so?”

“Well first, the magic book is comparable with a beginner’s class. Shall I teach ‘Gun Fire’?”

“That is for a single target?”

“It is.”

Fumu , I see.

I observed Walkins example pose.

As for an image, it is kind of like of firing towards an enemy?

It’s similar to a bullet being fired, don’t excite my boyish heart.

“This is different from ‘Mega telepathy’ as the pose is important. After that, you can activate it by saying it aloud while getting used to it.”

Saying so, Walkins promptly made me pose.

Thrusting my arm out in front, spreading all my fingers. Relax the shoulders and prepare to push the entire power through your whole body.

Clinging to my back, Walkins instructs me of the incantation.

Even so, is this person too close?

Her soft breasts are overwhelming.

Pressing them as hard as she could against my back.



“...Walkins, you’re close”

“Close aren’t I? Is there something wrong with that?”

“Why you...”

As my body is still immature, it isn’t really affected by sexual desire yet. However, what did you intend to do if I was an adult.

This foolish servant.

It was irritating to mind everything, magic was recited obediently.

“Orbs of light clad in demonic fire light Bore through the enemy — ‘Gun Fire!’”

With a faint report, the flames shot forward. The flame bullet hit the mark directly on the wall, causing a small explosion.

There’s almost no recoil.

As the bullet is fast, it looks easy to use.

“Gun Fire.”

Good. Acquisition was successful.

In addition the embarrassing pose, because Walkins was clinging to my back, success was questionable at best.

I did it somehow.

“You did it, Regis-sama! It was a splendid hit. The mark was burnt leaving no trace.”

“By the way, what is that target? It looked like a book.”

“It’s one of Shadverga’s personal books.”

“It’s one of father’s books?”

“Contrary to his appearances he loves hard training” (*Tln: BDSM if you didn’t figure it out.*)

“I didn’t want to hear that”

What do you mean”sad’, I don’t want to hear about Shadaverga’s inclinations. If Sefina where to hear about it, she would order them burned anyways.

That person’s body seems rather painful though, Shadaverga’s infidelity was being watched for like a hawk.

He was even restricted from books.

Don't die someday.

"All right, next."

"Wouldn't it be better to rest a little while?"

"No, I can't rest with just that, Mother should be suffering even more than me."

".....Regis-sama"

Walkins eyes moistened as she stared.

Well, it's fine to be emotional.

But, shouldn't you get off me soon?

"Ee, *Ahem* Then the next step is to use a medium magic, so please be prepared."

"Exactly how I want it."

"It's a relatively easy to use fire magic, We will acquire the fire carpet"Cross Blaster""

Cross, blaster huh?

The sign of a blazing cross?

Is the image something like that?

That's pretty cool.

"Rather than the pose, the image in your mind is more important. Imagine flames dripping onto the surface of water; please call that image to mind at once."

"Aa, I got it."

If I could just learn it here will I be able to control Astral Fire as well?

I don't really know, but for now I should concentrate on the task at hand.

"..... Fall to the ground, Red Light. Send hellfire across the earth—'Cross Blast'!"

My whole being was enveloped by magic as I chanted.

It was an aura like power; I felt it concentrating in my arm.

"Cross Blast"

Acquisition successful.

At the specified starting point on the floor, a violent flame arose.
At the same time. my body suffered a heavy recoil.
It sure consumes a lot of magic so I was influenced by it after all.

The raging inferno bursts into flames.
It tried to expand while emitting an intense heat.
However–

“Aqua Voice!”

Magic surges from behind me.
My ears rang from the high frequency.
But if you were to ask if it was unpleasant, I would be inclined to shake my head.
Walkins voice is beautiful.
The transparent wave motion of her voice wrapped the flames.

Then the flames were put out in an instant.

Neither the furniture had been ignited, nor drenched either.
What is that superb control?
Or how should I put it, any more and–

“You weren’t even chanting properly just now, how did you do that?”
“Ahh, chanting omission? You will be able to reach such a point when you are used to it. It is difficult to apply to high rank magic, but that was low rank magic just now, it is possible to invoke it by only saying the magic name.”
“.....Hoo”

That was pretty deep wasn’t it.
Or should I say, Walkins magic stockpile is just too much.
What sort of sage-sama is she?
It’s the kind of strength that you would use to decimate an entire army.
The name Hyper-employee isn’t just for show?

“I mean, the book burned a little but is it alright?”
“Yes. Shadverga-sama has spent many years collecting elf shunga. There’s no

problem.” (Tln: Shunga: Erotic or pornographic woodblock prints.)

“What a binding chain.”

Shadverga doesn’t have the right to read anymore.

Even I put ten to twenty books in the corner of the room in my past life.

How does that compare to Shadverga?

Just because he’s a noble, doesn’t mean he’s privileged.

Isn’t that a great saying?

“But, isn’t it time for a break?”

“No, not yet. I’m still fine.”

“Oh, Regis-sama has such fierce determination!”

Walkins was pressing her body against me again even closer.

It was irritating so I did my best and peeled her off.

But, that did elevate my spirits somewhat.

“Are you going to follow me Walkins?”

“Of course. From practice guidance to helping at night. Please leave it to Walkins!”

“Alright, don’t come any closer.”

Leaving it to this guy will put my chastity at risk.

I’ve been given some authority so that won’t be allowed.

Wash your face, put on some cat ears, master neko-go and then try again.

Then maybe my heart will throb.

While that raging delusions burst into my mind... A pink book burned in the corner of the room.

If I was in Shadverga’s position, I’d have no choice but to cry.

Because while I’m learning magic, his valuable collection was disappearing from the world.

But at the same time, there are good points to this training.

Sefina knows my growth from training every day, the will to live becomes the will to be happy or so they say.

Hearing that, there’s only one place left to go.

I feel bad for Shadverga and his collection but, I'm going to use it to move on.
Leave this to me and go.

As his treasured books crackled and sparked like fireworks, I put my hands together to wish them off.

“To the disappearing treasured books, three cheers.....!”

By this, every day I was advancing my magic——

CHAPTER 5

WHERE IS ELF'S CANYON

There is no day that is more tense than today.
Right now, I'm sneaking out of the residence.
So no one can find me as I make my way, I mutter in a subdued tone.

".....Who knew that going out without permission, would be this much of a thrill"

It was something that I hadn't even considered since in my previous world.
It was when I was in High School I think.
On a holiday at midnight... I tried to go watch an R-rated movie...

"I'm going out-! Jo○yon!"

As a result of shouting, I missed a step, and rolled down the stairs all the way to the first floor.
Upon seeing my disgraceful behavior, Mother was silent.
Father said "go die"
Now that I think about it, that time I had probably won.

However, the circumstances are different now.
The people close to me were all overprotective and would rarely allow me to go out.

It was evening.
The time when public order seemed to get worse.
At this time, one probably wouldn't dare go out.

I didn't want to put more stress on Shadvergua.
It would be painful to worry Walkins.
But, I must go!

".....Underneath this village, an elf has come"

I wanted to try and obtain one item...

A certain 『Elven medicine』

As the name suggests, it's a panacea that is made on the Elf Continent.

In all the other races besides human, Elves were the greatest in number.

However, they were oppressed and therefore had a considerably bad image.

By other races, things like Dragon's are here.

And, the important thing right now was the Elven medicine.

There were a lot of elves scattered over this continent.

The place that had the greatest mystery ...the 『Elf's Canyon』 as the place was called.

With one taste, the tonics effects would last around-the-clock for a month.

If you matched it with this 『Spoon of the Dragon King』

you can make a panacea that denies all sickness.

Once long ago the queen contracted a disease, it was something called eternally incurable.

Even with recover magic, it was impossible to treat, and all was thought lost.

It was that time.

One day, a woman with Elf's elixir and a spoon of the dragon king appeared, it seems.

The woman mixed it, steeled her resolve and made the queen drink it.

Then, the sickness healed immediately, the King even cried for joy.

Although half of it's a legend, the effects are properly guaranteed.

It should absolutely work.

For Sefina's sickness that has no normal treatment method.

In that case, there is only one thing to do.

I must go, I must find them.

To the person in Elf's Canyon who has the clue.

“Even still, this village has declined considerably.

public order should be pretty bad as well.”

The village was so lifeless that it causes one to complain unintentionally.
It looks like this village needs a redevelopment campaign.
I might do something that someday.

After walking a short distance, I discovered my target.

“Here?”

The village’s sole relay station.

At present, the elf is staying here for some reason.

Because elves are an unusual race, they’re favored highly by the nobility.

Mostly, in a poor taste meaning of popular, one can’t help being embarrassed.

I enter the store, there was a nice built uncle minding the store.

His muscles were taunt.

Did he used to be a mercenary?

I saw scars here and there?

“Excuse me. Is there and elven guest here?”

“Ah-? There is but, what of it boy? If you wanna stay here ya gotta pay”

“This is who I am”

As I was saying that, I showed a small knife to the shop owner.

On the nice quality blade, there was carved a silver sword and a golden shield.

This is the object that is proof of the nobles that rule the territory.

In other words, the Din family’s crest.

“.....Hi!? That means, you’re the Din family’s.....!?”

“It seems you’ve been paid to remain silent but
seeing as an elf is here could you not be so loud please?”

If it was known by the locals that an elf had come to the village the things they might do.

It went without saying that the town would overflow with bandits.

Even if such a visitor had money they would be turned away.

There were many that considered elves to be a gold mine.

Strange people would come into the village and start trouble; even the hotel would be in danger.

Even the very fact that the rumor had come to me, although I lived in the hills away from the village—

It might already be too late.

“I got it! The elf is staying in the interior of the second floor”

“–Alone?”

“Alone”

“Thank you. I’m sorry, although I’m part of the lord’s family, I can’t give you anything.”

I obediently bowed my head.

Although there were no other guests, I didn’t want to be seen as irresponsible.

I also understood.

It was the same as the one time I saw the blog of my former classmate.

That time, all the alumni except me were holding a reunion.

Happily holding beer.

Everyone smiling happily as they chugged beer.

It was certainly stealth marketing.

Being reminded about popularity really depressed me.

“Far from it. Please don’t lower your head”

“I will someday definitely promote around here. I promise you.”

“I am grateful. Even if by chance the inn were to be ruined, I would probably survive as a mercenary. Although, if I were to leave the inn to my wife it would absolutely never fail.”

“Aa, good luck with that”

I wave my hand as I ascend the stairs.

I wanted to help with Shadvergua’s work, gradually.

It was painful that the results didn’t come very easily.

I guess I need to raise the standard of living around here.

Next time, let’s discuss it with Shadvergua.

I reach the second floor and look toward the room in the back.
There stood a dimly lit lantern.

“.....Alright”

I’ve heard that elves have a strong sense of tribalism.
The Elf’s Canyon that I wished to visit, to the elves was sacred ground.
The person that was staying here, there was a strong possibility that they knew the whereabouts of that place.
Even if they were to have no knowledge about it at all, there was no choice but to try and ask.

This is the first step.

“Excuse me”

I knocked and entered the room.
Don’t you clean in here, it reeks of dust?
Because there usually aren’t guests, they went lazy on the cleaning?
If it stays like this, you’re going to lose more and more business you know.

“ah.....absent huh?”

Even if you were to look around the room, it was apparent there was no one there.
Is he out at the moment?
But it’s already late.

I gazed out the window at the neighborhood, a sound rang out from the jars on the back shelf.
According to intuition, it was a danger alarm.

—-From behind

I spun around in a hurry.
The ingredients storage flung open.

There was just enough room for 1 person to hide there.

I carefully inspected inside.

There was —- no one inside.

Right, no one there.

Instead there was a thin glittering string.

“.....N?”

The string continued behind me,
as if invited an unsuspecting guest into a trap.

—-fon

A sharp sound whizzed by my ear.
The muscles along my spine trembled.
I flew sideways quickly.
Then, several hairs floated gently in the air.
It was the assailant.

“Hey that’s dangerous!”
“Aa, it missed!? Then how about 2 long swords!”

They followed up with a sweeping horizontal blow.
Here, my self-defense instinct awoke.
I gathered magic in my hand in an instant, and activated the magic.

“Be lit clamoring light ball of demon fire, bore through our enemy — 『Gun Fire』 !”

The bullet in my hand shot toward the assailant.
Bo- it emanated a showy explosive sound as it struck the katana and blew it away.
There wasn’t any damage.
However, this was a potentially deadly weapon.

“What?! Then with this sword!”

Jakin, and he setup a with a new weapon.
How unexpected.
Why do you have two katanas? How rude!
It can't be helped, should I use the magic once more?

If you were to find one cockroach there would surely be 30 more is the law I think.
Even if I were to blow that weapon away there would probably be more that he would pull out from somewhere else.
There's nothing to do other than to keep that person in check.

I tried to chant range magic.
At the same time the person in front of me was looking at my appearance—

“.....ah, huh? A kid?”

His mouth opened with a pokan.
Then, he lowered his katana and sheathed it.
In reaction to that, I couldn't help but stop chanting.

“I, I'm sorry. I thought that a thief had come after me.
while I walked around the area I had been attacked.”
“Getting killed with a knife because of a misunderstanding would have not been a joke.....”

I'm relieved as I see the appearance of a girl.
Her ears pointed out a little, while she had short golden hair.
The golden hair was down to her shoulders, and glittered dazzlingly in the evening sunlight.
An elven woman.

“I'm Isabelle. I'm the elf that came from a village in the surrounding area. What is your name?”

It seems she's Isabelle.
Speaking of which, don't elves have family names?

From her appearance, she looks about 17-18 years old.

But, if I remember correctly, using their face to determine their age is unreliable at best.

There is a clear distinction in growth speed and longevity when compared to a human. When asking a middle-aged uncle about an elf's age he said,

『When your great-grandfather was born, they were already here.』

—-or something like that.

This girl named Isabelle too is most likely to have already lived a long time.

“I am Regis Din. I am the son of the ruined lord.”

When I introduced myself, Isabelle's ears reacted suddenly but subtly.

At the same time, a vigilant glance appears.

Aa, did she react to the word noble?

There is a clientele who want elves after all.

“I'll say it once, I do not intend to do anything to you, but I don't mind if you are weary.”

“You aren't going to report me to a relative? I'm an elf after all”

“My family doesn't have anyone what that kind of hobby. Even I hate those kind of people, I wouldn't want to cooperate with them.”

“.....He-”

Isabelle looks at my face with insight.

It remains silent for a moment, and then she lets out a small sigh.

Apparently, the alertness fell away.

I cut straight to the point.



“The reason I have come here is, to ask the location of the 『Elf’s Canyon』 ”

“Canyon? That place is the elves’ sacred ground though. Do you want to go there?”

“Aa. Would you please tell me where it is?”

“N-.....”

Isabelle shows a difficult face.

After giving a few seconds to think, I asked her for her conclusion.

“Is it impossible. Because there is a law that says you cannot teach a human the location.”

“Even if I were to ask it would be impossible?”

“It is impossible. Or I should say, what do you intend to do once you reach the Elf’s Canyon?”

“.....I want it. Elf’s elixir.”

The moment I said the name of the item, Isabelle’s expression became tense.

What kind of thing it was, an elf would be the most knowledgeable about what it was.

“Do you intend to use it on a relative?”

“Aa, my mother. When I was born her strength failed her and she was infected by the 『Rise no More』 illness”

“Do you feel responsible?”

I immediately shook my head.

“No. It’s neither a sense of responsibility nor sense of mission.

It’s just that when a person close to me is against a wall,
wanting to help then is the same for anyone in the same position.”

“Fufu, what a dutiful son to his parents.”

Well done well done, she seems to be saying in a light tone.

However it was said neither in sarcasm nor in satire.

Is it simply stating one’s impression?

However, her answer did not change.

“But, it’s impossible.

Regardless of the reason, Elf's Canyon is an inviolable holy ground.
Teaching a human that an elf had just met, that by itself would be an elf's shame."
"...I see. I understand"

If you say it like that, there's nothing I can do.
Even if I were to keep pressing the matter, it seems it would only cause more trouble.
Should I leave for now and try a different approach later?
At my words, Isabelle looks mysteriously at my face.

"Huh? You're not going to keep pressing it?"
"It's already late today. I'm going home for now.
However, I haven't given up"
"Nice spirit. I look forward to the future"
"Well thanks for that"

The possibility of her teaching me it even if I were to stick to it was non-existent.
Let's come back and try again.
It would be only a short while before Walkins was supposed to come to my room.
I need to hurry up and get back, it was convenience of conveniences.

"After, Please be careful of the thieves.
Talk about you reached my ears even though I was staying indoors on the hill.
"I know. I was planning on leaving tomorrow, your worry is useless."
"te, Tomorrow!?"
"Un. We will probably never meet again. Farewell young boy"

You should have said that in the first place.
I thought there would still be time to negotiate.
If I were to pull back here, wouldn't my only chance completely slip away?
But, the person in question had absolutely no intention of teaching me, so in the end
it didn't really matter.

Damn it, even the chance of meeting an elf was so rare.
Why am I so unlucky?
It was the same in my previous life.

When I tried to take a street car, I would almost always end up in an accident injured.
In the end I was killed by an iron frame on Christmas Eve.
While poisoning my mind, I suddenly glanced outside the window.

The air surrounding the inn had an insidious atmosphere.
Then, I was convinced.
There was just one more thing I could do.

“.....Tomorrow, I’ll see you off”
“Is it alright for a noble to come out this often?”
“It’s fine. Don’t worry about it.”
“I see. It’s the first time some has been there to see me off.
Then, I look forward to it.”

I raised my body and went outside the room.
I couldn’t allow myself to show unhappiness in front of her, I restrained it.
I went out of the inn and let out a great sigh.

The moment I think I’ve grabbed a clue, it’s like this.
But, it’s not time up yet.
For the possible next time, there is only one thing I could do.
The guys aiming for Isabelle seem to be approaching.

.....If they’re coming, it’ll be tomorrow?

That alone is enough.
My feelings sharpen and I head for home.

CHAPTER 6

THE BANDIT'S RAID

After meeting with Isabelle, I've become somewhat nervous.

But, it's probably not romantic feelings.

It brings to mind something like a young boy who just bought a new trumpet.....?

That is to say, it was more important than something just lying down.

It's no good, I don't understand this feeling.

I loiter as I tear at my head.

I suddenly meet Walkins

She was holding cleaning supplies and looked at me puzzled.

"Regis-sama, Did you go somewhere yesterday?"

"No? I just went exploring the mansion."

"Aa, so that's why you couldn't be found till evening."

It's a big fat lie though.

After hearing my answer, Walkins obediently agreed.

Then after gathering some luggage, some books were thrust into bag.

Just then, a warbler's song brushes my ears.

The rustling breeze feels good, it's the perfect going out weather.

"Huh? Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes, I'm going to visit the magic society headquarters in the Royal Capital.

Of course, I won't hinder the master's so please be at ease.

There are other maids on standby.

I have some business, please tell them that."

"It's a rather sudden story. Why are you going there?"

"Fufufu, it's a secret. Because adult women wear secrets like accessories it makes them beautiful."

Walkins places her hand to her mouth and sticks her tongue out.

I see, I don't get it.

"The magic society has a lot of old men with congealed heads right?
The honest Regis-sama who doesn't tell lies is greatly different from them"
"Ha, haha. Yeah....."

What is it, my heart became painful.

That said, in order to win, a few crimes would have to be committed.
Anyway, because the results depend on me, the only one that is worried is myself.
Why are you hesitating?

"Well then, I will leave now. I will be back the day after tomorrow."
"That's really fast. It takes at least 4 days on foot"
"I am a hyper employee. I will be using teleportation magic."

Saying that, Walkins carried the luggage on her back.
And began to chant.

".....My magic before me, make the wall of distance meaningless.
Shrink space, distort cause and effect. — 『Giga Teleportation』 !"

That moment.

Where Walkins was standing came an explosive blast of wind that blew hard.
The wind causes damage to the bookshelves in the library, the windows trembled
A particularly terrific light and magic exploded.
As the impact subsides, Walkins voice reverberates.

"Ah, right right Regis-sama. It's dangerous outside, don't go out"
The moment her voice reached my ear, Walkins vanished completely.
However, the window curtains just fluttered.
The roaring was replaced by the noisy running of Shadverga .

"Wa, what was that noise just now!?"

"Walkins just left"

"I told Walkins to use teleportation magic outside!

Un. Because of this it's painful to send her on even simple errands.

I've just gotten some time, I might as well clean thing up.....]

While walking trudgingly around, Shadverga started picking up the scattered documents and books.

If you think about efficiency, it would be better to leave this to the correct person to clean up you know.

This person really is a man of the world.

Because Sefina had collapsed, it was depressing enough that they might have collapsed together.

Even still, there was still the mountain of problems of the territory; they could not be left alone.

It seems that it was finally up to me to help out.

"Oh dad. It's about Walkins"

"What is it Regis. I'm busy now."

"That guy, what on earth is she?"

".....Eh?"

With that simple doubt, Shadverga fell silent.

It appears that he knows the circumstances, but it's difficult to say.

It was that kind of feeling.

"She's not normal right?"

When bandits come, she wields a sword and suppresses it alone,

Her magic level is not ordinary either.

She's memorized magic spells that aren't even written in the Expert volume of spells."

".....I don't really know.

Before Sefina's house fell it seems she worked for her.

Anyways there are many mysteries about her."

"I see. Dad isn't very well informed."

It doesn't look like he's lying.

It's just that Walkins is too mysterious.

There is no intention to search for her identity.

However, that astounding ability weighs heavily on my mind.
Proceed to the Headquarters of the Magic society she said.
Umu. There are a lot of mysteries.

“Walkins is a good employee. Of course as a person as well”
“That’s true, that alone is firmly understood.”
“Although I would be happy if she didn’t search for my collection.
After that, I wish she wouldn’t report every little thing to Sefina.”

Remembering the trauma? Shadverga’s feelings sank.
Should I leave him alone for a little while? Or that’s what I thought.

“—Sha, Shadverga-sama! It’s terrible!”

The parlor maid blew through the newly mended door with enough force to break it again.

While panting, she reported to Shadverga.

“Wh, what is it?”

“The bandits, Bandits are attacking north of the village.”

“What did you say? Ku, at a time when Walkins isn’t here..... It’s the worst timing”

“Wh- what should we do? There are about 30 bandits.”

“Please make a private soldier squadron of about 50 members. I’ll join afterwards”

“Un- I underst—!?”

As the maid started to nod, I rushed out.

Damnit, I thought they would attack under cover of darkness.

Because they thought Isabelle was going to leave ahead of time, you decide to raid now?

“He- hey Regis! Where are you going?”

“I’m going to make a friend.”

“Wh, What the heck are you saying-!?”

I feel bad but, right now Shadverga’s voice isn’t even registering.

Sooner or later the village is going to get damaged.
Moreover, the bandit's aim is in all probability Isabelle.

Attacking the establishment is the easiest to imagine.
If possible I wanted to leave quietly.
Now that it's like this it can't be helped.

".....Don't die, Uncle of the Inn!"

Also, Isabelle.
Her body is hopelessly in danger.
I put on my shoes, and looked straight ahead.
Just like that I went out the front gate, and ran straight toward the village.



The village was noisy.
Most villagers shut away their domestic animals near their house and holed up inside their houses.

That's the proper response.
The bandits moved at such a bright time.
They had intended on finishing their work before the private soldier squad arrived and leave.
Therefore, they shouldn't be ignoring the crops.

"Or so it looks like"

Although it's a little early to harvest, its already possible for these farm products to become food.
Several bandits would swarm the fields and plunder them repeatedly.

Did the boss give out incomplete instructions?
Or could it be that the true purpose was not to abduct the Elf?
I lost my way for a moment, but the answer arrived soon enough.

“It’s a feint?”

For the sake of one’s long cherished achievements, they were being thrown away as pawns.

In this way, the first thing that needed to happen was to stop the private soldier squad.

By causing trouble with these guys, they could achieve a different goal.

In that case, there is just one thing to do.

I passed by the bandits that were plundering and headed toward the inn.

After all, there was only one entrance to the village.

Moreover the entrance to the forest was right beside the inn.

If you were to crush there, the guys in the area could be captured handily.

Therefore, I tried to ignore those guys but —

“Don’t touch the things I put my heart and soul into with your dirty hands”

“Aan? What is this old geezer?”

“Kill him. Our job is to stand out; if a red flower blooms all the better right?”

“That’s right. Well, die old geezer”

Wh- what are you doing? Gramps.

Even if you were to capture them, they would have been collected later anyways.

Well, it might not be meaningless.

They’re crops that were frantically by one’s self.

If someone were trampling on them in front of me, there’s absolutely no way I’d keep silent.

Change of plans.

“Balls of light clad in demonic flames, bore through the enemy — 『Gun Fire』 !”

After chanting, the flame bullets flew.

They hit the bandit’s body and ignited magnificently.

“Gu, guwaaaaaaa!”

Bandit number 1 screamed as he writhed.
Because of the sudden attack, the surrounding bandits become enraged.

“Who the hell is that kid?!”

“Get him!”

The remaining bandits ran toward me.
Each holding edged blades in both hands.
If those were to hit your head you would 100 % ascend to the heavens.

As a precaution, I backed up little by little.
While retreating backwards, the bandits came off of the field.
Nice timing.
If it's right here then, even if the area catches on fire there won't be any complaints.

“Crimson light fall to the ground. Extend to the earth and turn all to ash — 『Cross Blast』 !”

The small flame dripped toward the bandit's feet.
At that moment, the area burst into flames and caught everything in its path on fire.

“A, it's hoooooooooooooot!”
“I'm dying, I'm going to die!”

Feel free to die all by yourself.
If possible, in silence.

Even though I say that, they probably won't die because I had reduced the thermal output.
The bandits that had been ruining the bandits hand been swept away, and had ran toward the village entrance.
That time, the tension left the old man and he fell to the ground.

“Re, Regis-sama!?”
“That's right. The private soldier squad will be here soon, go inside the house.”
“Regis-sama what are you doing!?”

“I have someone that I need to help right now, I’m going to the inn.”

“Don’t be unreasonable! You’ll be killed!”

“It’s alright. Because I—am strong against pain, that is my only value”

That’s right, for example, even if were to be an unexpected reaction to magic.

I would stand and endure it. Without fail.

I’m different than the baby from 7 years ago.

Even if it were painful enough to die, I have confidence that I would endure it.

I ran for a little ways, the inn had finally come into view.

However, there were about 20 people surrounding the inn.

The guys were all looking at something.

I changed position and saw the front of the inn.

Before the inn, a man and girl were standing.

However, the man had a severe injury to one arm and blood was dripping to the ground.

But, even still he stood between the bandits and the girl.

“I’ll never hand her over! Get lost bandit scum!”

“This guy..... even though he’s all cut up he ain’t given up”

“Close in—, go in 3 at a time—”

“Uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

The man swung a wooden cooking utensil.

The tool struck one of the bandit’s on the head and they fainted.

Why go that far?

The bandit’s eyes had a panicked expression.

“If you stay there, you’ll die you know? Why not just give us the girl behind you?”

“If an inn is a place to rest, then it’s the duty of that inn to protect its guests!”

The man covered in cuts stood.

It was him after all, the uncle that I had met at the inn yesterday.

It wouldn't be weird if he fell at any moment.

Though that being said, his body was the only thing preventing the invasion of the bandits.

"Because our rooms are so dirty, we have to make up for it by guarding like this.....

O, oh? What is this, my strength is——"

The shopkeeper fell with a dosa.

He seems to have fainted.

Now that I look closer, Isabelle who had been behind was holding a hand sword.

While sighing, she avoided the shopkeeper as he fell.

"Haa..... It looked as if you were going to die for me, it's not a happy feeling.

It's an important shop after all; you have to keep yourself alive."

From here it looked like the old man's wounds were just scratches.

The fatigue from the previous night had finally knocked him out.

As if the tension on a string had been cut, the shop manager fell fast asleep.

"Ha, you gave up?"

"We won't do anything bad to you. Until you're sold to a noble you're a precious commodity after all."

".....trash"

Isabella drew a large sword, and took a stance.

"Did that you think that because I am an elf that I do not have the power to resist?

——conceited lowly species. Do not look at me with those filthy eyes.

The crime of targeting me is heavy. I will make it so none of you will recover"

Saying that, Isabelle moved like a gale.

First, mowing down the bandits immediately in her presence and then cutting the ones further away.

At the quick fast movements, the bandits stirred

".....Hii, what is she?!"

“Mo –she’s a monster!”

“–che. Move, you all!”

The man who clicked his tongue came out in front.

It seems that he’s the bandit chief.

He grasped something near his chest and threw it towards Isabelle’s feet.

A globe rolled around on the ground.

“.....What?”

Isabelle stops and looks suspiciously at the object.

That instant—the ball flashed.

It was a flash that burned the retinas.

By reflex even I closed my eyes but, there I couldn’t see anything but red.

Isabelle who was covering her eyes groaned nearby.

“...Na. What is this?”

“Ha, elves have abnormally sharp senses. That combined with high physical strength and it’s nearly impossible to do anything.

But, even those thought to be invincible still have at least one weak point. In this way, you just have to get them to stop moving.”

The Chief shows a vulgar grin.

That light before, was probably some magic that exploded and conjured light.

If it’s a normal human, they would be incapacitated for a few seconds.

For the sensitive elves, the answer was obvious.

“.....gu, unfair”

Was her sense of equilibrium paralyzed? Isabelle tottered.

With this advantage, the bandits all sprang at her at once.

Isabelle alone can no longer hold out.

I understood that and went in front of the inn.

And, I steeled my determination and chanted.
For the possible unimaginable backlash from the reaction.
The one that I failed 7 years ago, the superior flame magic——

“Overflowing my body with demonic blood, Flame kind to be Hell fire not to be, ——
『Astral Fire』 !”

CHAPTER 7

FIRST FRIEND

.....It's heavy.

As if my body had become stone.

The headache was horrible, I felt nauseated enough to want to vomit.

But, I completely mastered the pose and image.

Therefore, this level of pain wouldn't affect my control.

What appeared before me was a large fist sized fireball.

Now I just have to set the target,

Then the target would burn non-stop.

It could be considered the very essence of scorching hell fire.

“The target is those guy's 『hair』 and 『clothes』 . Go——”

That moment, the fireball exploded.

As if being dragged into the bowels of hell itself, it attacked the bandits.

Those guys that were being bombarded, let out screams.

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Hoooooooooooooooooooooooooot!”

“Da, damnit! It ain't dissapearin'! What is this fire!!”

The fireball hit one bandit directly, then reflexively attacked a different bandit.

It was an overwhelming mass of flames, they covered the bandit's clothes and hair.

They tried to put it out by rolling around on the ground.

There was a reason it wasn't specifically set to target bandits.

If the target was set to the bandits then they would burn until they died.

I didn't want to go that far.

If their bodies caught fire then they would run around town causing a different problem.

I didn't particularly want to kill these guys either.

If they just stopped their foolish behavior then that would be fine too.

“.....Bastard, I’ll never forgive you. I’ll surely kill your entire family.”

From the over whelming stench that shrouded the place, the chief said and glared at me.

But it was you guys who started it, declaration of revenge is a no no.

I would rather just stamp out the root of evil right here.

It’s iffy as to whether it will go well or not, let’s try and shake him up.

“Is that so? I don’t want to be killed, Well then, shall I just kill you here now?”

“.....Huh?”

“Well, you’re going to kill me and my family aren’t you? In that case might as well deliver the finishing blow”

If you were to harm me or any of the others, then there would be no mercy.

Having experienced the pain of not being able to protect anything, I’ve had more than enough.

At my words, the chief turned pale.

Apparently they respond only to authority.

Using a justified tone of voice.

“No, that was just a joke! Hey, we’ll never do this ever again, please forgive us.”

“After three strikes”

“The first is for the uncle of the inn.

The second is for obstructing my escort.

The third is for attempting to kidnap Isabelle.

——resign yourself”

With a dosu the first finger was raised.

Then, the chief raised a loud voice with his hopeless face.

“I’ll die with that!”

“Possibly. People must reap with you sow as they say”

“Then, then let’s do this!

We'll give you that girl over there, so please overlook this!

Elves are nice, they fetch a high price on the market!"

"First is the first portion. This is for the ossan"

I raised a finger and put magic into the finger tip.

Then above that, I chanted fire magic at the chief.

"Light balls clad in demonic flames, bore through the enemy —— 『Gun Fire』 "

The fireball hit the chief directly in the forehead.

He couldn't hold it in and screamed.

"Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

"I don't see any signs of reflection. And this is the portion for obstructing my escort—"

I began the chant a second time.

The chief's eyes were wide with fear.

"Light balls clad in demonic flames, bore through the enemy —— 『Gun Fire』 "

A second time the fireball appeared.

This time it hit directly in the chief's abdomen.

A dull sound retorts, it causes explosive damage to the body.

"~~~~~!!!"

Making an ugly face, he let out a soundless scream.

Did he fall unconscious?

I adjusted the magic output just a little and looked down at the chief.

"This is the end. This is the thing that makes the most angry. It'll be really intense. This is for Isabelle's ——"

I raised my finger.

Then a hand gently grasped it.

Looking behind, Isabelle, who had recovered, was standing dizzily.

She silently shook her head.

“For only this, they are not worthy of punishment. If you are going to use my name then don’t do that.”

“.....I see. Ok”

The last one was supposed to be just a threat.

Oh well.

I removed my gaze from the chief and looked around the area.

All the other bandits had been downed by the Astral fire.

Apart from that—there was still a little anxiety left.

The flames spread from the men in to the vicinity.

It’ll be bad if I don’t extinguish it right?

“While the fire doesn’t spread out, need to put it out”

Was there a bucket around anywhere?

While looking around— I felt a strong sense of vertigo.

“H, huh?”

It was a terrible sense of fatigue.

It was if I had just finished running a full length marathon.

Like the time when I was made to run 400 meters at full speed.

Unable to remain standing, I fell to the ground.

“Dam- n it. Not enough guts.....”

I heard the voice of the private soldier squad in the distance.

I could somehow leave the extinguishing to them.

But I was too sleepy to move.

I couldn’t even lift a single finger.

My eyes closed and I fell into blissful unconsciousness.



A small bird's voice.
The murmuring sound of the river was pleasant to my ears.
I opened my eyes, this is the inside the mountains.

I had probably fainted from using too much magic.
In addition to using the strong astral fire, I used other magic many other times.
My small body just couldn't handle the load.

"Aa, you woke up? Regus-kun, was it?"
".....Isabella huh? Why am I here?"
"I abducted you and ran here"
"....."

How strange, I must have misheard that.
That's right.
Elves, who hate kidnapping more than anyone else, wouldn't say something like that.

"Sorry, what did you say?"
"You were nice enough to fall unconscious, so I kidnapped you."

She gave a concrete explanation.
I'm so happy, for the first time in my life.
To experience being kidnapped.

"I'm joking. Don't look at me like that"
"Why did you bring me here?"
"We were almost found by the private soldiers. Even still I wondered if it would be alright to just bring you here"
"So that's why you brought me this far into the mountains?"

Isabelle nods strongly.
She had a short-circuit; couldn't think things through clearly and this was the result.
Although I understand not wanting to be caught by the minions of a noble.

“Which reminds me, Regis-kun. Why did you want to see me off?”

“.....A- do you want to hear the reason?”

“Well, I basically know why.

You were probably going to try and ask about the Elf’s Canyon again,

You were looking to increase your chances by even a little.”

“Well there is that. But that wasn’t my primary goal”

“.....Nn, what do you mean?”

She sent me a suspicious glance.

Do you really intend on making me say it all?

What a helpless girl.

I restrain my embarrassment as much as possible and say seriously.

“Well because I wanted to talk with Isabelle more.”

“Eh?”

“Well until now, I’ve never been able to make a friend.

I mean of the same age group.....is not something I can really say but,

To find someone that is able to stand equal with me. It makes me happy.”

Of course, at first I only thought that it would be ok to guide her.

But, after meeting her sword, she’s one hell of a tomboy.

At the first meeting, she had her caution at max levels.

But I didn’t hate that behavior and was able to have a friendly chat afterwards.

I mean, a sense of intimacy sprang up.

I could make contact with this girl, and be happy, normally.

What is it, don’t those feelings reach the elf’s ears?

“Is- isn’t that just because I’m an elf?”

“I think you are mistaken. If I had to give a reason.....u-n.

I think it’s simply because, I think I can get along with this guy, kind of feeling”

That’s right.

Since I’d come from my previous world to this one, I’d never made a friend.

Loneliness inside of solitude.

King of loneliness.

The best skill was probably 『Sore loser』

But, when I'm with this guy, it's something fun.

Because I remembered that feeling, I only wanted a point of contact with Isabelle.

It was the same when I rushed out of the house this morning,

I wanted to meet this guy, was the motive I had.

Aa, now I understand.

The mysterious feeling that I had this morning, it was surely this.

I had never had this experience before, so I didn't recognize it immediately.

I surely, wanted to become friends with this guy is what I thought.

Probably from the very first meeting.

When I answered honestly, Isabelle's cheeks blushed suddenly.

The day had grown long.

It's probably hot.

You should take care not to get heatstroke.

"Yo- you wanted to know about Elf's Canyon?"

"That's right but, you weren't going to tell me where you?"

"Of course it's forbidden to tell about it.

However, there is nothing to prohibit inviting a friend."

"There was that option....."

I see, I could have asked directly about the medication,

Even before that, it's not normal to have an elf as an acquaintance.

If Isabelle guides me, then I can go to the canyon too?

"However, right now I still have some important work left.

It will take another 7 or 8 years to complete.

When that is over, you can come with me."

"Really?!"

"Of, of course. What would be the point of taking advantage of a child and lie to them?"

What reassuring words.

For me who had no network, there was nothing more reliable.
With Sefina's illness would take 10 or 20 years to die.
If it was that many years then it would still be ok.

Even still, this guy suddenly became all nice.
There was a glint in her eyes when I helped her, did she think she it was a debt?
Although there was no intention of patronizing one bit.

"After I finish my work, I'm going to the Academy in the royal capital to learn magic."
"By the royal capital you mean the Royal Capital Magic Academy?"
"Un. After graduating from there, it's easy to move into a guaranteed position."
".....Ohhhh"

If done well, you could obtain a dragon king's silver spoon.
I had intended on going to the Royal capital academy in the first place.
Given that schedule, it was possible to obtain both things in the same time frame.

"Actually, I'm planning on going to there as well"
"I see. If we meet at the school, at that time be good to me."
"—Well then, I'm leaving now."
"Aa, thank you. For bringing me here"
"Thank you for saving me as well."
"I don't really like humans, but I don't dislike Regis-kun"

Saying that makes me happy.
Isabelle slowly stands up.
She starts to walk slowly, then glances in my direction.

".....Well, it's ok right?"
"N, what is it?"
"Don't move. It'll be over quickly"

What could it be? I requested an explanation with a glance.
But, Isabelle only expressed a laugh and wouldn't answer.
She abruptly approaches me.
And then——

“.....Hamu”

She sweetly bit my ear.
How abrupt, it felt like a surprise attack.
It made my heart jump.

It was ticklish in a good way.
The tip of the tongue licked the skin, it was a sensual sensation.
At the same time I felt a little pain.
Isabelle’s canine tooth had bit the soft part of my ear.

“.....Isabelle?”
“Fuu, don’t get so excited.
This is a smell that elves know, I’ve injected it into your body.”
“Smell?”
“Un. Most elves are cautious of humans at their first meeting.
So it’s not easy to become friendly. So this is necessary right?”

Isabelle doesn’t see humans as allies after all.
Is the chasm between Elves and humans that deep?
While she patted my ear softly, she explains with a smile.

“But the smell just now, is sign that tells people of the same family 『This person is safe』
With this I think it will be easier to talk with other elves.”
“Hoo, that’s convenient”

Ah, so there wasn’t an ulterior motive?
What exactly was it that caused my heart to flutter so strongly?
Was it a lump of evil?
There’s no mistaking it.

“Well, this marking has another meaning but——
I don’t need to explain it right?]

With a giggle Isabelle turned around.
I'm extremely worried by that.
What could it be, that other meaning?

"Well then, I'll be going ahead"
"Aa, take care along the way"

With a hand flutter, Isabelle leaves like a gale.
She's clearly stronger than any human.
She would knock out any one that tried to bully her without a doubt.
I'm glad I became her friend.

".....Now then"

I had no idea that meeting with Isabelle would have her agree with my objective.
You never know what life has in store.
I was thankful to the mountain for allowing this meeting.

That's right, this strange uncivilized mountain.
I nodded in admiration, and looked up at the sky.
After coming here, I finally realized something important.

"How do I get home?"

CHAPTER 8

THE FATHER'S PASSION

A steep mountain which no one has ever step foot on.
From the looks of it it would take half a day to descend it.
I thought to myself 'Just let me die already'

Even though my physical strength is that only that of 7-year old.
How much do you want me to do.

When I got home in the evening, Shadiverga rushed to me looking worried

"Where did you go...?", a 1 hour sermon followed.
"Sorry that I caused you trouble", I sincerely apologised.

I didn't mention that I'd met the Elf though.
I will keep the fact that I made a new friend a secret for now.
Walkins came back several days after the event.
The nightmare vanished and the normal every-day life returned.
By the way, regarding what happened to the injured thieves.
Apparently Walkins personally treated them as forcefully as possible.

What do I mean by forcefully, you say?
For a while the screams of agony were continuously resounding in the mansion.
A bit later I asked Walkins what happened.

She answered with a smile.

"Regis-sama, do you wish to hear the details?"

"Aa"

“Really?”

“A-aa”

“Is it truly ok?”

“.....O-ou”

“You won’t regret it? Well then I will tell you.

First, you see, all the meat and the meat–”

“I’m sorry, let’s not after all”

I slid away from Walkins and ran away
With a speed to even rival god.
What a loser.

But I’m weak against things like horror and grotesqueness
If your existence was grotesque then I would be the one to die.
The bar is too high for bloody meat inclinations.
It would be suicidal to listen to the end.

However, the treated guys–

The ones burned or wounded by my magic, were completely healed.
I wonder how she did it.

By the way, the bandits that were being recovered,
were being sent one by one to the Royal Capital

They rage here, they get punished there.

No matter how poor I become, I swear never to become a bandit.



Several days after the thieves invaded the village they were all taken into custody. The ones wounded by magic were completely healed and their willpower returned as well.

I made a full recovery and finished basic training.

I plopped myself down while surrounded by clear and mild sunlight in the back of the mansion.

The study which raises basic skills of magic and the magic total volume is also possible by itself.

It is easily done.

Imagine the ideal magic image in your mind, and assume a pose.

Of course, I imagine

But when continuing this, the aptitude of magic will rise gradually

Consequently, it leads to increase total amount of magic. However, efficiency is bad. Whatever it is, it will need a steady effort

In my mind there is Stellar magic which blows away a castle in one blow, and creation magic which gives the blessing of green to barren earth swirls in my mind.

It would be impossible for an individual to create.

Within delusions you are free.

But, I want to see such magic being used just once.

It's absolutely impossible for the current me to do it.

" Ha~a, it's good weather ."

I try to say something like old person who looked out of the retirement house by the window.

For several days, we were in a panic.

When I think about it, things seem very happy this time.

I discovered a shadow of a person far over and I kick up my heels with all my might.

It is Walkins.

What is she doing?

Near the entrance of the house, she is talking with something

“.....Is that a bird?”

When observing carefully, it seems to be a huge bird.

What I mean is the size is strange.

The measure of its wingspan is about 3 meters.

The feather shines in seven colors and has a magnificent atmosphere.

The beak is extraordinary sharp. It seems to be a bird of prey.

The appearance of a mysterious bird, combine with Walkins together, I thought it looks like an aesthetic painting.

Walkin takes out money from her breast pocket and put it in the bird's mouth.

The bird spit something out of its mouth

Walkins puts it away in her pocket, the bird passes through the gate as if nothing has happen.

Her face was filled with a quiet smile.

Was it something good?

Walkins return to the mansion.

The bird flew straight and left.

Was it some kind of trading?

I didn't get a good look from the back.

Well, it has nothing to do with me.

While I convinced myself, I felt something cold on my neck

“.....it's raining.”

Moreover, it is quite strong.

The sound of thunder can be heard from a distance.

It was just fine until a while ago.

The sky became dark.

The cold water poured on my head as I felt miserable.

I'm likely to catch a cold if I just lie here.

I quickly return to the mansion in.

I have done enough image exercises.

Let's call it a day.

I go up to the second floor and to the living room.

I thought I'd asked Shadiverga for a cloth to wipe my head.

However, he is not here.

At this time, he should always be doing state affairs in the living room.

While feeling doubtful, I head to the library.

I open the repaired door and peek inside.

At that time I heard the muffled laughter of a man.

It gives off the feeling of not being able to endure a laugh.

".....Okay, it is certain that it can't be found"

The voice's source is Shadiverga.

What is he doing at a place like this?

Shadiverga placed a board on the wall and is giving it a coat of paint.

He sneakily works while avoiding public attention.

I can't shake of this strangeness off.

I stealthily tiptoe towards Shadiverga.

I waited until the right timing and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, father."

–That instant which I put my hand in place, thunder echoed outside.

“U, UWAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Shadiverga give out unexpected scream.

In response, my shoulder popped with “bikun”

That was surprising.

Are you a victim that was killed in a fire?

Just greeting someone causes such a surprise, he paled as if the world had ended or he had seen a ghost.

When Shadiverga know the person who enter is me,

He patted his chest as if he was relieved

And gave out a deep sigh.

“What is it, Regis.....”

“It not ‘What is it’. What are you doing so secretively?”

“No, no. it’s just a little hiding place——”

The board which Shadiverga painted is observed.

It looked like an ordinary wall because he almost finished giving it a coat of paint.

However, there was a little vacant gap. There is a sense of incongruity.

Apparently, it seems to provide a storing space inside.

This board is like a concealed door.

“Hmmm, Is it to hide the collection?”

“Don’t tell Sefina and Walkin. It will be burned if they know”

“You receive such chastisement and still continue collecting it.”

“ It can’t be helped, my life’s worth living for this hobby”
Iyaiya, to collect private books is worth living?

I can’t write a student composition anymore.
If a class teacher said “I would like you to write about your father.” I would be plunge into the persecution route.

Well, I don’t intend to say anything about this hobby
I had a few in previous life as well.

“However, can this device even fool Walkins?”

“Don’t worry. Look at this.”

When the board is pressed up, a medium space becomes visible.
There are charming books— or not, It is a book which recommends women’s wear.
They are stacked flat and spread all over.

“What is this? It isn’t hidden here after all?”

“You would think so. But the books which, in fact, are very important here are missing”

Ahem, Shadiverga buff out his chest proudly.

Somehow, it seems that the device still has some gimmicks.
Even if I’m looking inside attentively, nothing is understood.

However, what would I do if I am Shadiverga?

The book’s life will end if found by a family member—
How would I treasure it?
I reversed his thinking, and arrived at an answer.

“Ah, a double door?”

“U.....It has been found out by Regis. I have become worried whether it can be missed.”

“I think it will be safe. From a woman’s aspect, it will only be seen as an abnormal love for women’s wear.”

“In that case, there is no dignity.”

I calmly point it out.

However, the double door is well made with effort.

Though I think it is enough as camouflage.

Rather, it looks even stranger when it is strangely blocked up with the board.

“I think the cause of question is held by this board. In addition, it is what inside, putting out ordinary women’s wear. Won’t it be seem strange?”

“Yes, it is my aim letting you think it is doubtful.

“You are saying?”

“Regis, what do you think about me concealing women’s wear books?”

“Hentai.”

“No, besides that.....”

Shadiverga drops his shoulder discouragingly.

He is a selfish guy

No choice, I’ll think seriously, too.

Certainly.

When summarizing the situation, it is easily put together.

A married man hides and has introductory books to women’s wear.

When a third party discovers this, they will think.....

“—Ah, Is it a present?”

“Correct. I think of the next birthday for Sefina and Walkins, I’ll present clothes. They both often exert themselves.”

Hoh. Isn’t this a smart thing to do?

However, it is sad if this shrewdness is exposed.

“It is admirable effort, and a plan to conceal one’s collection.”

“In fact, I’m embarrassed to be found in the place I have selected.

I stuck this board first, purely to just hide the women’s wear books.”

I see. However, it is surely effective.

If I were to only have a glance at this,

It would appear to be a bookshelf of a young man preparing a gift.

Taking advantage of suspicions and twisting it around, is it not a splendid camouflage?

Besides, when selecting clothing for someone, there is a concern on how it looks to others, like if it is it too sexy?

In attempt to dress up a girl with beautiful figure,

I’m more embarrassed of the place where I drool more than being seen choosing cloth for my younger sister.

It’s the same for everyone right?

I felt like dying at that time.

“And, how many books does father have?”

“Well, some are entrusted to my friends. If everything is returned, there should be about 80 copies.”

“Still.....it’s within normal range. But, I have never seen the place where you purchase the books.”

“Fufu, it might be so. After all, I have a secret personal connection to me.”

Personal connection.

Is there such thing for Shadiverga?

Dammit, I believed that only you and me alone knew about this.

I feel like I’ve been betrayed.

But even I have a friend.

There is one, from the lower class

Worship, praise, offer

The person called me a good for nothing.

“Is your acquaintance a book importer?”

“It’s regrettable. That fellow is an old friend which wanders the continent freely. They purchase books that are out of print in the Empire.”

It is amazing.

It’s from a hostile country and getting your hands on some is hard to come by.

They have to be a pretty excellent peddler in the kingdom.

“How did you become acquainted with such a person?”

“She is a peddler, but her main occupation is magic teacher.

I hear she works in the capital when she is free.

I think she was actively researching at some point.

Saying something about not having enough funds to keep researching.”

“What is her profession when she is free?”

“Well, well, it is an admirable one”

Shadiverga words become vague.

However, even if there is a friend who sell books for a hobby.

The place where he usually meets such a person has not been seen.

When I think so, Shadiverga murmured dissatisfied.

“..... Today, I asked for my book. I wonder if the familiar arrived.

“Familiar?”

“Ah. She is a busy person.

When it comes to delivery, the magic beast delivers the goods.”

I see, transactions were like that.

It is a tremendous technology.

Incidentally last time, it was stated in a book.

A demon beast is summoned, and a magic contact is used to employ the beast.

It’s used for delivery services.

It requires a person with considerable ability.

“I’d also like to go there and read.”

“When Regis grows up, you will understand. When you get frustrated, you will break if there is nothing to depend on.”

Wow, Shadiverga has a far eye.

No, it’s understandable.

Because, even I bought adult books many time as a high school student.

What was it again?

Those younger than 18 years old do not see, since it is covered with plastic.

So I went to a bookstore and bought it while letting out a bloodshot eye.

But, thinking back having such behavior was too suspicious.

On the way back, I was almost asked by the police about my actions.

That time, I was afraid of the direction that the conversation was headed so I ran away.

I was caught.

The police were running fast. It was awesome.

I was seen as a thug, and got arrested with a tackle.

The book was grandly thrown out by the momentum.
A woman passing by was judging me with eyes that were looking at trash.
Even if I made contact with my parents, it was so bad that they would not come to pick me up.
I was handed over to my sister, and I received a strict warning.
Even now I'm still traumatize.

".....Hmm. It's late. Did the familiar spirit have an accident somewhere?"

Shadiverga hangs his head anxiously.
A while ago– if I remember that spectacle scene
Cold sweat gushed out of my back at that moment.
No, calm down.
Even if that is the case, I'm not involved in this.
I rather not be involved.
It is necessary to leave here right now.
If you ask, it is imaginary fears.

"Hey, father. Is there any chance of the familiar spirit is a bird?"

"It is so, you know well."

"Does it has seven color feather and sharp beak by chance?"

"Yes, yes, it seems to be familiar spirit which she like most. She talks about its charm in various ways–how do you know, is he your friend?"

Shadiverga have a smile of nostalgia.
I ignored him, and try to go out full throttle.
To sudden action, He tilt his neck puzzled.

"Wh, What wrongs, Regis?"

"Run away."

"Ru-run away from what?"

“The business method is out. Walkins received the product a while ago.”

“What, such thing!?”

HAWAWAWA, Shadiverga is confused.

In front of strategist Rori Gunshi. (*a genius Japanese strategist.*)

His escape is seen, he will try to make a run for it.

The secret spot was hidden momentarily, paint was thrown away and he tries to escape out of the window

Hey, just normally go out of the door.

In an instant, the window opened with dreadful power

Shadiverga didn't open it.

With the evidence, a certain person entered from the window.

“Ara, Shadiverga-sama. What are you doing in such place like this?”

“Wa, Walkins!?”

Wait, what are you doing?

This is the second floor.

Shadiverga paralyzed with the appearance of Walkins.

A shot of lightning was produced, her appearance looks frightening.

Shadiverga moves backwards and tries to escape with haste from Walkins.

Seeing this reaction, Walkins looks disappointed.

“Ara, are you going somewhere?”

I wanted to kill some time, how regrettable.

In that that case, I'll excusing myself to the mistress' room, do you happen to read books?”

Saying so, Walkins pull out the book from her breast pocket.

It was good work until getting caught by the Law.

Shadiverga face cramps grandly.

“Wh-why does Walkins have it?”

“Shadiverga-sama can’t be bothered with it. Instead, I received for you.”

“I asked for it to be passed to me personally.....”

“I got a reward from the magic society, and since I left the cash on delivery. If double the price was paid, I could receive it normally?”

“Ah, you traitooooorrrrrr!”

Apparently, the peddler seems to be in a more severe need of money than previously thought

Shadiverga you said ‘That fellow is an old friend’

You said it with confidence.

What kind of friendship breaks with money.

Well, I guess it’s a prank from a friend, so it’s ok.

But, you attracted a huge land mine.

It’s a disaster towards your life.

Shadiverga begged with extraordinary motivation.

“Please, keep it a secret from Sefina!”

“What are you talking about? Do you think I would do such an inconvenient thing for my employer?”

“Wa-Walkins.”

“Ji-n” Shadiverga has been deeply impressed. *(Jin is sound effect)*

In his eyes, Walkin might have been an angel.

Well, Walkins is normally cute.

It’s all right, even an angel makes mistake.

I thought that I could watch the contract with the bird a little while ago only in my fantasy world.

“Thank you very much. From the bottom of my heart, but is it alright?”

Shadiverga grasps his hand and expresses his thanks
But unfortunately, the [employer] of Walkins is Sefina.
Toward the relieved Shadiverga , she finished speaking with confidence.

“It is alright. Because it was reported to my employer Sefina-sama as an active employee

“AAAAA, it’s not alright!”

Shadiverga was taken before he could say his statement.
Though he resists, he was dragged off by Walkins and they went out of the library.
Is it called typhoon passing or after the storm?

My condolences.
Return alive.

By the way, it has cleared outside the window .
Those dark clouds suggested the future of Shadiverga.
I smile wryly and sit down on the chair of the library that has quite down.

I covered myself with a blanket and shut my eyes slowly.
I’m a little tired from the training.
I’ll take a generous nap.

“WAWAWA, Homicide, Homicide.”

There was a voice of a miserable man coming from downstairs.

I slowly lose consciousness while listening to that lullaby.

CHAPTER 9

UNTOLD STORY

The blood chilling chastisement of Shadiverga.

Then, a few weeks passed after that.

Though it's abrupt, a strange story has approached the Din house

While I was sleeping carefreely, a call was put out by the parlor-maid.

To be honest, it is painful in the morning.

However, when it comes to urgent summons, it's all right.

I endured the drowsiness and somehow got up.

The explanation from Shadiverga which started from then.

The lengthy opinion about a decision...

I heard the general ideas, but I asked again curtly.

"Recruitment? Walkins?"

In addition to me, Shadiverga and Walkins are in the living room.

Shadiverga has a face which looks serious, sipping his tea while his hand trembles.

Walkins has a perplexed expression.

"Yes. Located directly across the river from here,

A high ranking noble called Horgos.

A messenger of Durf from the head of the family came this morning.

"Send Walkins – that's written in the letter."

"Oh dear, it has come to this."

"Ummm..... Is there a reason to want me?"

Walkins tilts her head to one side.

Do you not really understand it?

Because I was a vulgar being, I had an idea immediately.

It'll be magic, I think; after that, figure."

"It might be so.

Although we tried to the best of our abilities to prevent Walkins' magic going public.

I tried my best to prevent a leak, but it's inevitable.

To be circulated around the neighbourhood is expected. Horgos' territory is right next to us."

"Even so, perhaps the frequency of bandit subjugation was overdone.....?"

Walkins hangs her head while sighing.

Though I think that it is not necessary to be particularly depressed...

Because the peace and order around here was kept due to Walkins and her contribution.

I continue in order to follow up.

"It's as my father says.

I think Horgos probably tried to invite Walkins (you) because you're pretty."

"Hehehe, I get it; I am cute. It's inevitable."

"You say such a thing about yourself."

"Eee..... Regis-sama, do you hate me?"

Walkin eyes swell with tears and looks at me.

Eii that's depressing.

Do not take me seriously.

Besides, I'd certainly make fun of you in my heart.

"Is there such a reason?"

But it is a mistake to decide this matter by our judgment."

"That's certainly...?"

"No, isn't Walkin employed by mother?"

Then I have to seek an instruction from mother."

"Ah, I already asked.

However, she said that she entrusted me with Regis while she slept."

"I'll take proper responsibility."

Oh, she's putting her trust in us.

Then I must meet her expectations.

I ask Shadiverga who has a face filled with distress this morning.

"And, what is father's reply?"

"Oh, he would have to wait to receive a reply.

The messenger had an unhappy face.

Because he will come again one week later, I'll have to make a decision by then."

“It’s a haughty way to speak.”

“It’s inevitable. We, the Din household, are a low level aristocrat even in this kingdom. Because Horgos is ruling the whole western region that has a strong position in sovereign, they think I’ll already accept so they pushed forward the request.”

“..... Haa. So, cowardice diplomacy is no use, huh.”

Is the other party a large aristocrat?

Indeed, the Din house is collapsed and on the wane – it’s not a house that nobles would be close with.

When such a ruined aristocrat is made to rule, it’s different.

However, it is a defeat if Shadiverga flatters them.

For a foreign country to pliantly bow their heads and cut down territory without question is wrong.

Assuming that they were more or less at a disadvantage, they should proceed negotiations with confidence.

“So, what answer are you going to do about it?”

“No..... What do you think Regis?”

“It would be impossible to give her. Request is rejected.”

“But it will antagonize the western nobles. The surrounding nobles are afraid and it would be hard to get support.”

“Aren’t they just a single drop in a bucket?”

More than that, losing Walkins over governmental affairs would be a mistake, I think.”

After hearing my opinion, Shadiverga is lost in thought.

He is a person who has trouble after trouble piling up.

It isn’t a joke. If there are any further disturbances, he may go bald.

Shadiverga let out a cough and changed target to Walkins for question.

“How does Walkins feel?”

“Of course, I don’t want to leave from the Din house.

It is a promise with your wife and——”

“Well?”

Walkin has reddened cheeks and look at me.

"What is it, is there a fly on my face?"

I hope she wouldn't swat it suddenly

Walkin who looks down to accumulate power, turned to face * .

"Because Regis-sama doesn't want to hand me over...

I'm on the side of Regis-sama by all means!"

Shadiverga which heard those words opened his eyes wide with decision.

His first clenched powerfully.

"Yes, is that so? I knew it would come to this, so let me take the responsibility."

"Oh, the indecisive old man awakened."

"Think of me better, Regis!"

"Oh, even when father goes bald, I'll respect him my entire life."

"Is it a given that I'll go bald!"

I denied Shadiverga who had watery eyes.

Are you worrying about it?

It surely feels that the volume of hair became a little thin.

Is it something serious for a lord?

"I, who worried about this seriously, was stupid!

Stop, stop, let's toast to our agreeing opinions together!"

Hahaha, Shadiverga laughs loudly.

The eyes were dead surely.

The support from small and weak surrounding nobles will be terminated

Because it is obvious, we will be driven to desperation.

But there is no help for it if we antagonize enemies.

It's fate.

"Come on Regis, you will drink, too!"

"I'm still 7 years old."

My father wasn't very sober.

Next week, the day when an answer was promised.

It starts with the parlor-maid falling and rolling on the stairs.

A delegation of twenty people was led here, she said that a certain person came over

"He, head of Horgos, Durf-sama has come here directly!"

Here during conference.

After hearing the report, Shadiverga opens his eyes wide while he falls down from his seat.

At the same time, I couldn't hide my surprise, either

Do strong aristocrat around here do business personally?

For an upper noble to visit a lower noble.

It is considerable attitude. Does it only happen when serious?

Shadiverga, who is thrust into an unexpected situation, has his teeth chattering away.

His face is deep blue, too.

Hmmm, ocean blue.

"Father. As one would expected, you are flustered too much.

When you have anything to do with a messenger, is it always so?"

"I, I dealt with a messenger after a long time. Besides, Sefina was always next to me and gave advice."

"You're..... A miserable lord."

What kind of noble becomes nervous if his wife is not next to him.

I would cry if the private army saw me.

But it's also absurd to let the stricken Sefina bear with such chore.

I want you to undergo medical treatment slowly.

I must somehow get through it myself because Shadiverga and Walkin are here.

"Regis-sama, please protect me."

Walkins is pulling at my hem.
I guess I am kind of amused by her actions

“Well, Walkins. What kind of noble is Horgos?”
“ Let, let me see——”

From Walkins’ story, Horgos house seems to be considered a veteran noble.
When this kingdom performed the founding of the country, Horgos had already held the western region.
They have the gold mine due to which it boasts of the biggest and most abundant money reserves in the kingdom.

Their strong points are stopping cargo and assassinations.
When an opponent shows, they use all means to wreck them no question asked.
Money is paid to the government and the kingdom highest upper class nobles to support such behavior.
Even the government official of the neat paranoiac, It is a family who can’t be cured with a scalpel.

Power come from its abundant fiscal resources. The territory itself is 20 times of Din territory.
It seems, they plundered the surrounding nobles by force for several decades.
There should be no reason why lower nobles aren’t afraid of them.
When there is a distinguished family it doesn’t like, it puts out an assassination secretly.
When a noble incurs its displeasure even a little, it drives its opponent to ruin by economic blockade.
With such a method, nobles are all smiles to marry young women around the vicinity.
I see, I can nod towards Shadivergas vigilance.
Indeed a heretic and dreadful dictatorial way.
I want to shout”Incinerate the garbarga~!” and scatter fire with a flamethrower.

I want to pursue the cruelty til the end by all means.
And——

“.....Who’s giving Walkins up”

“E? Just now you said?”

“No, it is nothing.”

Can we send this fellow to the conspicuous person of a doubtful origin?

Father will not permit it.

This fellow is an employee of Din house.

It's regrettable

The maid who breaks into a cold sweat whispers to Shadiverga surreptitiously.

“Head Horgos is entering.”

“Alright, then please withdraw.”

“Yes.”

When the greeting is finished, the whole room is wrapped in tension.

By all rights, a single person of the private army would generally stand on the sides.

There are probably no cases in which a messenger has a sword.

But when the messenger attacks, the person who protects the master is necessary.

The post is not necessary because Walkins is in this place.

An all purpose employee, as one would expect.

After a while, someone entered with two subordinates.

A plump body.

He is covered with fat, that the only thing I can say.

If he is roasted over a fire, he would burn for 3days, and 3 nights.

Deep wrinkles and messy stains are engraved; just by seeing him I feel discomfort.

Indeed, he does seem like a lustful person.

“I am the present head of the Horgos family – Durf Zajimu Horgos.

I am here to hear your reply to my request last week, Shadiverga-dono.”

As for Zaijmu, he must have been given the name by a high-ranking noble.

No such person supports our Din family, of course.

This guy, from the beginning he's looking down on us as expected.

Durf swings his greasy body.

Shadiverga received with a business smile.

“You have come a long way, please come in.”

“The flattery is good. I have just come to hear a response.”

“Ah, thought you have come a long way. The matter is——”

“It is deplorable, but this once prestigious family will disappear from this kingdom if you decide to decline.

Yes...or no.”

GIRORI, the meat daruma doll stares at Shadiverga.

I am of the impression he is lying low in order to prepare for the offensive.

The guy saw Walkin sit next to me and starts to lick his lip imprudently.

“.....As expected, she is quite delightful.”

That pig.

Exposuing his desire and greed bare.

My disgust is doubled.

The large pig which gives of an intimidating air.....!

On the other hand, my father is frightened on my left.....!

No, don't shudder.

First calm down.

No, No, I suddenly stretch my hand for the cup of water. Don't reconsider.

Because Shadiverga is about to blow up, I whisper into his ear in secret.

(.....Father, let's take a change of place.)

(Don't say stupid thing, I'm the present head of this household for the time being.)

(For such guy, it isn't worth for father to care for personally. Make me, your son speak here.)

(Are you able to? Be peaceful, ok?)

(Leave it to me and loosen up.)

I got the acceptance from Shadiverga and raised my hand directly.

Shadiverga knows my inside to be matured abnormally for the time being.

Therefore, he often asks me for advice and sometimes leaves work to me.

Even so, I would be worried about the crisis if such life or death matter depends on me.

There must be another way.

I have to sweep the anxiety off.

KOHON, I cough once, and begin to speak.

“My father has the sore throat, and it seems painful. I’ll return the answer instead.”
When I said so, the meat daruma Durf glances towards me.
And he looks at my appearance once.
After glaring from my head to toes, Durf snorts his nose like a pig.
And bursts out laughing.

“HWUA,AAAAAAAAAAAAA!
A degenerate, this Din house.
Entrusting your son who hasn’t come of age yet.”
“It is so, I think so too.
But it’s worthless to worry, this is a waste of time.”
I nodded to demonstrate the waste.
Shadiverga’s eyebrows are twitching slightly
A blue vein is slightly floated.
The one who got insulted seems immediately irritated..
Well, endure it a little more.

“Ku, Ku, Ku. Okay, I’m tolerant, boy.
With that, would you hand me Walkins-dono?”
The great pig which agrees with satisfaction.
On the other hand, I laugh back with [Haha].
Smile Smile.
Now, I got tired of imitating.
Will I answer soon?
The moment when I was about to speak.
Shadiverga is whispering to me with HISO HISO
He is awfully flustered.

(Is it okay, Regis? Don’t cause offense, nakudazo!)
(Just look and stop being persistent. I understand.)
I tore off Shadiverga half-forcefully.
Durf seems satisfied and smiles.
I have to return an answer to him while smiling with a pleasant smile.

“——Disappear, you emasculated pig”

CHAPTER 10

DUEL

ZAWA The atmosphere in the room changed completely.

Durf stiffened while Shadiverga has an absentminded look on his face as if his soul has escaped from his body.

Even though Walkins looked slightly bewildered, she clapped both her hands steadily. I called out to Shadiverga who was next to me.

“Father, this is probably what I wanted to say.”

“Y-You’ve said too much!”

Shadiverga cried with tears in his eyes.

Even if you say that, I couldn’t think of a better plan than this.

Since the beginning, his attitude was seriously awful.

Despite everything he’s still just a messenger so he should try going down on his knees a little when he’s asking. That was what I was trying to say.

“.....Th-This kid. What did you say just now? I won’t get angry so just try saying that again”

Blue veins could be seen popping up all over his face and his eyes became blood-shot. However, it seems like there is still a leeway.

Shadiverga who saw this as an opportunity whispered to me in desperation.

(Retract it! Try using a more gentle tone, Regis!)

(Just leave it to me. I’m good at dealing with complaints since last time)

I tried clearing my throat once, faced Durf and saluted him.

What Shadiverga said was right. I have something that I should reflect on as well.

It was the aspect that I might have been too rough on my tone.

Take 2 now.

It is necessary to perform the most respectful greeting to a noble with high standing.

“Well, to Durf, the emasculated pig coming from Horgos household’s, as you’re one of the same family as a livestock, please by all means castrate yourself to prevent the reproduction of your own ki–”

“What I meant was to change your worrrddsssss!”

Shadiverga cried out as if he was shrieking.

However, this time I wasn’t given the instruction for a ‘retake’.

Since it has become an irreparable situation, a feeling of resignation must have swept over him.

Facing Shadiverga who was already at his wits end, I asked him seriously.

“Then conversely, is father fine with it? Are you fine with sending Walkins off?”

“Of course I’m against it. She’s an important.....servant from this house–”

Shadiverga replied in a way as if the words were squeezed out of him.

He was finally able to pour his real intentions out on Durf.

The representative of this house, has been unanimously decided that it will be Shadiverga.

I gave a big nod and called out to Durf.

“And thus, we have all reached the same opinion. I’ll say it again so listen well Durf.– We will definitely not hand over Walkins.”

I declared out loud with all the strength in my body.

Could it be that Durf who was twitching in anger earlier, suddenly blew a fuse?

He ended up forgetting his dignity and started shouting.

“THIS PILE OF TRASH! Using that tone on a man from the western region, do you even understand what will become of you!”

“You shouldn’t be self-proclaiming that yourself and what do you mean by man from the western region? Is that a territory of livestock population that includes you?”

“CRUSH! I WILL DEFINITELY CRUSH YOU! Don’t ever expect to receive assistance from the surrounding nobles anymore!”

Screams of threats were showered on us but it was within my expectation.
I have never been expecting any support to begin with.
I fixed my eyes coldly on Durf and said.

“This land, instead of calling it hard to develop, it was really instable to the point of having no way out. We are already fallen nobles from the beginning. We’re actually of low social standing, so to speak. So I don’t think we can fall any lower than this.”

The cultivated land here is narrow too.
There was no mine anywhere nearby.
If the population of people increase any more than this, we’ll definitely reach the level of bankruptcy.

However—it was precisely because of this adversity that the numerous obstacles confronting us are now viewed as mere pebbles by the roadside.
If we take on a more serious approach, we will somehow be able to manage it. This is one of the example.
Durf wasn’t able to understand my words so he switched his target.

“Gununu....Oi Shadiverga! Shut this kid up!”
“Nn? I don’t think it’s necessary to stop him though. I’m leaving it to Regis now.”

Shadiverga’s backup came in.
I’m seriously thankful.
I will keep pressing on as it is then.

Just when I thought so, the subordinate in the vicinity of Durf suddenly made a move.
He approached his master and whispered something into his ear.
Then an indescribable smile etched across his face as if he has already foreseen himself obtaining the destiny he wants.
It appears that the subordinate must have instigated him into doing something.

“I see. I’m somehow convinced now on the reason why Din can’t free himself from being a low standing noble. A head of the family ended up clinging to a kid for help, leaving all the work to him. I have finally grasped that truth. Apparently there doesn’t

seem to be a single decent people in Din's household."

A creepy smile floated over Durf's countenance.

It is painful to look at him directly.

Just looking at his eyes, I could tell that he is beyond cure.

I unconsciously glanced at Walkins who was standing at the back.

When her eyes met mine, she flashed me a slightly embarrassed smile.

Cute, as expected.

Cuteness is definitely justice.

Even seeing the same smile is a big difference.

Shadiverga seems to be chewing on Durf's words.

In the end he shrugged his shoulder and replied to Durf.

"I will take the responsibility for my household's impoliteness. Please do not place the blame on my blood relative."

"I will not stop. I just happened to recall something interesting."

Something interesting....is it

If it was something that interest Durf, then it will almost certainly be something that will harm me.

Durf continued on intentionally.

"Come to think of it, Shadiverga. A few years back, you took in a degraded noble without minding your own social standing, am I right? Wasn't it, Jirgens house? It's a barbarous and filthy clan that uses sword and magic to pursue their own self-interest."

The moment those words came out, the surrounding atmosphere suddenly made my hair stand on end.

–Jirgens.

If I am not mistaken, it was my mother, Sefina's parents' house.

The house of Jirgens that was on the verge of falling into ruin has affiliated with Shadiverga previously before becoming the house of Din.

A house that was look down upon and a house that has already been reduced to poverty.

Once both fused that's how Din house came to be.

Dark shadow overcast our faces.

I don't care about such things anyway but Durf was ridiculing Sefina's house.

"This is truly repulsive. It's because of such people that the Din house can calmly allow someone else to accompany them in important negotiations like this. By the way where is the daughter of Jirgens? I don't see that person anywhere."

Durf was looking around the room.

Of course Sefina couldn't possibly be here.

That's because she is bedridden now.

That guy might have known it already but he was being sarcastic about it.

"In any case she must biting at someone somewhere again since it's a mad dog that couldn't be managed. Good grief, a clan that doesn't even understand their own standings is seriously a terrifying one."

How dare he. For those words to be coming from that lips of his.

I seriously felt like knocking him down.

To be honest, I might not be able to endure that long anymore.

Seriously, stop bullshitting me. Why did he have to go that far just to dump the poison on us.

I glared at Durf.

Even if he has a habit of not being able to do anything himself, upholding his stupid vanity and jeering at people were the only things that he is good at.

Looking down on a person without concern and trampling the weak.

These are the types of people that I hated the most even from my previous life.

I took a deep breath for a moment before standing up.

No. It would be more accurate to say—I tried to stand up.

There was another person who stood up ahead of me.

“.....Sefina”

That person slowly raised his upper body and looked down at Durf.

The pupil in his eyes dilated

His shoulder was trembling with anger

The insurrection that has started was coming from the person no one would be able to imagine.

“DO NOT insult Sefina! Looking down on her is the only thing that I will absolutely not forgive!”



Shadiverga Din.

He's always being indecisive but it will be absurd for him to be initiating a fighting scene.

He does have an aspect of being opportunistic but overall he is someone that Durf usually makes light of.

Such a person, is currently refuting Durf's words in an indescribable spirit that has never been seen before.

"If there should be any fault that lies with her, then they are all my responsibility. It will be Shadiverga Din's responsibility!"

He placed his hand on his chest, flatly denying all the insults directed to Sefina.

That appearance indeed resembles a rakshasa.

Apparently this guy has incurred the wrath of Shadiverga.

"Sefina is corrupted? Don't bullshit with me! The only person who truly has a corrupted nature is you, Durf!"

Shadiverga's anger flared up like a blazing flame.

Considering his personality, what he said was natural.

He has never doubt anyone and he has not indulged in anyone at all.

He will place absolute trust on people who are close to him.

That is why currently, the anger that he is feeling is far more than anyone else.

Towards Durf who has verbally abused his beloved wife, in order to denounce him—

"For someone like you who has been doing the same despicable deed repeatedly, you do not have the right to blame anyone at all. Even more, you have no right to look down upon Sefina who is totally unrelated to this at all! None at all!"

Shadiverga took the sword by his side as he stood up.

If he has the intention to keep depreciating Durf, he will definitely draw his sword without a doubt.

He confronted Durf, while still keeping his sword in the sheath.

However, Shadiverga.

It could probably be what the other side was aiming for from the start.

“.....Oh, a duel?”

“——Aa”

Shadiverga soon realizes it. The expression “Damn!” was written across his face. Hence, a noble has ended up pointing his sword at another noble.

If the other party,

“Very well. I shall then accept your duel”

Once you have said this, a war that bets on the pride between both families will begin. This is a custom that is absolutely unavoidable. It's a tacit understanding.

Once you have reached this far, you can't pull back anymore. It has come to the point of no return.

“This is a great opportunity. Let's crush those nobles that have been an eyesore for some time. The other party has also willingly jumped into the jaws of death themselves. If they have extended their courtesy then we should offer them our hospitality too, right?”

Durf burst out laughing pleasantly. A tenacious sounding laughter reverberated in Din family's mansion. As such, our household have ended up participating in the war.

What the heck are you doing.



“...I’m not sure how I should apologize in this.”

“No, it’s fine. Even if you bow your head, you won’t be able to turn back the time.”

At the mansion after Durf left.

Shadiverga fell into a state of depression.

As I said so, he was bowing his head towards me and Walkins.

“As Sefina has said before, even if we were to hold you back, it would still be the same.....”

“No, if father has not jumped out earlier, I might’ve end up hitting him myself. I think it would probably end up in a bloody scene. Rather I was really angry at that time.”

Myself aside, if Walkins were the one who went into rampage, it wouldn’t be funny. I have known it from long ago that Shadiverga will get angry if someone were to insult Sefina.

However, the rage was just three times more than what I had initially expected.

“That’s right, Shadiverga-sama. Please do not prostrate. If you keep rubbing your head so much there, you’re going to get even more bald.”

“I wasn’t prostrating! Besides, I’ve told you before not to mention a word again about my baldness in this family, haven’t I!?”

Shadiverga was denying it desperately.

I’m glad I’m glad.

It appears that he has regained his spirit somehow.

Thereupon, I asked them for a detailed explanation.

“Father, I understand that we have proposed for a duel. Specifically, how will the outcome of the duel be decided? Something like a war between soldiers?”

“It is different. That is not the method in determining the outcome of the duel. We don’t just effortlessly cut down the opponent’s strength like a normal dispute. We will do it properly as stipulated in the law.”

“It’s our kingdom’s 『Duel Method』 .”

Walkins added in as a complement.

Duel Method.

That is new to me.

I do know that it's a common sense that a duel is initiated once you point your sword at the other party though.

Based on the story, when the nobles place their pride into a duel, there are a few regulations to take note of.

That regulation is called 『The Seventh Duel』, and this is usually determined strictly in accordance to the law.

Incidentally the duel method consisted of the seven following rules.

First Rule

- When one of the house made a declaration of duel, the duel will only occur if the other house accepted it.

In this case, this duel only started because Shadiverga pointed his sword at Durf. Since the other party accepted the duel, this condition was met.

Second Rule

- The head of the family can select someone from their side for the duel.

Also the duel is carried out in a one-to-one individual match.

In short, a fight occurring between nobles do not usually happen.

It is a common sense usually for the person who participate in the duel to hire a mercenary, soldier, or a private army instead.

This way, they will not waste their own group of soldiers by throwing them into the duel and the consumption of the soldier will be less too.

If the noble that supports the country collapse, the country will collapse too.

They must have thought through this carefully to prevent a country from declining.

Third Rule

- Both duelist will fight till either party surrenders or dies.

Even if it was said that the duel will end once the other party surrenders, there is actually hardly any case at all whereby someone will just say 『I give up』 .

Basically the duel just continues until the other person is killed.

If by chance, they do throw their sword aside and return with their heads lowered, they will obviously be killed by their employer too.

Fourth Rule

- Once the duel has reached a conclusion, the winner gets to demand a request in public and the loser will need to provide whatever the winner demands.

It felt slightly strange here.

The request will be submitted to the referee in the form of written paper in advance. It is the principle to leave the paper face down until the duel has reached a conclusion. By the way, there seems to be a proper reason to this.

In this kingdom, stoic asceticism has been a symbol of the noble.

So from the beginning those highly proud prestigious family will

『I want that』

『I want this』

hence having the request written out first will prevent them from raising hell.

It was not mentioned inside but it's a common sense to make only one request.

It seems to be bound by tacit understanding more than I thought.

After listening to the conversation so far, we have already decided on the potential representative from our side for the match.

If Walkins were the one chosen to go out, most of them will probably be instantly killed.

However, the other party knows that the next rule is exploitable in order to carry on with this duel.

Fifth Rule

- If there is any particular people from the opponent's house who is involved in the request, you are to submit the notification in advance. In doing so it is possible to exclude the person from the duel.

In addition, that specified person is not allowed to carry out any act that will influence

the power of both houses in the duel. Moreover, self-injuring is prohibited. However, once you have done the specification, the house will not be allowed to make any more changes to the request later.

To summarize it simply,

『I have a request relating to A-kun so I put a stop in the participation of A-kun in the duel』

So if you were to ask what is the purpose of this rule.....

You would like to steal a competent mercenary A from the opposite opponent's house, in current state–In other words, you want mercenary A"intact".

If the opponent's house happened to select mercenary A as representative and both houses ended up fighting, it is assumed that the duel will be won only after a fierce battle.

At that time, mercenary A might have already become a defective good and is not usable anymore due to the duel.

That is why if you make your claim in advance, you can make it possible to disqualify him as the representative.

By the way, there will be someone assigned to watch over the specified person during the duel, to prohibit that person from making a move.

The latter half of the fifth rule also appears to be significant as it seems to be enacted due to a case that happened before in the past.

According to it, when the soldier refused to go to the other party's house due to their loyalty, there have been many cases whereby the soldier tried committing suicide during or after the duel.

To a noble, after knowing that their own vassal who treasured the house to this extent ended up in this predicament, this rule might be really painful to them in either way.

Durf will definitely be making use of this rule well, so we will not be able to make Walkins participate.

This rule that treats people as objects makes me feel disgusted.

Although this has been a custom since long ago so it couldn't be helped.

"Father. Has the other side already nominated Walkins?"

“Aa, they have already informed me before leaving just now. 『To avoid getting Walkins-dono involved, do not send her out as representative』 .”

“Well since they knew the existence of this rule, they will definitely make use of it.”

Thus, Walkins will not be able to appear as our representative.

Everything will be resolved easily if only she could represent us in the duel.

This is a very grave situation.

“....Aa. It's really an unpleasant rule.”

Walkins heaved a deep sigh as well.

If only the first rule could be abolished, we wouldn't need to worry about anything else anymore.

Well, we wouldn't be able to do anything now even if we are frustrated by it.

Let's explain the details of the next rule.

Sixth Rule

- Once the duel between the two house have reached a conclusion, the two houses are prohibited to be in contact for 3 years.

This is a rule to prevent retaliation due to grudge.

Failing to do so will cause that house to be the main subject of condemnation from the surrounding nobles.

I wonder if there are no nobles who have broken this rule at all after all the past duels.

Seventh Rule

- The kingdom will despatch an observer as a referee to oversee the duel to avoid any foul play in between.

Furthermore, the duel will be held at an arena in the Imperial City—in the presence of all the nobles to ensure that it is carried out justly.

The referee will be someone selected by the kingdom to judge the duel based on the regulations.

If that observer is also acting as a referee, then they must have some authority too.

They might have the power to disqualify a person from a duel too if they noticed any foul play.

During a duel they will not be able to carry out any foolish conduct so it will be safe for the time being.

In addition, to ensure the fairness of the duel, it will be carried out in front of the nobles in the Imperial City.

So as to avoid any trouble in future, they have established a really strict rule.

“So this is the Duel Method. I was just aware of all the details now too.”

“There is also the existence of something called Duel Method Supplement Treaty. However, the particulars for this have only been decided recently so it’s fine even if you were to ignore it.”

“It’s so troublesome. Won’t assassination work?”

“Don’t do that. If exposed, the entire Din house will suffer criticism.”

“I’m just joking. Don’t take that so seriously.”

Shadiverga got frightened by my sudden disturbing suggestion and tried to stop me.

Due to his nervousness he is probably highly sensitive now.

Walkins who hasn’t spoken much since just now suddenly came up with an abrupt proposal, possibly because the conversation earlier has ended.

“There is still one month to the duel. I will select someone outstanding among my corps, and prepare that person for the duel through training regimen. How about it?”

Certainly, that would be the best option we have at this moment.

There was nothing else that I could wish for.

However, Shadiverga voiced out his objection here.

“No, I don’t want to use the corps. They are indeed well-trained in group battles but they don’t have any experience in individual match.”

“Then what about hiring a mercenary?”

“Any trust that comes from money is fragile. Besides, the funds that Din house can spare to hire a mercenary is limited”

“.....Then, what can be done now?”

Walkins tilted her head, immersed in thoughts.

Shadiverga seemed to be at lost there.

I will come up with something somehow.

Besides, even if the chance of success is really low, I will just push my way through.

In any event, I wouldn't listen to it even if they were to stop me.

I waited for Shadiverga's response in silence.

"-I will go out"

"Are you sane? The opponent is probably a skilled mercenary. Do you think you have the chance to win?"

"It's not if I can win or I can't win. I will win."

Shadiverga raised a powerful cry from the bottom of his stomach.

Walkin's body shook momentarily.

Such an intense spirit.

However that reproval wasn't directed at Walkins.

It's a cry to brace oneself up.

"To Durf who injured Sefina with his words, I will deliver the punishment with my own two hands."

A strong determination.

Shadiverga who usually behaves foolishly most of the time, suddenly became serious today.

He wasn't able to forgive Durf to that degree.

Well, I am of the same opinion too.

Winning or losing aside.

"Once we are done with the preparations, let's go to the Imperial City. The incident this time has made me reached my limits. This will be the death of you, Durf-"

Shadiverga seems to be on fire.

He is dashing without stopping towards the ruin.

But it would be pointless no matter how much we try to persuade him.

Since his own beloved wife is being made fun of.
If I were to be in Shadiverga's shoes, I would get angry too.
Fury. I will definitely not allow him to live.

"We'll taking off tomorrow! Just watch this Durf! I will definitely not succumb to you!"

Even though it might not be visible to the surrounding, his fighting spirit is certainly worthy of respect.

As for me, I definitely do not want this person to die.
Based on my experience, such a hot-blooded man shouldn't die.
Besides, I will do whatever it takes to protect Walkins.

–And I would like to be a person who is capable of saving someone.

Those words that I have said before some time ago flashed through my mind.
Since I was given another chance I would also like to do my best, to protect the two of them.

The following day.

As soon as the journey started, I began to realize the reality of the impact.
I ended up finding out that I feel nauseous when I ride a horse-drawn carriage.
The carriage is swaying and swaying.
I'm gonna puke I'm gonna puke.

By the way, on reaching the Imperial City my body weight seemed to have decreased by 1kg.

I want a medicine to prevent motion sickness.

CHAPTER 11

AT THE IMPERIAL CITY

The Imperial City is surrounded by enormous castle walls, well-protected from any foreign attacks.

It's to the extent of me wanting to say it out loud myself but the scale is large. However, the reason to that was exceedingly easy.

Several hundred years ago, the entire continent seemed to be engulfed in a war.

That skirmish is well-known as 『The King Emperor's War』 .

At that time, the Kingdom was trying to fend off the invasion of the empire from the north resulting in a bloody all-out war.

Throughout the ordeal, these castle walls seemed to have defended this Imperial City. If you have such a thick wall built, I think it would be hard for humans or even demons to break through the defence.

I'm convinced by it.

We left the central street and entered a street with many nobles around.

Upon entering, a stately mansion could be seen up ahead for the purpose of welcoming the visitors.

That seems to be the place that we'll be lodging at.

"Building a residence like this here....it's a considerably bad thing to do, isn't it."

"What are you talking about Regis. The King is famous for being an upright and virtuous wise ruler."

"No but I've never seen a garden well-equipped with a fountain before. What kind of a super wealthy person is he."

"The nobles who will be performing in the duel will be staying here, don't you know."

"Hou~"

From what I heard, this mansion is considered as the lowest valued residence in the Imperial City. On the other hand, I am someone who has the experience of stepping onto a creaking kitchen floor.

Seriously, just listening to the story makes me feel like hitting the wall.
I might be the only person who gets the impression of Din family's warehouse resembling a superior looking property.
How would I ever expect to have this kind of reality shoved right into my face now.

I wonder what kind of life have the nobles in the Imperial City been living.
Just learn the life of the common people. The life of the common people.
Although for the time being I am classified as a noble too.
A ruined one though.

I tried to pass through the door.
As I looked behind, I caught sight of Shadiverga who was fixing the clothes.

"Eh, isn't father entering?"
"Aa, once we leave our luggage, we'll be going to the Imperial Castle for the greetings.
Since the one who will be mediating the fight is the royal family."
"I see. We'll be going there to lower our heads to the King."

I wonder if it is fine to go without bringing something like a box of pastries.
While I was pondering on useless things in my head, Shadiverga shook his head.

"There will be no way for someone like me to meet the King directly. I will be showing my face to the Minister for a while."
"Since we're fallen nobles. It can't be helped."
"Yes yes. So how about it, Regis? Do you want to come along too?"
"...Hmm"

I glanced at the Imperial Castle for an instant.
From the city I would need to pass through several gates and climb up quite a bit to reach the large castle located at the top of the mountain.
It will be too far to go by foot.

Even so, I don't want to ride in a carriage anymore today.
I might be attacked by another wave of motion sickness again due to the effect of the semicircular canals in my ears.

I'll just hold myself back for now and possibly kill my time somewhere.

"No, I'm good. I'll just go sightseeing in the city."

"I see. Looking around the central city is fine but just stay away from the noble district to the north side."

"Nn? Why is that?"

"There are a lot of unreasonable nobles there. We're lucky we'll be staying in the southern noble district instead."

Based on the conversation, there seemed to be two noble districts in this Imperial City. The first one would be the southern noble district that we're presently at. It is the place where the lowest ranking nobles to medium ranking nobles stay.

The turnover rate is intense and the features are quite similar to commoner's district as well.

Therefore, it's an area that doesn't have much exclusive characteristic.

On the complete opposite side, the noble district to the north is the one that has the worst characteristics.

It is the place where all the obstinate upper class nobles gathered.

Incidentally, Horgos' villa is apparently situated there too.

Durf didn't seem to be seen anywhere here so he is probably on the north side.

I do not really want to meet him though.

If common people were to enter the noble district to the north, a felony would probably be imposed on them. That area is something like a totally different space to the common people.

There could be nobles who hold the authority to collect tax staying there too.

Such group of people might be oppressing the innocent people day in, day out in places that couldn't be reached by the King's eyes.

Indeed, ruling a country is seriously difficult.

"I understand. I don't have the intention to go that far anyway."

"Alright, then it's good. What will Walkins be doing then?"

"Hmm. Should I be Regis-sama's escort?"

She is apparently still in an indecisive state.

I gently declined the offer of this girl.

“You don’t need to do that. I could tell that Walkins hasn’t been getting enough sleep lately. You have been keeping watch outside the carriage the entire journey too so you should take some time to rest now.”

“You’re really kind, aren’t you, Regis-sama. Then I shall take you up on your kind offer—”

Walkins expression brightened up for some reason as she walked inside the mansion. Moreover, she’s skipping.

If any other adult were seen behaving like this, it will definitely leave an indescribable feeling but somehow it feels natural when Walkins is the one doing it.

Possibly because she has a cheerful temperament.

And as expected she’s cute.

With her silky luxurious silver hair swaying rhythmically there, there seems to be a distinction gap with her simple looking servant clothing.

It seriously tickled my fancy.

It would be an impossible story not to give her a second glance.

“Then I’ll be going off, Regis”

“Aa, be careful on your way”

“I’ll do that even without you reminding me.”

Bi Shadiverga raised his thumb up.

I’m only saying this judging from Durf’s notoriousness. We couldn’t deny the possibility that Shadiverga might be attacked by him.

But, the route from here to the castle are bustling with people so it would not be a suitable place used for assassination.

If their insolence came to light in this Imperial City, they would be the one most troubled by it.

I guess I shouldn’t need to worry about it.

I left the mansion and visited the central city.

Both Walkins and Shadiverga have always been working really hard so I want them to take a rest once in a while.

I'll just go shopping in the meantime.

Since I've come all the way to the Imperial City, there should be magic books here that weren't sold in the province.

Should I try searching in the magic shop and purchase a few back?

As I was thinking of it, I wandered around the central city for some time but I wasn't able to locate any magic shops around.

Majority of the shops here are mostly armor shops and general stores.

There is no other choice.

I gave up searching for it myself and decided to try asking the man who seemed to be tending for the general store.

"Excuse me. May I know if you could tell me the location of the magic shop?"

"I don't mind it but.....you, are you a noble?"

"Yes, for now."

That man took a look at my clothing for a moment and nodded once.

"Then it should be fine. There is a magic shop located closest to the north district. There are many strange ones there so be careful."

".....north side is it. Thank you for the information. This wouldn't be much but I'll be getting a knife please."

"Thank you as always."

I bought a small knife for the purpose of hunting demons.

I do have one already but it wouldn't be much trouble to get another as spare since I have earned a considerable amount of money from my ghost-writing and agent business.

Nevertheless—this knife.

It looks quite similar to the knife that Shadiverga has.

The similarity is so close that you wouldn't be able to tell the difference just by one

glance.

It's cheap but it has the appearance of a first class goods.

The path ahead appeared to be smooth sailing.

But the main problem is the location of the shop.

It's located close to the north district at the shopping street in the vicinity.

There should be discriminations against common people there.

That said, I shouldn't need to be afraid of it since my current status is a noble.

It might just give me an unpleasant feeling though.

".....well whatever. Let's think about it as I go."

Shadiverga might not be taking that much time in just showing his face to the Minister too.

We did not come all the way here just for fun after all.

We have placed aside our own territory's work just to come to the Imperial City.

It's quite a concern actually so I hope that we would be able to end this early and return as soon as we can.

While I was making my way to the north side, I was suddenly concerned of Sefina's condition.



As I got closer to the northern district, I felt myself getting enveloped in a different kind of atmosphere.

It's a place where those arrogant nobles could be seen swaggering along the main street.

On the other hand, the common people would be sneaking by the edge of the road to pass through this place.

In a country's population, the distance among the nobles and the commoners will usually be quite close....

However, it seems to be the opposite in the Imperial City.

It's seriously an excellent ruling class.

The nobles are completely looking down on the common people.

The shops owned by the nobles here are seemed to be publicised extensively.

Based on their conduct, the common people appeared to be different than the nobles.

As they are afraid of incurring the wrath of the nobles, they usually start up their shops inconspicuously.

Since it would be unpleasant for me to be involved with those nobles, I used the commoner's route and walked along the edge of the road.

Just a little to the north, I will soon be reaching the northern noble district.

The magic shop that I was aiming for is located there.

If you were to ask if the magic shop is run by the nobilities or the common people, it was definitely the latter.

I pushed aside the curtain and went inside.

"Ya, welcome."

Upon entering I was greeted by a girl roughly below the age of 20.

Red hair and a dauntless feature.

Her long hair was extended down to her waist and her composed beautiful face seemed to emanate a radiant glow.

The most prominent characteristic was her jet black mantle that would make ones' eyes drawn into it.



“Judging from your clothes, are you a noble-san? Has good luck finally fallen upon my shop’s doorstep today?”

She struck a triumphant pose right in front of my eyes.

She’s somehow an over-familiar person, isn’t she?

However, for some strange reason I don’t feel annoyed by it.

If anything, she’s friendly.

It felt sarcastic but it didn’t feel malicious at the same time.

Before she could continue, I shot her a question, interrupting her.

“How far are the Thunder Magic Books that you have available?”

When I was asking her how far, I was actually referring to the levels.

The magic book that I had previously was the 『Expert Edition』 .

However, in the last 5 years, the kingdom has promulgated the revisions of the magic books in large-scales.

Consequently, the standard ended up changing a little too.

Magic Researchers and Magic Experts have since then invented new spells one after another.

Because of that, the revisions of the magic books were done periodically at once.

By the way, after the changes were made through the previous law, the magic that we have now is considered to be one level lower.

Based on the current standard, the old 『Expert Edition』 is the same as the current 『Advanced Edition』 .

The old 『Intermediate Edition』 is equivalent to our current 『Lower Class Edition』 .

So the best fire magic that I have learnt, 『Astral Fire』 is also listed under 『Advance Edition』 .

This is because the amount of magic consumption is enormous but the incantation and learning degree is not really difficult.

By the way the degree of difficulty in learning 『Mega Telepathy』 is still fairly high

so it is still listed under 『Expert Edition』 .

The magic book that I was using when I was training with Walkins previously was the one before the revision was done.

That was the reason why I wanted to get the current updated magic book instead.

Magic Book Level:

Expert

↓

Advance

↓

Intermediate

↓

Lower Class

To my query, she answered with confidence.

“Of course. I have them up till the Expert Edition. Although lately there have been many customers who purchased them just for enjoyment purposes and not using it. If you want one, could you demonstrate your ability to me? I would like to see if you are worthy enough for the Expert Edition. If you do so then I might sell it to you.”

Fufun, the girl smiled in a sadistic way as she said so.

As expected, her personality is not nice after all.

I'll not be using polite expressions with her again.

Anyway, will people even buy magic books just for enjoyment purposes?

I supposed the ones who would do so should probably be the nobles.

It's because of these guys that she refused to sell them to me now.

You guys should restrain yourselves a little.

“Can you do it? If you can't then come back here only when you've grown up a little. Hahaha”

She laughed loudly.

This asshole.....underestimating me.

Is there something wrong with me? Don't judge me just by my appearance.

Seven years old. Small physique. Baby faced.

I see. On the contrary it would be unnatural if she didn't make light of me.

I guess it would be better for me to demonstrate my magic ability here.

If I don't, she would never give in no matter how much I kept pressing on.

I gathered the magical power in my head and picture the image of girl before my eyes.

(.....Magic deployment)

The image is then connected to the circuit.

Finally I started chanting to pour out the magical power.

(.....Come forth from my body, make your appearance, the circuit of magic— 『Mega Telepathy』 !!)

I felt as if a current had run through the top of my head.

Apparently it was able to connect.

I stared at the girl in silence and spoke from my heart.

(This is from the Expert Edition isn't it? Is this good enough for you?)

I was able to transfer my voice directly into the other party's brain.

In that instant, her face was flooded with surprise.

(Wha....is this telepathy? No, could this be Mega Telepathy!?)

(Bingo. I could clearly hear your voice there too)

Using it for a long time might eat up too much of my magical power so I immediately cut it off.

The girl was slightly stunned for a while.

However, when I spoke to her again using my original voice, she regained her composure.

Then she scratched her cheek awkwardly.

“Oh man. I only issued that reckless challenge because I didn’t have the intention to sell it.”

“Eh, was the book under reservation?”

“Nono. I have my own circumstances here.”

The girl took out a thick book from the shelf.

The book that still looks new with a seal firmly attached was placed on top of the table.

“Here you go. Will thunder be fine?”

“Aa”

The price of the book is considerably high.

Since there are not many volumes of Expert Edition published, it cost almost three times the price of an Advance Edition.

I took out all the money that I have to show her my intention of purchasing it.

As I held out the gold, the girl leaned forward to receive it.

At the same time, something else behind her caught my eye.

“That.....”

“Ah I used to be a mercenary last time. That is the item I obtained when I fought against the empire on the frontier.”

A blue headpiece was placed on the shelf.

An eye-catching deep blue headpiece with the engraving of two black swords intersecting one another.

This is unmistakably an equipment from the empire.

And isn’t this something only from a captain’s class?

“Did you kill him?”

“No way. I was only shivering in fright behind those people from the Magic Association. Those guys, wouldn’t even take notice of their companions once they are too focused in their job. The empire is still my trauma even now.”

When the story on the fight against the empire was heard, most people will regard it as 『The King Emperor's Bloody Battle』 from 50 years ago. But, I think there were still skirmishes going on after that.

For mercenaries to be participating on the frontier could probably mean that they have been roped in as well.

Judging on the strength of the empire, this might be the only way they can do to balance out the differences in the strength of the troops.

The girl seemed to be reminiscing about it as she stroked the deep blue helmet.

“I think that was about ten years ago. That was my very first time going to the battlefield as a mercenary.”

“Nn, your first job was to fight against the empire? Isn't that considerably hard?”

“I would think so too. As soon as I entered the battlefield, my face turned pale when I finally realized it. The most famous thing among mercenaries when they faced off the empire was the high death toll. For the entire time I kept wondering if I would still be able to return home, and I couldn't sleep well at night too.”

The girl was slightly trembling, possibly recalling the fear she experienced at that time. Rattling and shivering.

Her teeth appeared to be chattering now too.

This girl might have not fully matured yet herself.

If that was 10 years ago, then she must have participated it at a really young age at that time.

To even draft in a mercenary who was below the age of 10, the military situation must have been really pressing.

There's a lot of dark side to the kingdom's past.

“But the ones fighting on the front lines were mainly expert magicians selected by the country from the Magic Association. Our tasks were to provide our support to them.”

“Provide your support? Something like medical treatment?”

“No. Anyway it's just to keep shooting and shooting and shooting out the magic. Even weak spells are still good. For opponents who are specialized in sword, we'll keep assaulting from behind.”

“Aa, was it to interfere with the enemy's chanting?”

“Yes. So the risk was supposed to be relatively low.”

Supposed to be.

That could probably mean that the result was different than what they have expected. On looking at her current pale face, my theory seemed to have been proven correct.

“The guys from the empire came aiming at the mercenaries first. If you start hunting, start from the weakest one first I guess. While I was shooting out fire magic from a bush in the highway, I ended up getting chased around by another skilled magician.”

Certainly, that might cause a trauma.

Those from the empire’s selected elite troop must be skilled top-class magicians too. It must be unbearable for the mercenaries to be chased around by such guys.

“I did my best in running away but, well they caught up with me anyway. I guess that’s to be expected from a child’s feet. I was then prepared to be killed. I shut my eyes and gave up. I wonder if it happened at that time. I was helped by another magician companion—”

Based on the explanation, the course of events seemed to be as followed.

The girl kept running, running and running away.

But she was easily caught up.

The magician opponent then tried casting a lethal class magic.

At that moment, a spear of ice seemed to have flown from behind.

The spear that hit had render the enemy powerless in just one shot.

Ice magic would be really hard to be controlled if you do not gather both the attribute of water and earth well.

That person was clad in a uniform as well so she immediately understood that the person was also a magician.

The ones who were despatched by the Magic Association were apparently mostly commoners. Incidentally that person might be a woman.

“She was really amazing. It wouldn’t be surprising even if the mercenary group which I belonged to is eliminated entirely. But that person drove all the enemies away. Not a

single person lost their life. She has a really reliable back. Somehow it gave me a strange sense of security.”

Her eyes became distant as she recalled the incident 10 years ago.
Her trembling has stopped.

“Was that headpiece something that the enemy magician was wearing?”

“Yes. That person seemed to be an ace in those days but she was able to defeat that opponent including the subordinates.”

That is quite a reliable person we have there.

It is thanks to the hard work of the people on the frontier and the magicians from the Magic Association that we can still stay in this kingdom despite the all internal scuffle.

“If only I could meet her again, I would like to extend my gratitude. It might be due to that person’s influence that I started pursuing my career in magic.”

“Didn’t you get her name?”

If we have the name, we could probably look for her without much complication.
At my words, she slowly shook her head.

“No, when I asked her and she did answer me. But I was still in the state of confusion at that time so my memory was really vague.”

“Did you ask her during the battle?”

“You’re right.” Is that what you should be asking at a time like this?” was what she said.
She got angry at me.”

Fu The girl laughed.

However, her eyes were still desperately chasing after that magician.

Apparently her feelings of longing to see her is genuine.

She held onto her head, desperately trying to remember it again.

“.....I wonder what was it. Was it Wokuin. No it should be Wokins I think?”

She racked her brain.

And she muttered out whatever names that likely hit her mind.

Then without much thought, the name of the servant whom I am familiar with—
unconsciously slipped out of my mouth.

“Was it Walkins?”

CHAPTER 12

EDGAR AND ALLAN POE

The moment I mentioned the name of the servant from Din's house, the girl nodded with a big smile spreading across her face.

"Yes, it's Walkins! Te-, how did you know that?"

She grabbed and shook both my shoulders.

Ababa- the seismic intensity level is high. *(Rin: She is shaking him violently)*

It doesn't seem likely that she will stop even if I told her to.

"To tell the truth—"

I told her that Walkins is a servant hired by Sefina.

In addition, she has an outstanding ability in both swordsmanship and also in the aspect of magic.

She's someone who has a really young appearance with silver hair.

While I was conveying all that details to her, she was tapping her hand consistently.

"That's it! It's definitely that person! So she's still alive. I'm so glad-!"

She was dancing wildly there in joy.

However my head was full of doubt.

She obtained that headpiece ten years ago.

Walkins has the appearance of someone in her late teens.

Her real age is not known but isn't it strange for her to be in a war that happened 10 years ago?

"By the way, how old does Walkins look like at that time?"

"Fumu~ I'm only assuming here. But I guess she looked like she was in her late teens."

Doesn't Walkins age at all?

No. When I heard of the story of how Walkins was serving Sefina since childhood, I did

get a strange sense of discomfort already.

I have found an even more outrageous mystery in the Imperial City now.

“By the way, is Walkins-san currently in the Imperial City?”

“Yes she’s here. She’s taking a break in the southern noble district.”

“Uaa~ a noble district.....I wouldn’t be able to enter.”

“Well she is kind of busy now so even if you are able to enter, she might not be able to meet you.”

“Nn? Is there a problem going on?”

“—We, the Din house will be having a duel here in the Imperial City.”

A duel.

She should be able to understand what it meant even if she is not a noble.

By betting pride against pride, it’s a fight for justice.

It might appear as so on official stance but in reality it’s a war oozing with greed.

“In other words, is Walkins-san the representative?”

“No, she is involved in the request so it’s not possible.”

“....Eh, request?”

“The other noble opponent was aiming for Walkins. That guy’s name is Durf Zajimu Horgos.”

An overgrown large fat pig.

A lewd man who indulges in power.

And a schemer who wouldn’t hesitate in dirtying his hands to get what he wants.

His ill reputation must have been well-known even in the Imperial City since it’s a high nobility who is in control of the western region.

As expected, the girl’s reaction is indeed.....!

“Unforgivable! For Walkins to be handed to a son of a bitch pig like him!”

She was seriously outraged.

Her burning anger was on par with Shadiverga and mine.

She’s completely hostile to the harmful *insects* that tried to approach her benefactor.

“I’ll lend my strength too. I’ll do whatever I can do to help.”

“No well, we’re not in that much of a trouble now.”

“Din house....is it. In other words, are you Regis?”

I was slightly astonished when she was able to guess my name correctly.

“Eh, you knew it?”

“I’ve heard it from the peddler in the west side before that an eccentric heir was born into Din’s house.”

The part about me being eccentric aside, it appears that they knew who I am.

A merchant’s network can be a scary thing.

It’s the type of people who fight by throwing the money in.

It seems like a job well suited for me. Or rather, should I take up the role?

The girl cleared her throat before placing her hand on her chest and introduced herself.

“My name’s Edgar Christanval. I used to work as a mercenary in the northern kingdom. Currently I am just running a magic shop in the Imperial City.”

Hohou. She seemed to have a pretty fierce life so far.

From a career in the battlefield to a career in a shop.

There is a saying that goes, “A rolling stone gathers no moss.”

This is probably a good step up from her previous job.

“Just let me know if you need any help. When the things turn bad, I can even help you guys fight since I still have my skills.”

Edgar brandished one of the swords from her shop as if her anger towards Durf has rekindled.

Putting aside the question of her ability, she seemed to be an individual whom one can rely on.

I’m glad I was able to build a good network.

I managed to buy book too.

I should go back now I guess.

“Well then, I’ll be going back now.”

“Un. Then please take care—”

At that moment, the shop’s window was blown off.

The wooden frame broke into pieces and scattered all over. Wood chips could be seen fluttering around.

It happened way too sudden so I wasn’t able to take a defensive stance in time.

“Edgar, take cover!”

“I’m alright. Don’t look down on an ex-mercenary.”

Something that appeared to be a stray flame bullet flew towards the shop again.

Edgar then chanted a magic to block the trajectory.

“Water of purification, destroy the flame of evil. Gush out from my hand! — 『Anti-flare Water』 ”

Water could be seen gushing out from Edgar’s hand.

The water then swelled up into a splendid looking sphere and wrapped up the fireball.

If it were an ordinary water, it would’ve likely been evaporated.

However, the water seemed to make nothing of the flame’s resistance.

Even though it was just a small amount of water, it succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

That must certainly be a magic specifically used for extinguishing fire only.

Although it was not really a high-level magic, it was amazing that she was able to cast it in succession by chanting right away.

My brain was only preoccupied in taking cover at that time.

“.....Damn. Are they looking to pick a fight outside?”

Edgar threw open the window in the shop.

I went outside subsequently too.

Unknowingly, there were already a large crowd of onlookers in front of the shop.

“If you’re not going to buy anything, don’t block the entrance! Just move away!”

Edgar made her way through the crowd as if ploughing through them.
The pitifulness of a shopkeeper could be sensed from those words.
By all means, I hope that your business will flourish even more in future.

“What is going on?”
“Aa....Can you see it?”

As Edgar carried me on her shoulder, I looked towards the center of the crowd.
Since my field of view is wide open, I was able to confirm if something had happened.
Apparently a trouble has occurred between a noble and a commoner.
A young woman was desperately apologizing as she hid a boy behind her.

“I-I’m sorry! I will let him know not to enter this place ever again!”
“Shut up! This is a noble district. It’s not a place where you low life dogs can enter as you like!”

The guy who snapped appeared to be a noble’s attendant.
The noble in question doesn’t seem to be around.
I wonder what the situation was. Edgar asked the woman next to her.

“What is going on? A fireball suddenly flew into my shop.”
“Etto, it seems like the child has entered the noble district. The attendant who happened to be passing by flew into a fit of rage when he sees him.....”

I see.
It’s not strange for a child to aimlessly trespass a place.
However, there are a lot of dangerous nobles in the northern noble district.
As a parent, she should pay more attention to the child but such a situation might still be unavoidable.

“What should we do now?”
“I hate nobles. I’m going to take that woman’s side.”

As she said so, she pushed away the surrounding people.

The crowd thinned out in an instant.
At that moment, Edgar did a high jump and leaped over the crowd.
Then she stood in front of the woman dauntingly.

Te—hold it oi! Are you planning to pull me into this too?
Although, I was planning to intervene too so I didn't really mind it.
Edgar lowered me to the floor and pointed at the attendant.

“Anyone will make a mistake. To begin with, he's still a child. Is this how an adult supposed to response?”
“Who the hell are you!”

The noble's attendant looked at her warily.
When all the attentions were gathered, Edgar introduced herself out loud.

“Edgar Christanval from the magic shop. So which noble are you guys working for?”
“He's an august individual unlike a commoner like you. Listen clearly and prostrate yourself before the name. We're the attendants of Durf Horgos-sama—”
“Aa—, the attendants of that pig”

Edgar intercepted nonchalantly.
As for me, I felt like running away at full power.
I don't really want to get myself involved with Durf's sect in a place like this.
The attendant squinted on hearing the insult thrown at his master.

“Someone like you is unworthy to keep living. Moreover the person beside you.....Oi, if I am not mistaken—”

The attendant seemed to be speaking to the private soldier behind about something.
Someone might have noticed me.
The attendant who suddenly appeared determined did a light cough before laughing.

“Well well, aren't you the young master from Din's house? It's unexpected for you to be in such good terms with a commoner like her. Your calibre seems to go without saying.”

“What on earth are you talking about ossan. I’m Edgar’s nephew. Just call me Allan Poe.”

I don’t want to reveal myself in a place like this.

I’ll just keep feigning ignorance.

It would be pointless to the attendants but it will have an effect on the spectators.

“Then let’s just leave it at that. We do not need to refrain ourselves from executing punishment to commoners who interfere with us then right?”

The attendant laughed suspiciously.

However, he briskly returned to the noble district by foot.

Could he be planning to report it to Durf?

It will not put me in any disadvantageous anyway.

It might be good to just ignore it.

While I was thinking of that, the attendant whispered coldly to the private soldier.

“—Disregard it and kill them. If they’re going to intervene, then it would be good to get them involved in it too.”

“But this is the Imperial City. Will it be alright?”

“The King will not concern himself with things that happen around the northern district as well. If there is any stimulus here, it might incur the displeasure of the other older high ranking nobles.”

“....I-I comply.”

The private soldier’s face stiffened when he received the order.

There are five soldiers there who seemed likely to be accustomed to fighting.

They are probably all mercenaries.

As soon as the attendant walked away, he approached here in silence.

“Move away from there or I’ll kill you.”

“Just try it if you can. I will not succumb to something like power.”

The soldier showed an unpleasant look when Edgar rivaled him.

He exchanged looks with the soldiers behind and pulled out his sword.

“Resistance confirmed. Will begin my elimination.”

“Is that so? Then I’ll start ahead of you first.”

As soon as she said that, Edgar made a move.

She kicked the ground with her shoes with a *clonk* causing the sword to fly out from the hem in recoil.

Is that a sword cane?

The soldier raised the sword over his head in a haste when Edgar suddenly took out a weapon.

But his reaction was slow.

Edgar brought the sword close to her face and muttered something.

It was such an outrageously fast incantation that it would be doubtful if anyone could even catch it.

“Burst open the flame of sword, pierce through the sky. Burning fire pass through the crimson wedge — 『Enchantment Fire』 ”

In that instant, Edgar’s sword blazed up magnificently.

Edgar’s pupils dilated in proportion to the blazing sword.

I could see canines coming out from her mouth, giving me the impression of a mad dog.

“Let’s do this.....sea-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

She cut down in a flash.

The soldier’s face twitched as he tried swinging the sword to take her down.

Unfortunately it was too late.

An unexpected explosion could be heard and the private soldier’s armor exploded.

From there on, an explosion was triggered whenever the tip of the sword lightly grazes any area.

“.....a, gaa-”

The soldier who wasn't able to endure it collapse to the floor.
Black smoke could be seen rising from his body.
He doesn't seem to be dead but his body doesn't seem to be moving either.

"...it's frightening. Oi"

I spoke to Edgar while her back was turned to me
But she never gave a reply and started running again.
She cut down another soldier who was dumbfounded there with one strike.

"Th-this son of a bitch!"

She gave a kick to the other soldier from the back.
However in doing so her stance was broken thus leaving her open to any impending attacks.
The soldier grasped the chance and tried pursuing her instead.

The sword was slashed right towards her head.
At that very moment, Edgar seemed to be engulfed with an explosive driving force.
She knocked against his body with all the force, forcibly cancelling the attack.

"Gu...you bitch. Your futile resistance——"

The soldier tried raising his body but his abdomen was pierced through directly.
The tip of the sword triggered another explosion right on his skin, causing a huge wound.

"GuaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!"

"Insects shouldn't make any sound. Be quiet."

She shot a cold gaze at the soldier who was screaming in pain.
Edgar actually looked more like a villain in my eyes now.

Her switch must have been turned on when her sword blazed up earlier.
Her voice was low and sounded scarier than just now.
Let's just call this her mercenary mode.

The remaining two soldiers were then attacked with Edgar's wave of assaults.

It appeared hard to break through their strong coordination but Edgar was able to display an amazingly swift sword technique.

Thus when one of the soldier lowered his guard slightly as he grimaced, Edgar did not let go of the opportunity—and sent a violent side slash.

“....ga, ha—”

The force of the slash caused another explosion around, rendering him incapable to fight in just an instant.

However, since the waves of attacked were forcibly interrupted, an opening appeared just as expected.

The remaining soldier raised his sword up.

Edgar would not be able to avoid that attack as well.

It can't be helped. Since we've come this far, I'll go along with you.

“Orbs of light engulfing the Flame Demon of light, penetrate through and defeat the enemy— 『Gun Fire』 !!”

A flame bullet with high velocity struck the soldier.

The intense mass that hit the side of his head caused his vision to shake.

However, as expected he is still a mercenary.

He regained his posture and glared at me.

“This...brat—!”

He swung his sword and tried to fling it at me but it didn't go his way.

A severe slash was delivered to the soldier's back.

A loud blast resounded and the soldier's body was flung into the air.

With this, the five of them are incapable to fight anymore?

“.....phew. As I thought, my instinct hasn't returned yet. It's hard to control the strength of the heat.”

Edgar scratched her head as she put away the burnt sword.
I guess the story about her being a mercenary before is not a lie.
Although I have not doubted her words previously.
She wanted to help a woman who fell into a difficult predicament. She must be a genuine good fellow.

“Alright, shoo shoo. You can disperse now. You’re interfering with business. Just leave behind some money here. I’ll be collecting them.”

I retract my previous remark.
She’s just a money grubber. *(Rin: the original text was Zeni Geba)*
The crowd slowly scattered.
Then the woman who was protecting the boy earlier came to convey her gratitude.

“Thank you very much!”
“No, I didn’t do anything. The one who had gone on rampage is that person.”
“You shot that fireball too, didn’t you? Don’t feign ignorance there.”

Oh? Are you trying to throw the responsibility on me?
But you’re too naive. I will never admit it.
While we were having a pointless argument there, the woman kept bowing before us.

Well, it’s good that there are no injuries,
Tranquillity and peace are still the best as I thought.

“Erm...may have your name?”
“I’m Edgar”
“I’m Allan Poe”
“Both of you are in sync”
“Good-for-nothing”
“I’ll hit you”

Edgar poked me.
I was only expressing my honest opinion.
The woman was just laughing there.

If only I have given my answer like a detective novelist, it would've sound a lot smarter.
I can't turn back the time now.

We sent off the woman and boy before entering the shop.

By the way, the fallen soldiers were all dragged back by the maids from the noble district.

He's seriously troublesome. He's even giving trouble to the maids.

Edgar who went inside the shop heaved a huge sigh when she looked at the broken window.

"Oh, for heaven's sake. Will I be the one repairing this?....."

"Your sword skill earlier was amazing."

"That's my line. I've never seen someone who is able to make a ball of flame like that all these years. So I guess the story about you being a child prodigy is true."

A child prodigy?

I'm happy about it but I do not deserve that title.

Once a child prodigy becomes an adult, he'll just be a person.

Come to think of it, I was called a "child emperor" before in my previous life.

A child prodigy and "child emperor".

They might look similar on the characters but why are the meanings so different?

Isn't this a discrimination?

(Rin: "doutei" / "child emperor" is homophonous with the word "virgin" in Japanese too.

童帝 = child emperor / 童貞 = virgin. They sound the same when you read it but the characters are different. In other words, he's still called a virgin in his previous life.)

"You applied magic on the sword, isn't it? Can Walkins do something like that too?"

"What are you talking about? My sword skill was learnt by imitating Walkins-san, don't you know? I defeated the magicians and soldiers using the same way 10 years ago."

Walkins' scary. So that skill originated from her.

As I thought, it would be really bad to anger her when she has a sword with her.

“In addition she was able to destroy a large boulder with just one swing.”

“I don’t think that’s a human anymore”

Just when I came to a theory that Walkins is not a human, I caught sight of the sun outside.

It’s almost dusk.

A trouble had occurred but I succeeded in completing my shopping anyway.

“Then I’ll be going back now. I’ll be counting on you if I do require any help from you by then.”

“Of course. It’ll be fine even if the job consist of roasting that feudal lord pig. I will be handling that task specially, for free of charge at that time.”

“Umu. That’s right.”

I parted with her peacefully and returned to the mansion.

Play time should be enough now.

From here on, it will be the mudslinging match against that noble who couldn’t be convinced by common sense.

I’ll try to do what I am capable of doing.

Specifically, that’s right.

What if I become father (Shadiverga)’s bodyguard?

CHAPTER 13

VIGILANCE

I went back to the mansion and headed to Shadiverga's room.

I was initially worried if there might be a chance of him being assassinated but it didn't seem like I need to worry about it.

The person himself was sitting down on a chair sipping his tea peacefully.

"Regis. What's with that knife?" (Shadiverga)

"Aa, you mean this? Somehow this looks like a good item so I bought it." (Regis)

I showed him the knife that I purchased.

However, Shadiverga didn't seem to show much interest in it.

"I had hand over the knife from Din house to you, hadn't I? Well that one was for display purposes only so I'll be troubled too if you were to use it." (Shadiverga)

"Then just lend me the one father has. That one is likely better than mine." (Regis)

I pointed at the knife on Shadiverga's belt.

As soon as I said that, he concealed it with his hands in panic.

"T-this one's not allowed! It's something that I absolutely cannot lose." (Shadiverga)

"That isn't the crest of Din, is it? It doesn't have a silver sword and a gold shield. That one has...a bronze shield and a red spear?" (Regis)

"Aa, this is the crest of Jirgens." (Shadiverga)

It was a family name that sounded familiar to me.

Did they have such a stylish crest?

"That belongs to mother's house isn't it?" (Regis)

"That's right. Though in actual fact it's no longer around since it has merged with Din house. They used to be a family that became distinguished for their sword and magic." (Shadiverga)

I have heard of that in the past.

Walkins used to boast about it before.

Come to think of it, the relationship between Walkins and Sefina seemed to be pretty good.

The distance of their relationship must be so close to the extent of them always clinging to each other.

I wonder if there were any reasons to their dependence on each other.

“I see. Then it’s likely not good to receive something from a noble family of an old root.”

(Regis)

“Yeah. Houses like Horgos that has long history has prejudice against the house of Jirgens.” (Shadiverga)

Certainly Durf was also disrespecting the house of Jirgens.

That could only mean that the verbal abuse thrown was not due to his bad personality.

Umm, the roots are deep.

“Indeed. Te– then why is that knife with father?” (Regis)

“It’s an oath.” (Shadiverga)

“An oath?” (Regis)

Those were exaggerated words.

However, it seemed to be a solemn oath.

“Aa. Between Din and Jirgens house. A mutual exchange of knives was done so both families will prosper together.” (Shadiverga)

“In other words, Din’s knife is currently with mother then.” (Regis)

“Yes yes. The one Regis has now is a replica of the one Sefina is holding.” (Shadiverga)

Hmm. Mine was really well-made too.

It doesn’t look like an imitation at the very least.

I guess this could mean that the craftsman’s ability is amazing.

From the look of even the fake one, you could already tell how refine is Sefina’s actual knife.

“By the way have you taken proper measures against assassination?” (Regis)

“I don’t think there are even any reason in targeting the life of a noble like mine.”
(Shadiverga)

“Considering the duel that we will be having, it’s not surprising for him to send someone to kill you. Since if father dies suddenly, the other party will win by default.”
(Regis)

“I know. That is why I am trying not to leave the house as much as I can. I will not be going outside when Walkins is moving around.” (Shadiverga)

Then it’s good.

In truth, it is not really good for me to go outside too.

There might be a chance that they will kidnap me and hold me hostage.

Well in order of priority, they would be aiming for Shadiverga first.

“Are you done with the procedure of the duel?” (Regis)

“Of course it is. It’s done perfectly.” (Shadiverga)

“What did you write under the column, “Person Dueling”?” (Regis)

“I wrote 『Head of Din family』 . The other party wrote 『The house of Horgos’ representative』 .” (Shadiverga)

“As I thought they wrote representative. Well that’s to be expected.” (Regis)

The other side must have known that our side will be Shadiverga.

From an objective point of view, the possibility of our side winning is low.

Since the opponent would be employing skilled mercenaries from the private army.

If someone were to ask if Shadiverga has any chance of winning, all I could do is just tilt my head in reply.

Well since the person himself said he will be going out so he might have expected that.

Though if it were me, I would have considered the possibilities of other options.

“Well you should be even more wary of any possible assassination attack now.” (Regis)

“You’re right. Since Durf is not someone whom we can compliment for playing fair.”
(Shadiverga)

When someone is blinded by power, even their heart will end up being corrupted.

Durf is also those kinds of people.

However greed will always give rise to enemies in various places.

Specifically it might give rise to someone like a certain magic shop manager who used to be a mercenary.

“Aa. There are three days left to the duel. Brace yourself for it.” (Regis)

“I’ll do so even without you telling me.” (Shadiverga)

That answer is good enough for me.

There isn’t much left that I could say anymore. I hate being long-winded too.

I’ll let Shadiverga handle it himself.

This is the time you should be showing your manliness, Shadiverga-dono.



When I went to the servant’s room, I found Walkins drinking tea there.

Not only Shadiverga but Walkins too? You guys must really love tea.

As for me, I preferred those unhealthy carbonated drinks.

That polysaccharides in the drink has become my habit.

Although it delivers cavities directly at the same time.

Is it the principle of the one who prepares this mansion to not spend so much money on a servant’s room?

There is only a chair here.

It couldn’t be helped so I ended up sitting on the bed nearby.

Since the distance was not far from Walkins, there wasn’t any problem.

“Walkins, you..” (Regis)

“What is it, Regis-sama?” (Walkins)

“Have you fought against the empire army several times before?” (Regis)

“.....Ee. How did you know?” (Walkins)

She answered it easily.

I had initially thought she might hesitate before replying.

Since the response given was uninteresting, I tried faking a surprised look.

“Eh, you’re admitting it casually, aren’t you?” (Regis)

“I’m just answering since you’re asking. Just the outline of it.” (Walkins)

Walkins said unflinchingly.

Apparently it wasn’t really a secret that she wanted to hide.

“Were you hired by the Magic Association?” (Regis)

“I was just lending my power. I was already working for Madam in Jirgens’s house at that time.” (Walkins)

“Fumu. Then I have a question. Walkins, how old are you?”

pakyatto At that moment, I heard a strange sound.

The source of sound seemed to be coming from the cup Walkins was holding.

Upon closer look, I noticed that the handle from the cup was broken off.

This is bad. Suddenly a sense of foreboding washed over me.

“Regis-sama....” (Walkins)

Walkins slowly stood up, her body swayed in a slow motion.

She moved along with a slow and uncertain step as she came closer to me.

For some reason, her face was flushed.

A devil-ish smile flashed across her face.

When she came close enough, she suddenly grabbed my shoulder—

“O-Oi...?” (Regis)

Then I was pushed onto the bed in my present state.

The light source was blocked off by Walkins’ body so the room suddenly appeared dark to me.

Her silver hair was swaying mysteriously.

She lowered her warm body onto mine, sticking close to me.

I could feel her warm breath on my ear.

“Wa.....lkins?” (Regis)

I couldn't move.

Her mysterious charm captivated me. I tried moving away but my body wasn't listening to me.

At the same time, I could feel a chill running down my back.

This is a feeling similar to when you're facing a predator.

—-I'm going to be eaten.

My instinct was giving me a strong warning.

A warm throbbing sensation was transmitted to me from Walkins' soft body.

Her mouth drew closer to my ear, then—

“Hamu~”

She bit me—!

She suddenly bit my ear.

Walkins lifted her body from the bed.

As if there was something amusing, she started laughing as she held onto her sides.

“Ahaha, ahahahahahahaha!!” (Walkins)

“W-what is it?” (Regis)

“Are you possibly, expecting it?” (Walkins)

Walkins stole a glance at my face.

The memory of her approach earlier suddenly flashed across my mind again.

I became tensed reflexively and the words got clogged up in my throat.

“Nna-!? No.....that was.” (Regis)

“You should give *that* a thought only once you've grown up a little.” (Walkins)

Yeah true. I was about to nod agreeing to her but I don't think that she's in the position to preach me about it either.

She kept making fun of people.

I felt like a fool for even half expecting it.

Please do not toy around with someone's pure heart

Well, I don't have any feeling of lust in my present state anyway.

“Good grief. That’s a seriously nasty prank.” (Regis)

“It’s a punishment for asking a lady something strange. Please reflect on it.” (Walkins)

“Why should I reflect on it?” (Regis)

That seemed like a really unreasonable request.

Walkins smiled mischievously.

“You shouldn’t ask a lady her age.” (Walkins)

“But you just said you will be answering it a while ago—” (Regis)

“Just an outline of it. Age is an exception.” (Walkins)

What the heck.

Then wouldn’t all the inconvenient questions be exceptions?

That was what I thought for a split second but all defensive measures taken were originally something like that.

I was completely deceived by her.

“So why do you want to know my age?” (Walkins)

“Well it’s about the incident today. Someone who is running a magic shop said that she was saved a decade ago.” (Regis)

“By whom?” (Walkins)

“By Walkins.” (Regis)

As I said so, Walkins placed her finger on her forehead as if she was deep in thoughts. Did she suddenly start recalling various things? Or she was currently troubled since she wasn’t able to recall anything?

“Based on her explanation, it happened when the Imperial observer force clashed with the Empire on the frontier.” (Regis)

“Aa, so it was at that time. Come to think of it, I think I might have or might have not helped a mercenary who was paralysed with fear at one point. I remembered she was still really young.” (Walkins)

“Oi, it’s really ambiguous.” (Regis)

“I do not have the pleasure of looking around every places when I’m on the battlefield. At any rate, what’s on my mind was just to finish off the enemies before my eyes.” (Walkins)

That is certainly true.

So that was the reason she said "Is that what you should be asking at a time like this?" when Edgar asked for her name.

The empire army seemed strong.

"I see. So that young mercenary at that time has now opened a magic shop here in the Imperial City." (Walkins)

"She really admires Walkins and started pursuing her career in magic after that." (Regis)

"Hearing it makes me feel happy. If fate allows it there might be possibility that we will meet." (Walkins)

"The other party would really want to meet you too." (Regis)

I see. As I thought, the person that Edgar was looking for was Walkins.

You seemed to be making appearance at various places.

I was initially wondering why she sometimes frequented the Magic Association. So I guess that was the story.

This conversation is over.

There was something else that I need from Walkins.

"By the way, will you teach me one of the magic from the Expert Edition today?" (Regis)

".....Hmm. Well, it'll be alright if the magic consumption is small." (Walkins)

"It'll be fine. This is a slightly special one. The maintenance is still hard regardless." (Regis)

I showed Walkins the magic book as I said so.

This was not the book I purchased a while ago.

This is an Expert Edition before the revision was done and consisted of completely different context.

It was something I brought from home.

There are still old Expert Edition magic spells remaining in this book even after the revision was done to this date.

When I was reading it previously, I found something that seemed to be usable. What was it that was useful you say? They were unusual but pretty effective trick spells. Overall it's an exciting magic.

"What is this?" (Regis)

".....This, it will be really difficult to learn this one. It's a special magic that can be used to evade even a skilled wizard. Unfortunately I do not approve of this magic. There is a possibility that it might cause damage to the mind." (Walkins)

She explained the danger in various ways.

However I do not have the intention to change my decision.

"That's just fine. Then I'll just need to twist its nature isn't it? There shouldn't be any other magic that is more distorted than this one existing in this world." (Regis)

".....Umm" (Walkins)

As I thought, danger and magic go hand in hand.

Walkins did not approve of it readily too.

But I shouldn't pull back here.

She will be able to understand it if I show her my determination.

"Please. It's absolutely necessary." (Regis)

"Even when it'll still take a few days if it is done intensely?" (Walkins)

"Is that so? Then I'll just keep at it till bed time from now on. And I'll invest my time in it tomorrow and the day after tomorrow too." (Regis)

On saying so, I noticed that it will actually be a considerably tight schedule.

That said, I will not be able to get much learning done if I don't do that much at the very least.

"So you're serious, isn't it? Will you throw in the towel in the midst of the training?" (Walkins)

"No I will not. Don't look down on my perseverance." (Regis)

"Yes, I understand. Then let's get started now." (Walkins)

I nodded in agreement.

Alright! As I thought Walkins is someone understanding.
As one would expect from a hyper maid.
She's an existence worthy to be called master.

If this magic is usable, I will be able to further extend my strategies.
To prepare myself in case of emergency, should I preserve my power?

I need to prepare myself in various ways for the magic practice.
After that is over, I will be working hard in Walkins' lesson immediately.

However I finally understood it after giving it a try. This magic is seriously troublesome.

The pose is of course one of them but if I do not make sure the image and chant are perfect, I will not be able to charge the magic.

Certainly, it doesn't seem likely that I will be able to see the results in a short period of time.

Furthermore, there is a bad point on how the magic is triggered.
It will eat up the caster's magical power without limitations. It is an outrageous one.

But I can't complain about it.
It's just a little longer until the duel.
If Shadiverga is able to perform well then my part will be done.
However, I still feel uneasy regardless.

Durf who likes using underhanded methods still hasn't done anything yet.
Although there is a possibility that he was looking down on us since Shadiverga will be the one representing us.
I should be on standby in case anything unwanted occurs.

After a few hours of practice, I ended up collapsing and fell asleep as it is.
The moon in the sky appeared to be shining ominously when seen from within the Imperial City's castle walls.
The duel between the house of Din house and the house of Horgos drew closer.

CHAPTER 14

A DRUNKARD

The next day.

The noble city was strangely noisy in the morning.

A horse-drawn carriage was moving without stopping on the street.

The turmoil outside woke me up so I went to the hall.

When I saw a maid cleaning there, I tried asking her.

“Did something happen?” (Regis)

“....Yes, everything. The magic shop that is located close to the noble district to the north exploded.” (maid)

“What!?” (Regis)

A sense similar to an electrical current could be felt running through my whole body.

The magic shop located close to the northern noble district.

That is unmistakably Edgar’s shop.

“Ano....is there something wrong?” (maid)

“I’ll be going out for a short while. Please keep this a secret from father.” (Regis)

“Aa-, Regis-sama!?” (maid)

Ignoring the maid who was trying to restrain me, I went outside.

The commotion occurred just a while ago so it shouldn’t be too long ago when the explosion happened.

I dashed off at full speed towards the northern noble district.

As soon as I entered the central city, I was assaulted by an awful smell.

Billowing clouds of black smoke could be seen rising into the sky.

Naturally there were many onlookers crowding the scene, making it hard for me to move forward.

I had to wade through the crowd but was somehow able to reach the magic shop.

“Edgar–! Where are you!?” (Regis)

The site looked disastrous.

Did someone use a strong fire magic here?

A crater that might have been caused by a strong blast was found in the interior of the shop.

The empty property beside was somehow involved in it too. The entire place was completely destroyed.

“Where are you!? Answer me!” (Regis)

I understood it in my mind.

If she happened to be in the shop at that time, it was certain that she was already blown off.

There is no way that she could have survived.

However I didn’t want to think that she’s dead.

“Edgar–!” (Regis)

“You’re noisy. It’s already painful enough due to my low blood pressure so stop making so much noise in the morning.”

Someone tapped me on my shoulder all of the sudden.

When I looked behind, Edgar could be seen standing there without a single injury on her body.

“Are you all right?” (Regis)

“Naturally. Although my shop was blown to smithereens.” (Edgar)

“....I’m glad.” (Regis)

If it’s just the shop, you can always rebuild it again, but it’ll be the end once you die.

You will never be able to get it back.

I’m really glad that Edgar is not injured.

“So how did you survive?” (Regis)

“Iya~, I passed out in the bar yesterday. I fell asleep without going back but I was

woken up by that explosion this morning. That was when I returned.” (Edgar)

I took a look at the shop once again.

It seemed to be beyond repair.

All the store goods appeared to be damaged and were scattered all over due to the explosion. I didn’t even want to think about the total damage.

“Umm, I guess I have no choice but to earn money by trading for the time being.” (Edgar)

“.....No, you don’t need to do that.” (Regis)

I said it flatly.

Edgar tilted her head in wonder on hearing what I said.

“Why is that? Do you want me to starve to death?” (Edgar)

“That’s not it. I’ll definitely rebuild this shop here once again. By all means.” (Regis)

When I declared it to her, Edgar heaved a sigh as if she was troubled by it.

“Even though you *are* from a noble family, the house of Din is a fallen noble isn’t it? If you have that much money to use on something like this, you should just use it for the people under your territory obediently.” (Edgar)

“It’ll be all right. I will not be using a single cent. I’ll squeezed it directly from the guy who destroyed this shop.” (Regis)

The culprit seemed to have fled the scene, but it’s as clear as day as to whom the real perpetrator was.

The attendant must have informed Horgos on how they were humiliated in the presence of public.

Hence, this fatal blast was carried out as a form of retaliation.

“The methods carried out by the nobles are somehow always underhanded. Well, Durf seems to be the most outstanding one among them though.” (Edgar)

Edgar scratched her cheek lightly.

Even though her own shop was destroyed, she didn’t appear to be really shocked by

this.

“You don’t look depressed.” (Regis)

“I can’t afford to let something like this get to me every single time. Rather, it reminded me of the tension I felt during my mercenary days again. I should be thanking him instead.” (Edgar)

Edgar took out a bottle of liquor from her bosom.

Taking off the lid, she gulped it down.

Is she a heavy drinker? She didn’t seem to be drunk.

“—But well, it was quite painful to have my shop completely destroyed.” (Edgar)

Whew She breathed out.

Edgar might be in silent but she was definitely angry.

Or rather, I should be the one to be enraged.

He’s using such an unscrupulous method as a means of revenge.

In addition, even though the targeted person, Edgar is safe, the people around have gotten seriously injured.

There were several people who have been taken away for treatment.

Using any methods just to achieve something by all means—is seriously a despicable word.

“I will definitely crush him....” (Regis)

“You don’t need to be so grumpy in the morning. There is a villa around here so I will be staying there for the time being.” (Edgar)

“A villa?” (Regis)

Was it something like a vacation-like personal residence?

That idea crossed my mind in an instant but considering a merchant’s occupation, it might be something like a warehouse.

“Aa, well it’s something like that. Why don’t you come and take a look at it?” (Edgar)

“Will it be all right?” (Regis)

“Of course. But before that, I’d like to get something to eat first. I’m starting to feel

famish now after finishing the sake earlier.” (Edgar)

Aa, this person is useless.

She’s a typical drunkard.

She is the type who will only succeed due to her abilities such as swordsmanship but is destroyed by alcohol instead.

After a certain incident, I had decided to never drink alcohol again.

I conveyed my honest opinion to Edgar.

Yes, there are ‘magical properties’ in alcohol.

There are times when it’ll heal people, but there are times when it will end up harming the person instead.

I have made a huge blunder with alcohol in my previous life as well.

—I think that was when I just turned 20.

I was drinking liquor alone at home in the evening when my mood became high.

After mixing in various kinds of Western wine and spirit with high alcohol percentage, I guzzled it down.

Of course I got drunk instantly.

However, before I got helplessly drunk, I ended up getting myself entangled in trouble.

Despite being someone who is always a downer, I became a high-spirited hip-hopper.

It would be fine if only I had given up at that time but, I was hit upon an absurd idea.

Yes. My lovely younger sister, let me convey my elation now.

Then, when things go well, I forced her to pour the alcohol for me.

The expectation and anticipation for the alcohol itself were held in my chest.

At that time, my sense of reason was already blown off.

With all my resolve, I kicked the door open and went straight to the corridor.

After that, I started shouting my lungs out like the spirit of a drunken man as I ran. I ended up becoming famous in the neighbourhood for 『squealing on Christmas Eve like no one can』 .

(Rin: He was shouting this out in English)

Aa, by the way the police came to my house after that.

It appeared that the first job that he was appointed to was to restrain me. I really pitied him.

Just when I assumed that it was fine, the disaster happened after this.

I, who had broken the chain and opened the door to the society, had gone out without looking around my surrounding.

I was overcome by such thoughts.

In order to carve my first step in glory, I went straight ahead.

There was a staircase there. Moreover, the wax was freshly painted and I was wearing tight socks with holes at that time.

There was no way I could hold out.

In the process of rolling down, I ended up pulling along the telephone wires in vicinity and crashed into a vase.

After taking a majestic tumble down the stairs, I finally noticed that there was someone was standing there.

Ooo, was my younger sister reaching her hand out to me when I was on the verge of death?

With tears welled up in my eyes, I looked up at that person.

It was father.

No matter how I look at it, that was definitely father.

I had already broken off all the connections with my parents when I was unable to find an employment at that time.

This is bad. At this rate I will definitely be kicked out of the house.

I smiled at him gently, while I was in the state of an eminent crisis.

Turning my whole body once and I made my final signature pose to my father standing in front, who had a cold look on his face.

I conveyed my gratitude.

“Tehe, the Rolling Riceball” (past Regis)

I wonder if that was when I accepted the kick from my parents for the first time.

I was given an intense kick to my abdomen then handed over to the police for causing a commotion by squealing all over the town.

『I wonder how many times was it.....』 It was impressive to see the head patrol officer in tears---

I will never allow such failure to repeat itself again.

I don't mind taking a meal with her but definitely not liquor.

Even if Edgar were to recommend it, I decided to firmly refuse it.

As I made such oath in mind, I went after her.

Halfway through, I suddenly remembered something.

If my prediction was proved right, there should be some kind of reaction taking place soon.

I softly chanted under my breath to prevent the passer-by from hearing it.

This is a detection magic that I learnt from Walkins before coming to the Imperial City.

“Enemies intending to cause harm and be my adversary, get scorched in the space of the demon's network --- 『High Detection』 ” (Regis)

A vast magical power spread out from the center of me.

【High Detection】

All right. I succeeded in acquiring it.

It was done pretty well considering that it was my first time using it.

The thin layer of film created by the magic power expanded itself as if in search of something.

I breathed out in relief after checking the surrounding area one by one.

“Nn, what’s wrong Regis?” (Edgar)

“No, it’s nothing.” (Regis)

Edgar seemed to be worried but I shook my head denying it.

At that time, my stomach started growling in hunger.

Come to think of it, I haven’t eaten much yesterday night.

It might be an opportunity for me to treat Edgar to something.

Coming to such conclusion, I followed Edgar in high spirits.



At the central part of the city.

Edgar and I were having our meal at the public bar.

It seemed like this person has totally forgotten that my age is still of a single digit.

The only thing in this person’s mind was only liquor.

She should have just fought with that liquor bottle instead of a sword.

Edgar chewed on a bread and guzzled down a cheap liquor.

“Hey, does Walkins-san has interest in woman?” (Edgar)

“What on earth are you asking there all of the sudden.” (Regis)

“Iya, it’s just that, it seems to be likely if I were to force myself.” (Edgar)

“I don’t want to hear about something like that. Or rather, is that what Walkins is to you?” (Regis)

Despite having such good looking face and body, she was literally giving her heart and

body to Walkins?

Could it be due to the suspension bridge effect that her interest started heading to a strange direction?

“T-That’s not it. I was just genuinely interested to know the basic things about Walkins-san.” (Edgar)

“Like her swordsmanship?” (Regis)

“That is also one of them. I don’t mind doing anything for her.....as long as she desires it.” (Edgar)

“.....Someone please help me stop this drunkard.” (Regis)

It was definitely the effect of the bad liquor that was affecting her.

That must be it.

How should I know if Edgar has fallen in love with Walkins!?

“Iya.....but Regis might be good too.” (Edgar)

“You should be drinking water to get rid of your intoxication if you have the spare time to hit on a seven year old.” (Regis)

Stop looking at me with those glazed eyes!

Even if this was a joke, it might give me a strange feeling.

Could you be more aware of your own appearance!?

She is certainly to be really popular if she were to rid herself of the dangerous aura around her.

“.....Phew, I’m full.” (Edgar)

“I’m good too. So what should we do about the bill?” (Regis)

“I’ll be treating for this. They’re cheap.” (Edgar)

“It’s fine. I’ll be paying. It doesn’t feel right to have a woman pay here.” (Regis)

“No no, I should be the one treating here.” (Edgar)

“No no no, I had said it earlier to leave this to me.” (Regis)

“No no no no” (Edgar)

“No no no no no——” (Regis)

In the end, we managed to settle this by going Dutch.

Although, the unit price for the liquor that Edgar was guzzling down was actually high

so if I were to pay for it, I would need to spend about 90% of what I have in my pocket. Even the drunkard beside me could be heard crying, "Ueee, it's expensive~" but I decided to harden my heart and ignore her.

Didn't I tell her to leave it to me from the start!

Once our wallet and mind became lighter, we left the place.

"....Uaaa, I can see four Regis. How dare you use body imitation magic on yourself."
(Edgar)

Edgar staggered and leaned on my body.

Don't get drunk so easily if you want to drink alcohol!

I wonder if there are any slogans like this in this world.

Edgar seems to be a maudlin drinker who picks a fight with someone when she becomes extremely drunk.

"My important shop is goneeee. But, if I put everything that I have into it, I will definitely be able to rebuild that thing again." (Edgar)

"It's not that thing" (Regis)

"Eeehh, so Regis thinks that I'm not suitable to be a merchant—?!" (Edgar)

"All right all right, I do not think so." (Regis)

I felt like I am caring for the drunkard now.

No, it doesn't just feel like it. I am doing it now.

Why must I be taking care of a drunk woman at this age?

Even so, the guards didn't seem to have approached us for interrogation too.

Since one corner of the city was burnt, I had expected them to approach Edgar, the magic shop owner to inquire on the circumstances.

I looked around, feeling dubious.

—It's still all right for now.

However, a magic power that seemed denser than earlier could be felt approaching.

It might be bad if I don't start moving now.

I wonder how both of us might look like to the people around.

I certainly don't think we look like a former mercenary and a boy with high mental

age.

We might just look like a dead drunk woman and a kid to them.

Edgar doesn't seem to be in an inarticulate state when she gave my sleeve a tug.

"Then I'll guide you to my villa." (Edgar)

"Aa, I thought of seeing it at least once." (Regis)

It was a lie though. I don't think anyone will throw himself willingly into a place that is so full of uncertainty!

However, I just nodded in the end by looking as innocent as possible.

Edgar was walking unsteadily as she swayed to and fro while I followed her to the same destination.

Roughly about ten plus meters plus behind us.

A quiet murderous impulse seemed to be enveloping that area.

I might not be able sense it at all if I hadn't use my detection magic.

It was really weak to that degree.

Even though I knew the source of it, it wouldn't be a good idea to cause a ruckus here.

I went along with Edgar while feeling that cold murderous intent behind.

CHAPTER 15

PREDICAMENT

The place that Edgar entered was the central street's back lane.

Unlike the main street, there doesn't seem to be that many people using this lane. In addition, since there wasn't much sunlight penetrating through, the entire place seemed to be enveloped in a dark and ominous atmosphere.

Suspicious looking buyers could be seen hanging around the shops lined up here. I could tell that the items that were placed for sale were mostly illegal goods.

Poison bags that were cut off from demons.

Accessories that were stripped off fallen travellers.

I felt like making cynical remarks at the huge variety of shady looking items sold here.

"This is quite a nice place." (Regis)

"Isn't it? It's also damp and clammy, making this the most suitable place for carrying out bad deeds. It would be perfect if there are no mushrooms growing here though."
(Edgar)

"Would it be all right for me to walk through here?" (Regis)

"Hmm, I guess it will be fine, isn't it? Besides, there are shops here that are aimed at nobles too. One of the examples would be shops dealing with poisons."

Hou, you seemed to be well-informed.

As expected of someone who had lived through the life of a mercenary.

She was able to lead through the dark side of a place.

Besides, I had not realized that there was a place like this in the Imperial City.

It's frightening to know that such an exclusive place is actually located not far from the main street.

"The public security here is not good so don't leave my side." (Edgar)

Edgar seemed to have said something reliable.

She would look cool with that line if she wasn't staggering due to her drunkenness when she said it.

I wonder if she couldn't decide on something smarter.

"Is that villa or something located on this street?" (Regis)

"If I were to sleep in a place like this, I would end up encountering robbers. Once I wake up, I will be stripped off not only all my possessions but my clothing too so I'll refrain from that." (Edgar)

"True." (Regis)

It's highly likely that you will be attacked due to your good looks.

I guess our destination is slightly further from this place then.

As we advanced through the winding path, the number of shops in the vicinity decreased.

Then Edgar stepped into an alley.

As if to flee from Edgar's boots, rats could be seen springing out.

The cleanliness of the environment here has certainly left much to be desired.

We ended up at a crossroad as we advanced through the alley, and we made another left turn before making numerous more turnings after.

Finally, at a place that seemed like a dead end, Edgar lit up a fire.

I guess it might be hard to see since it was too dark.

"...Etto, it should be around here if I am not mistaken." (Edgar)

Edgar lightly tapped the stones on ground.

Shortly after that, she discovered a large stone that appeared to be slightly protruding from the ground.

When she applied more pressure onto it, I could hear something that sounds like *gakon* as the stone sank.

Edgar then thrust her arm deeper inside and pulled up a handle.

"Soi-!!" (Edgar)

As soon as she did that, a part of the ground raised up.

Slight wind could be felt coming from between gap. It appears that there is a basement underneath.

I wonder if that slate was meant to keep the passage hidden.

Once the size of the opening is big enough for a human to pass by, Edgar led me inside.

“It’s been a long time since I last came here. I think the last was during the civil war between the nobles nine years ago.” (Edgar)

“Noble’s civil war, was it.” (Regis)

Speaking of which, I have heard of this incident before. There was a conflict between the southern noble district and northern noble district nine years ago in the Imperial City.

Even though it ended after the King stepped in to arbitrate the dispute, there were heavy casualties among the soldiers and sentries.

Strangely, the concealment of the state between the nobles occurred at the same time, ending the incident and leaving it shrouded in mystery.

At that time, the house of Din received only the post report after the incident.

However, the intelligence network received wasn’t really friendly to the nobles in remote regions.

It made me came to the realization that people who were born in a place like this do not have adequate access to information.

“This was my hideout at that time. I was employed as a mercenary in the southern noble district during then.” (Edgar)

“Is that so.” (Regis)

“This is a great place. Once you bring the enemies back here, you can even torture them as you like. Above all, there wouldn’t be any witnesses at all.” (Edgar)

Stop saying something that sounds so ominous!

I could see a dark sinister shadow looming over your face now, making you look like nothing but a villain!

Although some points were deducted since your cheeks were flushed due to alcohol. As a result, regardless of how much I overestimate you, you might only look like villain B at the most.

Well, I guess that was because you don't have a villainous look on your face now.
If you were to put on a dress, tried acting more ladylike and keep your mouth shut,
you might even look like a princess to me.
It made me wonder but, why did you put your charm to waste all this while?
It is a mystery that is comparable to the Seven Wonders of the World.

We descended down into a dim underground place.
I could feel the humid air brushing against my cheeks.

It felt strangely warm once I am inside.
As soon as my nose was greeted by a peculiar smell swirling in the air, I understood it
well that this place hasn't been used for many years.

However, it was strange that the temperature was still high even though we were deep
inside.

Was there some kind of protection against cold effect here?
Edgar who was in the lead, has a serious look on her face as she touched something
with her hand.

"Here is the alcohol....." (Edgar)
"In the end it's still alcohol to you?!" (Regis)

Edgar started rolling a barrel all of a sudden.
She's already the incarnation of alcohol.
She still wants to drink more despite being drunk?

Even though it was just a small room, the stockpiles were in abundant.
There were plenty of preserved food in the basement too.
Although, these were preserved food from roughly 10 years ago. Are they still safe?

"Uwaaa.....there are molds growing on the hardtack. The fried meat that I stashed here
10 years ago has shapeshifted into something like a monster." (Edgar)
"Isn't that no good already!?" (Regis)

In the end, the alcohol was the only one that was still in a good condition, wasn't it?
The state of all the food inside here was far worse than the state of a rice cooker that

was left unattended for half a year.

I have a feeling that I will likely come across scary things if I were to rummage through this place.

While I was smiling wryly, there was a sudden change of tone in Edgar's voice when she spoke out.

"Well, this is not my real intention though. You understand what I am saying, don't you Regis?" (Edgar)

"Of course. Although, I already noticed it earlier when we were in the city....." (Regis)

He has splendidly taken the bait.

Edgar's drunken act worked.

Since her performance looked too realistic, I was afraid that she might have been really drunk.

However, that might be the reason the enemy think it would be easier to aim at us too.

Edgar and I turned to the back at the same time.

Footsteps could be heard resounding through the narrow room.

There are three of us all together.

Turning off my detection magic, my hand reached out to the knife at my waist.

I could feel the thick killing intent overflowing from the other party,

"You're here aren't you? Horgos' assassin-san." (Edgar)

Edgar pointed at the vicinity of the entrance one step before me.

Thereupon, the figure of a tall man could be seen stepping out from the depths.

This guy has been following us ever since we left the magic shop's area.

The man was stammering slightly in an inhuman way as he exuded a violent murderous urge.

".....Kill" (Assassin)

A repulsive voice.

The entire face was concealed by a black cloth, revealing only the area around the eyes.

The parts around his forehead appeared to be bulging slightly. I wonder if he's wearing a hachigane.

Holding sinister looking Odachi in both hands, he threw that single word out coldly.

(Rin: Odachi is a type of traditional Japanese sword)

"Were you the one who did that to my shop?" (Edgar)

".....that's right. But, will tell you no more. Taste an eternal death. Will leave only mysteries behind." (Assassin)

".....Aa. So you're the Stalin brothers? I was wondering who it was but I can identify that tone and look." (Edgar)

"Stalin brothers?" (Regis)

What's that about? I have not heard of it even once.

However, Edgar seems to be well-informed and was able to explain it to me.

"They're mercenaries that have taken root in the Imperial City. No wait, it's slightly wrong. Even among the mercenaries, they only work for the VIPs. They're the masters of assassination." (Edgar)

"So they're specialists in assassination then." (Regis)

"Originally they were supposed to be carrying out their tasks in a pair though. I wonder if it's different than the information that I have in hand." (Edgar)

"....." (Stalin)

"I see. In other words, you refuse to answer. Based on my intuition, the other person must be carrying out another mission." (Edgar)

The person didn't seem to divulge the information easily but, it's a given.

There are probably two reasons why this man—Stalin came here.

The first was a revenge on Edgar for humiliating the Horgos' faction in the northern noble district area.

And the other one, would be the assassination of the house of Din's successor, that would me.

It appears that those who look down on Horgos will be thoroughly crushed.

He's truly a petty person.

“.....Will remain silent. Won’t talk about it. Just be obedient, and die.” (Stalin)

Stalin took a step towards us casually as he held the two Odachi over his head. Then, he lunged straight at me after heaving a short breath.

“Otto, I shall be the opponent to the one with the sword.” (Edgar)

Edgar walked out and stopped the force of the swing with her sword cane. The two swords clashed intensely at the same time, creating an unpleasant sound that resounded through the place when the edges met.

“.....you. I know you. Famous for running away right away, 『The Hiding Edgar』 . Sword skill, is certainly lower than me.” (Stalin)

“I understand that alright. But I’m still a former mercenary. There’s just one thing that I would like to hear from you. Are mercenaries’ abilities restricted to only sword and magic?” (Edgar)

Edgar asked him provocatively.

“.....correct. Other than that, nothing else.” (Stalin)

“—You’re a third-rate mercenary. Locational advantage and cooperation are also important to a mercenary. Just like this.” (Edgar)

Edgar winked at me.

All right, time to go as planned.

I used the magic that I have been chanting earlier.

The spell should be invoked with just a few more words.

This degree of difficulty in learning this magic was actually relatively high.

I have been practising this spell since I was four but, I wasn’t really able to invoke it. However, I should be able to do it now. No, I must be able to do it.

“Strong and sublime flame of the departed souls, please protect us and purify the flame of evil— 『Fire Shell』 !!!” (Regis)

I was suddenly attacked by a severe headache.

It hurts. It's seriously painful that my head felt like it was on the verge on breaking.
But it's fine.
I'll show you that I can endure this level of pain—!

The magical power permeated my body and was casted on Edgar at the same time.
Thereupon, she seemed to be wrapped by a sense of comfort as a layer of flame enveloped her body.

【Fire Shell】

All right. Even though it was considered to be a difficult spell among the fire magic, have I succeeded in learning it?
This spell is able to dispel or reduce the impact of fire magic.
On seeing my magic, Stalin frowned.

“.....I, don't use fire magic. You're wasting effort.” (Stalin)
“No one said that you'll be the one using it. Do it Regis!!” (Edgar)
“Ou!!” (Regis)

There were still remaining magic power in me since I had enough sleep.
This situation was influenced by this narrow space.
It's now or never.

I began chanting while Edgar wielded her sword in order to attract his attention.

““What do you think will happen if we were to use fire magic in a small place like this!?”” (Edgar & Regis)
“.....is that, your goal? If that is the case, then, I have a trump card myself.” (Stalin)

Stalin slashed his sword down violently and fell back one step within that interval.
Was he planning to run away?
That was what I had thought but apparently it was the other way round.
A super-fast incantation was uttered out as he held both swords in his hands.

“The flash from the prison feast that drove me to madness. The Dark God of Ugliness dwelling in the two swords— 『Chaos Stroke』” (Stalin)

Stalin swung his sword right at that moment.

Something that looked similar to steam could be seen spiralling up.

No matter how you looked at it, a steam consisting a mixture of black and purple colour is nothing but ominous.

“.....die, mercenary.” (Stalin)

He started wielding his sword as if he was performing a boisterous dance.

The swinging of his sword appeared to be slow sometimes, and ultra-fast at other times.

There were also times when the blade of the sword suddenly disappeared from sight. I couldn't read his movement at all.

“...Gu!” (Edgar)

Sweat could be seen trickling down from Edgar's forehead.

I guess it must have been a magic that she has never seen before.

For just an instant, Edgar directed her feet towards the exit.

However, when she took a look at my face, she ended up laughing as if she just recalled something.

“I will not run away. Besides, if I am going to die then I'll take you along with meeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!” (Edgar)

Edgar thrust her sword as if she has steeled herself.

On the other hand, Stalin was just moving his swords around accordingly at a slow pace.

It was a blow to Edgar's state of mind.

At that very instant, a lethal attack carrying an absolute scent of death was swung right to the base of Edgar's neck——

“—— 『Cross Blastttttttttt』 ——!!!!!!!” (Regis)



My scream echoed through the place.
I would not be able to make it anymore with just a mere chanting.
Edgar might die if I were to delay this even for a second.

As a result of my choice, I omitted the rest of the incantation.
This skill was insanely high level in difficulty.

However, by putting all that I have at stake, my incantation ended up being successful.
The whole room flared up instantly.
The hellfire engulfed even the ceiling, spreading itself everywhere and coming in between the two, separating them.

“.....tsk” (Stalin)

Stalin who was delivering the final blow was forced to jump back due to the heat.
That guy has not received any blessing from the fire magic so he would definitely be scorched.

The prison of flames enveloping this area ignited the spilled alcohol, causing the hellfire to spread its boiling rage everywhere.
The fire was so intense that even Stalin jumped back towards entrance as he wasn't able to endure it anymore.
He might have wanted to pull back since he wasn't able to proceed with the assassination.

“How's that!? How about staying here a little longer to play with me?” (Regis)
“.....Will refrain, from it. Farewell.” (Stalin)

After saying so, Stalin started running towards the entrance of the room.
He made a quick dash when the fire clung to his body

“Hold on there!” (Regis)

Ignoring my words, Stalin pushed open the entrance and escaped.
The only ones remaining in this room were Edgar, who was standing in the center looking stunned, and me.

Edgar might have thought that she had died.

She placed her hand on her neck, appearing to be surprised that she was still alive.

“.....what the. So I’m still alive.” (Edgar)

Her hands were still trembling, possibly because she has just tasted a considerable amount of fear.

When Edgar turned towards me, I signalled her with my eyes, prompting her to escape from here.

Regardless of how much the spell was able to reduce the heat, hot things are still hot. Besides, once the effect is gone, we would end up getting swallowed up by the flames. While assisting each other like a three-legged race, we ascended the stairs and was able to escape to the outside somehow.



A damp smell permeated my nose.

Although, it certainly did feel like I have come in contact with the air outside.

The place that we are currently at was a back alley.

Edgar and I were somehow able to climb up and placed the slab of stone back to its original position.

“Seriously, what’s up with that strange enchanted spell. I would be dead if Regis hasn’t helped me.” (Edgar)

But that man would be the one coming out for the duel, wouldn’t he?

Considering that he has that much power, it would be surprising if he didn’t.

It seems that Horgos has hired an outrageous mercenary.

I should head back as soon as I could to convey the information.

Even though Walkins is around in the mansion, it never hurts to be more careful.

“Edgar! Right now I will be——” (Regis)

“Aah!!” (Edgar)

Edgar's sudden cry interrupted me halfway.

What's wrong with her all of the sudden? Was she planning to unleash Futae no Kiwami? ¹

It might be unexpected but it seems likely if it's her.

Judging from her stance, it appears to be different than ordinary people so it would be highly probable for her to use Gatotsu Zero Stance as well. ²

Anyway, knock on wood.

"So what's wrong now?" (Regis)

"I've forgotten about the alcohol that I left at the entrance! Help me remove the stone slab again." (Edgar)

".....Just do it yourself." (Regis)

When I refused her point-blank, she begged me for help with misty eyes.

What could this be? Just looking at her appearance made my heart throbbed with pain.

There's no helping it. I wound up helping her to lift the stone up somehow.

"Thank you. Let's have a drink together later on." (Edgar)

"Didn't I tell you that I'm just 7 years old?" (Regis)

"No, it's my first time hearing it. You're surprisingly precocious for your age." (Edgar)

"Eh?.....Didn't I tell you before?" (Regis)

"No, I think I heard that but I might have forgotten about it since I was drunk." (Edgar)

"Could you stop it with the alcohol already." (Regis)

She's a sloppy no-good mercenary-san.

I think I have said the same thing before the last time.

Wait, I shouldn't be wasting my time on something like this.

I should inform them about Stalin as soon as possible.

"I will be returning to the mansion once. You should be careful too." (Regis)

"Ho-Hold on a minute. This is something as thanks for helping me in retrieving the alcohol." (Edgar)

After saying so, Edgar suddenly thrust her hand in between her breasts.

She was searching through the sections in the inner part of her mantle.

The sight of her hand groping around there looked quite lewd.

I wonder what she was aiming for.

Edgar seems to be beaming with confidence.

“Despite being overwhelmed a while ago, I had not given in so easily too. I went through a hard time but, I managed to get this.” (Edgar)

The item that Edgar took out, was a piece of paper.

It was a strange grey coloured paper.

It gave off the impression that someone has dropped it before when they went to a parade for inspection.

“What is this? There’s nothing written on it.” (Regis)

“Fufun, I managed to somehow steal it during battle.” (Edgar)

“That is amazing. You were able to do it even in the midst of a fight.... Tte-what’s the point of stealing this paper?” (Regis)

It appears to be as useless as picking up a receipt.

However, Edgar explained it while rubbing the paper.

“This item was crafted using thief’s magic. To use it, you can just pour your magic in. After doing so, you are able to make the words inside appear at a later time. Since it’s not limited to distance, it can be used as a notification or messenger.” (Edgar)

I see. This is something quite convenient.

But, this is not something that people will usually notice.

This might look just like a normal piece of paper if you do not know anything about it.

“He might be able to fool the nobles or commoners, but he can’t fool me. Though, I’m defeated when it comes to ability.” (Edgar)

Edgar was laughing cheerfully.

Even though she was boasting about it, there was nothing written on the paper.

Edgar pushed up her breasts as emphasis, looking proud while ignoring me who was looking at her with my half-opened eyes.

.....They're huge.

They're about the same size as Walkins.

I mean, back to the serious subject. What's the point of stealing a blank paper?

"Didn't you steal that even though there was still nothing written on it?" (Regis)

"No it's not. The other side can erase the characters at their convenience too." (Edgar)

"Then it's useless anyway, isn't it?" (Regis)

"That's when I'll be using my magic to search for it. Despite looking like this, I can actually use thief's magic too. Surprised?!" (Edgar)

No, I wasn't surprised.

You seem to have a flair for stealing for some reason.

If there was no prior evidence, then I might have doubted it.

I had to admit that the look is cute but, it will likely be painful to the eyes once you go too close.

"Then will the words will be legible once you use the magic?" (Regis)

"That's right. I will be able to leak out all the enemy's confidential information."
(Edgar)

Fufun, she laughed inappropriately.

She appears to have remembered a reliable magic.

I might have to change my opinion of her a little.

That is, if she's not holding an alcohol bottle in her right hand.

"The body that was infused with magic trick, I command you to grovel yourself before my judgement— 『Trick Destroyed』 !!" (Edgar)

As soon as she finished the chant, a wave of magic power overflowed and wrapped itself around the paper.

I wonder if it was a sacred magic since it has the ability to reveal the concealed information inside.

After a while, all the characters that were once written emerged themselves.

It didn't seem to be written too long ago.

“It came out. Let’s see, what’s this what’s this?” (Edgar)

“.....this is. Wait, lend me that for a moment.” (Regis)

I snatched the paper from Edgar and started reading it avidly.

It was difficult to read but, I was somehow able to distinguish it.

Upon reading what was written, a chill ran down my spine.

『Preparation finished. Head of Din Household. To death.』

Honestly, I didn’t understand what it meant.

However, I could tell that it was a grave situation based on the written contents.

Head of Din Household, to death.

It was unmistakable that Horgos is aiming for Shadiverga’s life.

Edgar did say that Stalin has a brother who was making a move on his side too.

In other words, the one aiming for Shadiverga could be either the older or younger brother.

Either way they will be attacking him.

Although, frankly speaking I don’t think Walkins can be defeated.

For example, regardless of how mightily cunning the enemy might be, I still couldn’t see even the slight possibility that she would get defeated.

That was supposed to be it but, what’s up with this uneasy feeling inside me.

I moved my line of sight to the paper.

Preparation finished.

That’s it.

That was the line that was stuck in my mind.

So long as Walkins’ around in the mansion, there was no need for me to be worried of Shadiverga.

However, if by some reason that Walkins is not around in the mansion then—

.....I would need to confirm it.

Even if it might be reckless.

“Hey, it’s about the distance from here to the southern noble district—” (Regis)

“Hmm?” (Edgar)

“Do you think I will be able to reach it using Mega Telepathy?” (Regis)

At my question, Edgar’s voice appeared to be clogged up for an instant.

But, taking it into account that this is an emergency situation, she gave me an honest answer.

“I don’t remember. I have never used it before so I don’t really know the details about it. I think it will probably reach. But the consumption of magic increased in direct proportion to the distance so absolutely do not—” (Edgar)

“..... 『Magic Deployment』 ” (Regis)

“O-Oi!?” (Edgar)

Edgar raised her voice out of surprise but, I ignored her and continued chanting.

In terms of distance, I should be able to reach it.

It takes about 15 minutes by foot from here to the southern noble district.

If I were to connect the circuit by force, I might be able to invoke it.

Although the backlash would be unfathomable, it’s not the time to worry about that right now.

I casted the high-ranking magic, Mega Telepathy without hesitation.

“Come forth from my body, make your appearance, the circuit of magic— 『Mega Telepathy』 !!” (Regis)

I felt a sharp, stabbing pain in my head.

It felt as if it was being stabbed by needles repeatedly for many times.

To be more accurate, the sensation of pain was tormenting my nerves.

Cold sweat began pouring down my face, sliding to my jaw line.

Despite the pain, I endured it and tried envisioning Walkins in my brain.

I must connect it to her and inform her of this crisis.

At that moment—

My magic was dispersed all of the sudden.
There was no sign of it whatsoever. It just resulted in nothing.

“.....Eh?” (Regis)

In proportion to the shock, my body received the recoil too.
The beatings of my heart was painful to my ears.
However, I don't think that this heart beat will be the only reaction.
The recoil of Mega Telepathy now could only mean one thing.

—— 『The person whom you are trying to reach in the viable range of communication is not available』

With regard to distance, the circuit was supposed to have reached the residence.
I challenged myself in using this magic without paying heed to the intense consumption of magic.
There shouldn't be a reason for it to fail in the first place.

That could only mean that, Walkins is currently not at the mansion.

“....Damn, what is going on here.” (Regis)

I should try using Mega Telepathy once again and try connecting it to Shadiverga this time.

If it's him then he should be on standby at the mansion at any time.

However, the lingering sensation of the after-effect was affecting my concentration, interrupting the invocation for the second time.
Using the same magic, not to mention a high-ranking magic excessively might be too reckless.

When it comes to this, I should just confirm it with my own eyes.
There could also be a possibility that my Mega Telepathy has not reached the mansion.
That was just my intuition after all so it was not 100% accurate.

Although—if Walkins is really not at the mansion then, it would be the worst. There were far too few people protecting Shadiverga.

“We’ll be parting here. It’ll be cold in the evening so don’t catch a cold.” (Regis)
“...Eh? You’re going already?” (Edgar)

She asked with a blank look on her face.
I looked straight at her face from the front.
I was sure that I had a pathetic look on my face at the moment.

Edgar is someone who is also being aimed at by them currently.
Honestly, I would like to take responsibility and send her to the inn myself.
Above all, I wanted to return to the mansion with her if it was possible.
Naturally I was referring to it in a strategic sense.

In order to protect oneself from the assassin, I would like her to lend her strength.
That was my real intention.
However, it would be cruel to coerce her into it now.
Edgar was not only still exhausted, but she has physical injuries in many places too.
She must be worn out after fighting that guy earlier.

It wouldn’t be strange for her to be injured after such a fight.
For this reason, I couldn’t afford to bring her to any more dangerous place.
I would like her to take a rest for a while.

“Then I’ll be going off.” (Regis)
“Eh?...Hold on, Regis!?” (Edgar)

I shook myself free from the voice and ran to the southern noble district with all my strength.
I had no choice but to hurry so long as I still haven’t confirmed the safety of Shadiverga.

A sense of helplessness washed over me. My heart felt as if it was going to explode.
Even though I nearly tripped myself halfway through, I managed to return to the mansion—

Footnotes

1. Futae no Kiwami (Mastery of Two Layers) is Sanosuke Sagara's ultimate technique from Rurouni Kenshin.
2. Gatotsu Zero Stance is another technique used by Saito Hajime from Rurouni Kenshin.

CHAPTER 16

SHOCK AND DETERMINATION

“Father! Are you all right!?” (Regis)

I entered by kicking open the door, ran straight up the stairs and to Shadiverga’s room without stopping, to find the head of Din household relaxing there as if nothing had happened.

His gaze fell upon me as I broke into a cold sweat, my shoulders rose and fell as I breathed heavily.

“What’s wrong, Regis? There was nothing wrong with me, you know?” (Shadiverga)

“.....Eh?” (Regis)

I looked at Shadiverga’s appearance fixedly.

Certainly, it didn’t seem like he was attacked anywhere.

Could it be that, the message written on the paper was a lie?

Did he induce Edgar to steal it deliberately just to cause confusion?

No, it wasn’t possible for him to carry out such skilful acting.

The fact that the paper was stolen was supposed to be a miscalculation on the other side.

Just as I was thinking so, Shadiverga grumbled.

“Hmmm.....Why won’t Walkins come back soon?” (Shadiverga)

On hearing those words, I finally realized.

That reminds me, Walkins didn’t seem to be anywhere in sight.

“Father, where did Walkins go?” (Regis)

“Aa, we ran into something quite troublesome.....” (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga explained the circumstances in a laid-back manner.

There was supposed to be an envoy from the royal family coming over to extend his greetings early this morning.

However, he was suddenly attacked by an unknown assailant when he was passing through the southern noble district.

A wound that appeared to be cruelly carved using knife could be found on him, leaving him on the verge of death.

The King's direct retainer was assaulted in his own stronghold.

This could be the biggest news received today.

I see. So that was the reason why the city seems to be enveloped in a strange atmosphere.

No one has heard of the incident in which Edgar's shop was burned to a crisp in detail since a more urgent situation has occurred.

I guess that's a given.

For the sake of preserving the royal family's honour, they would definitely capture the criminal by all means.

According to Shadiverga, a cabinet minister residing in the Imperial City has apparently made one demand.

『The criminal shouldn't have escaped outside yet. Therefore all the nobles in the southern noble district are to send out their private armies and arrest that criminal.』

Judging from the explanation up till this point, I have somehow grasped the reason why Walkins was not around.

It was highly likely that Walkins would've stayed back in order to protect Shadiverga, regardless of where the instruction came from.

Nevertheless, she was forced to make a move once the whole household was dragged into this.

I tried my best not to reveal the confusion through my face as I asked him.

“.....Did you send Walkins off?” (Regis)

“That's right. Our private armies are defending our territory so they are not able to make it to the Imperial City. Walkins alone should be sufficient as Din household's combat potential——” (Shadiverga)

“.....” (Regis)

The bad premonition I had gradually drew closer.
I probably have a terribly impatient look on my face now.
Shadiverga murmured as if he felt bad about it.

“If I don’t send someone out, I might end up incurring the wrath of all the nobles in the Imperial City..... It didn’t feel right being the only one staying at a safe place while everyone else is joining forces together. I don’t care about myself but I don’t want to taint Sefina’s family name..... Tte, are you listening to me Regis—” (Shadiverga)

“This is bad!!!” (Regis)

No I wasn’t referring to Walkins.
Even if that person were attacked, she would be able to turn the tables on them again.
But presently. Yes right now.
In truth, there wasn’t even a single bodyguard now in this mansion.

The preparation finished.

If all these were just to interfere with the king’s envoy and also as a strategy to get Walkins out of the mansion, then it would be impossible for Durf to not take any action following this.
They have been way too quiet all this while.

By making us careless in thinking that the situation was still peaceful, he would deliver an instant kill in the midst of it.
If I were a filthy noble like him, I would definitely do so.
On the assumption that he had made a move —there will not be a single bodyguard left now!

“Father, get away from there!” (Regis)

At that moment, a loud crashing sound could be heard from the window.
An intruder came in like a wind, running towards Shadiverga instantly.
My reaction was too late.
I was chanting in a hurry but I wouldn’t make it.

He's way too fast.

The beast moved swiftly to bring down its targeted prey at a speed an amateur like me wouldn't be able to catch up with.

The man muttered coldly as he sprung at Shadiverga.

".....I am, one of Stalin. Shadiverga Din-dono. Your life, is mine....." (Assassin)

His entire ensemble was black.

The appearance was the same as the guy I met underground.

But the weapon they were equipped with was different.

A large knife with counter blade attached.

It was clearly a shape designed to kill a person.

Wielding it with both hands, the assassin thrust it into Shadiverga's arm.

".....Guuaaaaaa!!!" (Shadiverga)

"Father!" (Regis)

Shadiverga's face was distorted with pain.

I pulled out Din household's knife and came in between the both of them, causing the assassin to spring back instantly.

We'll lose once he fixed his posture.

I chanted my magic loudly as I pointed at that man.

"Demon's blood overflowing my body, turn the flame into a blazing Hellfire— 『Astral Fire』 !!" (Regis)

As soon as I finished the chant, the man's body burst into magnificent flame.

However, the intensity of my headache has reached its peak.

The severe wave of nausea caused me to throw up on the carpet.

Did I use up too much magic?

On seeing at my sudden change, the man poured the water he had on him over his body.

Although, the fury of the fire did not abate at all.

“.....Tch. A flame that will never goes out, is it? A shrewd mimicry.” (Assassin)

Turning his knife around, he aimed it at me.

Aa, he would be released from the magic once I’m killed, wouldn’t he?

You were planning to put an end to my life before running away, weren’t you?

Since I understood his goal, there should be more things to be done.

I should be fighting him but—

“....Guu!” (Regis)

I ended up kneeling on my knees. I have regrettably ran out of strength.

My vision became hazy and my head felt fuzzy.

I have experienced these feelings before.

I wonder when was it.

That was certainly.....when I was dead.

At that time, I had given up on everything.

After all, I wouldn’t be able to come back to life again.

I have lived my life like a garbage so it’ll just end the same way.

That was what I thought.

But, I’m still alive here.

I can still fight.

Just recall it!

What did I swear to myself at that moment?

The things that I couldn’t accomplish in my previous life.

In order to achieve it, I wanted to start all over again.

—I would like to be a person who is capable of saving someone.

I remembered it.

I stood up.

I will not allow any more attacks on Shadiverga.

I will definitely not let him do it.

I stood upright, still feeling unsteady as I glared at the assassin.

The pain in my head was so extreme that it felt like exploding.

The contents in my stomach were refluxed back, clogging up the passageway.

Nonetheless, this is not the time for me to be grovelling at a place like this.

“....I will protect.” (Regis)

I pulled out a knife.

If I were to use that magic, it might be possible to reverse the situation here.

However, it was too late.

If only I have studied that a little faster. I’m deeply regretting it now.

But I will try protecting Shadiverga with all the power that I have currently.

“Come at me, assassin. I will definitely not succumb to you.” (Regis)

“.....you, with that state of consciousness——” (Assassin)

“Aa, my head hurts so much it literally felt like splitting into two. I am experiencing strange cough attacks, my head feels fuzzy and my vision is also blurry. My heart is screaming out loud as if it was getting crushed and both of my feet are trembling so much, they couldn’t support my body any longer.” (Regis)

There would not be a bad condition worse than this in existence.

It was indeed a miracle for me to be able to keep my consciousness.

At my words, the assassin narrowed his eyes.

“....then” (Assassin)

“—Even so, that’s not the reason for me to give up here.” (Regis)

“.....” (Assassin)

“I will not lose to an assassin!” (Regis)

Blood splurged out of my mouth as I shouted aloud.
Apparently my entire body structure became brittle due to the overuse of magic.
But I will bet all that I have just to stop this guy here.
Eat this. This is the top thunder magic taught by Walkins.

“Flash of thunderbolt, pierce through the earth. Pass your heavenly judgement and surge out the evil spirit— 『Bolt Judgement』 !!!” (Regis)

vein pop I felt a creak somewhere in my brain.
The feeling was similar to an electric drill being thrust into my skull.
The hateful sound of the drill started haunting me in the form of flashback.

A mixture of blood and vomit gushed out of my mouth, soiling the ground.
But the magic was still triggered somehow.

【Bolt Judgement】

It is currently listed under 『New Expert Edition』 , an intense thunder magic.
The thunder that was produced at the speed of light is inevitable.
An abnormal amount of voltage was discharged, instantly destroying the opponent's spirit.

“.....Gu-, you!!” (Assassin)

The assassin who tried to stop me before the invocation immediately entered a defensive stance.
He flinched as the lightning hit him, burning his body.
An outrageous sound of explosion resounded, threatening the assassin's life.

“...Damn, withdrawing” (Assassin)

In addition to the eternal flame burning his body, he was hit by an unavoidable thunder attack.
Having fallen into a predicament that rendered him incapable of fighting anymore, the man escaped the place by tumbling outside.

Before leaving through the window, he spat out a parting line.

“.....But, the objective was achieved. Another thing—this is likely to be useful, in future. I’m taking, this knife.” (Assassin)

Upon closer observation, the assassin seems to be holding onto something.
It was the knife that Shadiverga has always been treasuring.
That knife that was handed down by Sefina’s house. The house of Jirgen’s heirloom.

“Ho-Hold it!” (Regis)

“Antidote will not work. Submerge yourself in the sea of deadly poison, Shadiverga Din.” (Assassin)

He threw a knife at me at the end.
Naturally it was the same knife that has pierced Shadiverga.
The assassin disappeared from sight at the same time.

I managed to drive him away in one way or another.
Unfortunately, I might have won the bout but, I have lost the game.
I didn’t have any energy left to dodge the knife.

“.....aa” (Regis)

The knife flew closer and closer before my eyes.
Although I have somehow prevented them from pursuing Shadiverga, this single hit was unstoppable.
Out of fear, I started closing my eyes.
However, a hand stretched out before me at that very moment.

“.....Eee!?”

The knife ended up piercing a slender looking hand.
Bright red blood splattered all over my face.
The momentum of the knife was stopped but the blood continued dripping down.
When I looked up, Walkins was standing there smiling gently at me.

“I’m home. I’m sorry, I should’ve return a little earlier.” (Walkins)

She pulled out the knife from her hand and threw it away on the spot.
It was scary, in a sense, to see her expression remained the same.

“This is.....it seems that a lethal poison was smeared over the knife.” (Walkins)

Walkins licked her own wound once and frowned.
She heaved a sigh when she looked at Shadiverga’s collapsed body.

“He should make it if the treatment is done. Shadiverga-sama’s spirit has certainly.”
(Walkins)

Walkins lifted up Shadiverga’s arm that wasn’t injured and placed her finger on it.
The arm has turned purple, possibly because it was afflicted by a powerful poison and
blood vessels seem to be pulsating strangely.
That sight was most painful to the eyes now.

“Father is saved, right?” (Regis)
“He’s fine. It seems that, they had used something that antidotes will not be effective
on but—- all these are pointless before me.” (Walkins)

Shadiverga’s face took on an expression of agony.
Walkins placed her hand at his jaw and chanted with a serious tone.
At that moment, the atmosphere of the room changed completely, making the
surrounding felt more ominous.

“The twist of ancient times that reigns over, heaven and earth unveil his death by the
venomous snake of the fallen soldiers’ spirit. Your wicked poison will now be killed by
the lesser poison— 『Poison Slayer』 .” (Walkins)

.....again?

Walkins has once again used a magic that wasn’t listed in any books.
It was the same as 『Chaos Cataract』 the other time.

The 『Giga Teleportation』 used previously was written in one of the book that I found in the archive.

But it was a magic that no normal people would be able to use. That was a super advanced magic in which only the existence was known.

However, the magic that she used just now was probably one that nobody knew.

It became more and more mysterious every time I see Walkins' magic.

Nevertheless, the effect appears immediate. The swelling on Shadiverga's arm disappeared instantly, a scene that would make one wonder if what happened earlier was all a lie.

"If this condition is ignored, the poison will be circulated through the whole body, resulting in death within a day. Although he managed to survive due to the fast treatment, he will not be able to move for the time being." (Walkins)

"Eh? Wasn't Walkins poisoned earlier too? If you don't hurry up and erase it" (Regis)

"I will not die from poison. Just natural healing will be sufficient." (Walkins)

".....That's no way it's true, isn't it?" (Regis)

"I knew of several poison magic too so I developed resistance to it." (Walkins)

"....." (Regis)

When a certain magic attribute improved, you will gain not only that attribute's offensive power but also boost defence against that attribute at the same time.

I knew about that.

Those who have mastered fire magic will have considerable resistance against magic with fire attribute.

But how did this person acquire something like poison magic?

If you were to go through all the books in the market, there is an attribute known only by its name.

That is poison magic.

I didn't get any sense of discomfort when I found out that the assassin has learnt this magic.

But you're different. Walkins.

That person might be a resident of the back world but, you're just a little eccentric servant aren't you?

No one knew her age.
She mastered many different kinds of strange magic.
Excellent sword skill.
Outrageous physical ability.

The mysteries kept piling up the more I knew about her.
There should be a limit to how mysterious one could be.
Moreover, it was likely that there was an unthinkable secret being kept away.

I wonder if Walkins would talk about it one day.
No, it might not be possible unless I try compromising it from my side.
Wait, now's not the time for this.
I just overheard a pretty ominous line.

"Father, can you move?" (Regis)
".....Guuu" (Shadiverga)

Despite calling out to him, all he could do was just groan.
His consciousness was possibly still dim.
Walkins breathed out gently when she saw that.

"It should be fine once he takes a rest for a while. You should go rest too, Regis-sama.
I will be keeping watch so please go to sleep." (Walkins)
"...I understand. Then, tomorrow morning. We will work on a counterplan from now on." (Regis)
"I comply." (Walkins)

I should leave the task of taking care of Shadiverga to her.
I wouldn't be able to do much even if I were to stay here any longer.

All I would like to do was just to take a rest.
My magic power was completely consumed.
My head's all blank even if I were to try thinking of something.
I don't want to think about anything anymore.

For the time being, I understood that I have somehow protected Shadiverga's life.

If I continued staying on the sidelines, he would certainly be killed.
Although, selfishly speaking, I wanted to be a shield before he was stabbed.

“.....I still have a long way to go.” (Regis)

My head felt heavy.
I was looking at my reflection in the mirror above the washbasin.
My complexion was deathly pale.
There was a strong smell of blood when I held a mouthful of water.
The smell of iron penetrating my nose made me frustrated.

“....definitely unforgivable.” (Regis)

I went back to my room and collapsed on my bed as it is.
Stalin.
And Durf.

The names of those who have tormented Shadiverga came to my mind.
He has made it impossible for the rival lord to participate in the duel.
They are probably rejoicing now after taking the measures this time.

However, that feeling of joy is extremely fragile.
I'll make you understand it.
Regardless of what they might have in store, I will meddle in and find the best possible way to win in that development.

“I'll show you hell.” (Regis)

While working on a scheme to knock those guys down, I closed my eyes.
My consciousness was blown off instantly due to my extreme fatigue.
In the end, I slept like the dead until sunrise the next morning——

CHAPTER 17

STRATEGY MEETING

“Father, are you all right?” (Regis)

“Oo, Regis. As you can see....I’m feeling all right somehow.” (Shadiverga)

“That condition doesn’t look fine at all!” (Regis)

The next day.

Walkins and I assembled in Shadiverga’s bedroom.

He ran a high fever last night.

However, the severity of his fever has come down after drinking the medicine compounded by Walkins.

I heaved a huge sigh, feeling relieved for the time being.

Although, it doesn’t seem like he will be able to move around for a while due to the severe numbness in his body.

“The enemy has done a pretty elaborated thing too, hasn’t he?”

“Do you happen to know that assassin?”

“He’s one of the Stalin brothers, isn’t he? I have heard of them before. Their existences have been exposed to the public numerous times but, they possess abilities that made them invincible.”

“I see. So they are celebrities in that world.”

Edgar seemed to know them too.

Speaking of which, I wonder if she has returned to the inn safely.

She might be currently sleeping in that area unexpectedly.

Since I wouldn’t know what she would end up doing once she got drunk.

“....Sorry.” (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga murmured while I was being immersed in my thoughts.

He clasped his hands together and forced the words out of his mouth.

“This is all my fault. I was the one who got carried away by the provocation. We wouldn’t have come to the Imperial City in the first place if it weren’t for me. It would be fine if I were the only one who ended up in this predicament but, I have caused so much trouble for Regis and Walkins too.” (Shadiverga)

“Now, now, father. Cheer up. It’s good enough that we’re still alive now.” (Regis)

“That’s right. We don’t really mind it.” (Walkins)

Walkins and I followed up immediately.

However, Shadiverga’s face was full of regrets and his shoulders could be seen trembling.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

“.....Moreover, the knife I received from Sefina was also stolen. I don’t have the courage to face her anymore after this.” (Shadiverga)

“So long as Shadiverga-sama is safe, madam will be pleased.” (Walkins)

“Exactly. It’s too late to regret it now.” (Regis)

It’s important to look back to the past but, if you don’t look at the things before your eyes now, you’ll never be able to advance.

We should devise a strategy now so we could get back at them.

Although, we were stumped now because we still couldn’t figure out that specific method to do so.

It couldn’t be helped that Shadiverga was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness. I should be the one to make a move here.

Just as I was thinking so, Walkins tapped my shoulder.

“Regis-sama, just a moment–” (Walkins)

“Aa” (Regis)

It seems that Walkins wanted me to go outside the room.

As soon as I left the room, Walkins followed along.

Would it be bad if Shadiverga happened to overhear this conversation?

“What’s wrong?” (Regis)

“Yes. I think we can consider infiltrating Horgos’ house as a last resort.” (Walkins)

“.....What do you mean by that?” (Regis)

“It’s exactly what it means. I will penetrate the enemy’s territory to retrieve the knife and eliminate the enemy’s important people.” [Walkins]

“Rejected.” (Regis)

I shook my head instantaneously.

My immediate reply was probably unexpected to her. Her hair swayed as she asked.

“Why is that?” (Walkins)

“I do not want Walkins to kill people”. (Regis)

“You’re too soft.” (Walkins)

“Yes I’m soft. If a soft person can end a conflict without killing people, then I’m fine with being a softie.” (Regis)

But, that was nothing more than just a disagreement swayed by my emotions.

Walkins wouldn’t be convinced by this, would she?

That was the reason why I should reveal my trump card here.

I gazed into Walkins’ eyes.

“Besides, I will be troubled if you were to do so. I was planning to crush that house fair and square.” (Regis)

“What do you mean by that?” (Walkins)

“What I meant was that we will be participating in the duel as planned and obtain victory.” (Regis)

“.....But Shadiverga-sama is currently—” (Walkins)

“I would like to enquire more deeply into something with regard to that so let’s get back to where father is.” (Regis)

I ended the conversation and made my way back to Shadiverga’s room.

However, Walkins grabbed my shoulder to restrain me.

“What is it?” (Regis)

“It’s about what I suggested earlier—If I were to just retrieve the knife without killing the enemy, would you be fine with it?” (Walkins)

“No” (Regis)

“.....Why is that?” (Walkins)

“I don’t want Walkins to go to a dangerous place. That’s all.” (Regis)

I gave just a brief reply to Walkins who persisted in it.

“It’s an employer’s duty to make use of his servant.” (Walkins)

“That might be so. However, I do not want to think that it’s an employer’s duty to send someone to a place that they know is dangerous. Especially when that person is someone whom I am close to.” (Regis)

“.....” (Walkins)

“Are you convinced now? Then let’s go.” (Regis)

I placed my hand on the door this time to open it.

The door creaked open.

At that moment, a resigned voice could be heard from behind.

“.....Regis-sama, you’re kind, aren’t you?” (Walkins)

“That’s only because of Walkins.” (Regis)

I answered instantly.

The inside felt warmer than the hallway. As I thought, it was more comfortable in here.

Shadiverga was drinking the tea that I brewed.

I don’t drink much tea myself but, this person and Walkins appeared to enjoy it quite a bit.

Well, I do know of a big alcoholic idiot though.

So if I have to compare between the two of them, I’d say that drinking tea is a much cuter pastime.

“What were you two talking about?” (Shadiverga)

“Iya, it’s just a discussion about father’s precious books. We’re debating if the books are on ‘animal’ training or hermaphroditic.” (Regis)

“WHAT WERE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT!?” (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga demanded for the answer this time in a tearful voice.

It was unexpected for him to take me so seriously.

"I'm just kidding." (Regis)

"R-Right." (Shadiverga)

"Yeah. The type that father likes is the one with sisters isn't it?" (Regis)

"AM I STILL IN MY NIGHTMARE!?" (Shadiverga)

I cut to the chase while Shadiverga was on the verge of fainting in agony.

I explained it one by one by indicating it with my fingers.

"Father, the situation has become really bad. First of all, we should confirm the current state." (Regis)

"T-That's true." (Shadiverga)

"Firstly, the condition of father, the person who was supposed to take part in the duel. There's no doubt that you will not be able to defeat the enemy." (Regis)

"Uuu....." (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga's voice appeared choked.

I felt bad for doing this when he was in a depressed state but, there are more bad news to come.

"Next would be about the stolen family heirloom that you have been treasuring more than your life. It is evident that they are planning to use it to threaten us, doubling our disadvantageous at this point." (Regis)

".....This is hopeless." (Shadiverga)

Oh, the light gradually faded from his eyes.

This is bad. If the light in his eyes goes out, there is a high chance that he might end up being mentally crippled.

Walkins was listening to my speech in silence.

"Moreover, considering that Walkins is not allowed to make her appearance in the duel, there are no other candidates with fighting capabilities. Even if you were to consider bringing in a private soldier from home, we wouldn't be able to make it since the duel will be held tomorrow." (Regis)

".....Haa, all our routes are sealed, aren't they?" (Shadiverga)

"So then father, I have a request. Could you lend me your ear?" (Regis)

"What is it?" (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga leaned closer to listen to what I have to say.
The damage would be huge if I were to say it out pompously now.
Let's just say it lightly. Lightly.

"Actually—-" (Regis)

When I whispered it to him, Shadiverga's eyes widened in shock.
His mouth opened and closed repeatedly like a goldfish for a brief moment before he raised a hysteric cry.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeehhhhhh!!! T-That's not allowed!" (Shadiverga)
"Isn't it fine? It would be accomplished once I return it back to its original sheath."
(Regis)
"We'll end up being laughed at and criticized by the other nobles!" (Shadiverga)
"We have been fallen nobles for a long time now so what have we got to lose?" (Regis)

I questioned him seriously without a hint of joke in my words.
Shadiverga looked baffled due to my sudden change of attitude.

".....T-That is." (Shadiverga)
"Our connections with the other nobles from our surrounding were already broken off so they wouldn't be lending their assistance too. Do you still need to hold yourself back for anyone's sake?" (Regis)
"T-That's is certainly true but...." (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga seemed to be at his wit's end on what he should do.
He must have understood the reason but he was probably hesitant due to the huge risk.
However, there will be no meaning to it if I don't urge him here.

"Regis-sama. Please explain it to Walkins too." (Walkins)

Oh, will she be lending the help here?
You've done well Walkins. I'll have to convey my gratitude politely later.

“It’s this kind of strategy—” (Regis)

“Oh, so there was a trick like that? As expected of Regis-sama. It’s the weak point that the nobles would never be able to think of.” (Walkins)

“Hahaha, praise me more.” (Regis)

Nobles are people who take importance of trust and pride more than anything else?

Then the house of Din has nothing to do with them.

Since we were originally fallen nobles who were already disliked by the neighbouring places.

I would make use of any tricks in hand to win by all means.

“I highly propose going through with this plan.” (Regis)

“I agree too.” (Walkins)

“Father, it’s two against one now.” (Regis)

“.....Uuu, I got it all right! I don’t care what happens after this.” (Shadiverga)

“The responsibility will be divided equally.” (Regis)

“A sudden joint responsibility!?” (Shadiverga)

“Now, now. Just believe in me. I will make sure that it’ll be successful.” (Regis)

We held back Shadiverga who was still against it and gained the approval to the opinion.

It was due to my dictatorship.

All right! Maybe I should build a bronze statue in the garden the next time.

As I was pondering, Walkins flashed me a smile that could give one a sense of security.

“If you need any help in this, just let me know.” (Walkins)

“Aa, then Walkins, could you meet that person once this duel is over?” (Regis)

“That person?” (Walkins)

Walkins tilted her head.

She didn’t get the hint?

“That ex-mercenary. Haven’t we talk about this before?” (Regis)

“Aa yes. She must be around 20 years old by now.” (Walkins)

“Yeah. She really wants to meet you so just have a tea with her or something.” (Regis)

“I understand.” (Walkins)

All right. Let's summon Edgar using this as bait.
Although, that person might make a move even without this condition attached.
It's my personal thanks to her then.

"Then Walkins, we shall complete the usual magic practice by tonight." (Regis)
"Yes. I think you should probably be able to achieve it by tonight." (Walkins)

With this, all the preparations would be complete.
The plan will be initiated once I succeeded in mastering that magic.
I would be using an underhanded method this time but I was already well-prepared for the consequences.
Let's see, probably not to the extent of getting executed I guess.....
Maybe just in the range of massive bleeding or being burnt to death.



My whole body was moving like a wild beast.
The increasing desire to pin down the woman in front of me went ablaze.

"Damn, you're just running around!" (Regis)

This is the basement of the mansion.
Even if I reached my right hand out, she managed to evade it smoothly.
Even though she was just toying around with me, it was still fine.

It would double my excitement once I catch her.
At the moment, I was just chasing after her back.

I was breathing heavily and my body was drenched in sweat.
However, the tingling sensation all over my body was caused by just an intense exercise.
That was the reason why I was wielding my knife like this but—

"I missssseeeeddddd!!!!" (Regis)
"Are? Are you done already? I have not even broken a sweat yet." (Walkins)

Walkins was just evading me.

I have been trying to catch her for more than an hour now.

Even when I was attacking her with a knife used for training, she has parried all the attacks.

“Your swing is too wide. Your ability to grasp the movements is better than last year but your stance is still rigid.” (Walkins)

I fixed my posture as soon as she pointed it out.

However, it was just one problem after another.

Fighting with a knife has a considerably high level difficulty.

“Your movements are rough. Let’s pause for a short while so you can catch your breath.” (Walkins)

I took a deep breath obediently.

I have already mastered that specific magic a few hours ago.

In order to utilize that magic to the best of my ability, I was training my knife skill.

“Walkins’ movements were just way too fast.” (Regis)

“No, it’s not. A movement of this degree is considered to be normal for a skilled assassin. I was just matching my speed to that level.” (Walkins)

“.....I know that.” (Regis)

The training itself has actually started several years ago.

For the sake of using the magic effectively, the skill in using knife in combat is required. How are those two related?

The reason is obvious.

You need to protect yourself during your incantation.

In addition, mastering this skill would enable me to take on a group of people with just a knife.

At first, I had thought of experimenting with a straight sword.

But, it didn’t work out since the sword was too big for my build.

Rapier on the other hand, didn't suit my nature at all.

As a result, I ended up with an easy to handle knife.

Walkins took her stance without any weapon in her hands as she breathed out.

"Then, I will be attacking too from now. Please strike back accordingly as you defend against my attack." (Walkins)

At that very moment, Walkins' body disappeared from my sight.

She drew closer to me at the same astonishing speed until now.

".....Gu-!" (Regis)

I thrust the knife.

However, Walkins who has grasped my movement raised her arm.

A sharp sound resounded and before I knew it, the knife flew up into the air.

Walkins has repelled the knife with her bare hands.

"What the heck, that's absurd.....tte, uwaa-!!" (Regis)

Walkins decided to aim for my vital point.

I was able to hold out somehow, but she went for a leg sweep following that.

I wasn't able to endure that attack so I ended up slipping and fell right on my back on the ground.

"....Guwaa-!" (Regis)

It hurts. The back of my body received the full impact of that fall.

Hasn't the speed increased a little too much?

She was much faster than just a while ago.

I tried forcing myself to get to my feet one way or another but, she pinned me down, sealing my movements.

Walkins looked at my face and laughed teasingly.

"Gotcha." (Walkins)

“.....” (Regis)

When I raised both my hands up to surrender, a gentle smile bloomed across her lips.
She pulled my hand towards her face.
Her sleek silver hair ended up touching my hand lightly.
The moment my hand came in contact with her silky smooth hair, my heart pounded rapidly.

“Your hair, it’s beautiful.” (Regis)

“Thank you. I have been doing my best to maintain my hair.” (Walkins)

I guess that’s a given.

On seeing the wry smile on my face, she ruffled my hair.
Running her fingers through the hair on my head, she combed them back slowly.

“Regis-sama, please be careful, okay?” (Walkins)

“Eh?” (Regis)

“I’m talking about tomorrow. I have not expected you to come up with something reckless like that.” (Walkins)

“I guess so.” (Regis)

Even Shadiverga was paralysed with fear upon hearing that plan.
Walkins has not expected it herself too.
She peered at me with her clear eyes.

“I am blessed to be able to serve Regis-sama.” (Walkins)

She guided my hand to her chest and hugged me.
The beating of her heart was transmitted to me.
She must have been seeing things in a different perspective.

However, the anxiety that one feels is a common and a natural thing.
I responded to it and was only feeling worried about her in the same way.
And, I will show it by protecting her.

“I’m blessed to have Walkins as a servant too.” (Regis)

I caressed Walkins' cheek with my other free hand.
Thank you. You have always been teaching me various things.
I am really glad to have you by my side.

"I should go to sleep soon." (Regis)

"True. Otherwise it might affect the outcome tomorrow." (Walkins)

"What about father?" (Regis)

"He is taking a rest already. It appears that he will be going to the arena tomorrow regardless of the circumstances." (Walkins)

"I see. That guy can be quite obstinate too." (Regis)

I have to respect his spirit.

Besides, I could start my strategy only after Shadiverga goes to that place.

"Just watch me, Walkins." (Regis)

I stood up and said it proudly.

Thereupon, Walkins smiled as well and nodded deeply.

"Yes. Walkins here will do her best to watch over Regis-sama." (Walkins)

Walkins and I got out of the basement and returned to our own respective bedroom after that.

Since she might be using the bathroom on the first floor, I went to the one on the second floor.

I relieved my fatigue in the bathroom then stretched out on the bed.

The duel will be taking place tomorrow.

I will settle it with that Durf tomorrow in front of all the assembled nobles who have too much free time in their hands.

You're making a huge mistake if you think this will end after attempting that assassination.

I'll show you that I can definitely protect them.

And I will be repaying the favour.

I reminded myself of the counterattack tomorrow as I closed my eyelids.

A wave of drowsiness swept over me as soon as I turned off the light.

The desire to sleep lingered on as is until I fell into a deep slumber, allowing my body to get its much needed rest—

CHAPTER 18

ARENA

Apparently, the house of Din has a considerably bad reputation among nobles. This is because the house of Din's origin can be traced back to be people who would be considered ordinary.

It was said that a volunteer soldier was the one who had built up the Din household during the war against the empire several hundred years ago.

After the feudal lord escaped, he remained in the territory and endured the waves of attacks up until the ceasefire.

As a result, the King evaluated it as follows;

『He's a courageous person who has pushed back the enemy』 .

Thus, the former feudal lord who returned was then thrust aside and he began to reign over the territory as a noble.

However, there was also considerable opposition to this.

And, when the head of the family dies, the following generation will be the target of the current state of affair as well.

The territory that was governed by Din household is small and the connections with the surrounding areas is also weak.

Hence, when the neighbouring area's influence grew stronger, the influence of Din household became steadily weak too.

Several years later, the head of Din household was then married to the head of Jirgens household, who was similarly disliked by the nobles around.

Seen as 'fallen' nobles, their reputation never improved and were seen as detestable among the nobles.

That was why, upon stepping into the arena, the shrill cheers from the crowd were all directed at Durf even though Walkins, Shadiverga and I were there among the

audience as well.

“Do your best, Durf-dono!”

“My son-in-law is indebted to the majestic Horgos household too.”

“Such puny nobles. What are they planning! This will be over in no time.”

Ooo.

A group of overweight fat nobles were having dull conversations among themselves.
Is this a breeding ground for gluttonous pigs?

These are typical fools who are devoured by greed and the pursuit of power and money.

Words of encouragements were thrown around from different households in the arena.

I could hear the whisperings among them too.

However, they were generally things that did not sound pleasant.

“.....Fallen nobles should just submit obediently.”

“What happened to the head of the family, Shadiverga? I guess he wasn’t allowed to board the railway carriage?”

“It’s those lot of people who usually do indecent things. Retribution might have befallen them.”

tsk tsk All the scorn received were painful to the ears.

It was amazing that they could express it openly before the person himself.

Shediverga appeared to have shut his eyes in an attempt to ignore the remarks but, he might be feeling dejected deep inside his heart.

It must be tough staying in a place like this when you are detested by the people.

“....I’m hated, aren’t I?” (Shadiverga)

“That’s just what I want. Being hated this much actually makes it easier to work on our plan after this.” (Regis)

“P-Please, please don’t stimulate it even more. Please Regis.” (Shadiverga)

You’re seriously too timid.

His trauma might have been revived the moment he stood in the presence of the crowd.

In order to reassure him, I gave him a big nod.

“Of course. Have I ever done something that would cause any inconvenience to father?” (Regis)

“Who was the one who had unleashed a string of profanities at Durf!?” (Shadiverga)

“By the way, this arena is pretty wide isn’t it?” (Regis)

I’ll just let that inconvenient thing slide by.

This skill is quite important in one’s life.

The duel will start in a while.

Once both contenders of the duel have assembled, we are required to do down to the arena.

But, first of all, the observer despatched by the King would be giving the greetings.

We can take our time to relax until then.

“This is a case of an emergency. It seems that they were utilizing a platoon’s training too.”

“Hmm, I guess they wanted to make full use of the ring’s extensive area as one of their strategies.”

Just as I was having various thoughts swirling in my head, I could hear someone approaching us, giving us words of encouragement.

Apparently that pig seemed to be practising the sankin-kotai ¹system.

He drew closer to his own opponent in the duel, with a look as if he wanted to break someone apart.

Durf appeared to be in a really good mood with greed written all over his faces.

He looked at Shadiverga after he came over to us.

“Well, well, isn’t this Shadiverga-dono. I’ll have the honour of training with you today.” (Durf)

“Ee, same here.” (Shadiverga)

“So you were able to avoid only the renunciation of the duel but, I guess you couldn’t

come forth due to your injury?.....Kuku, pardon my rudeness. It was so admirable that I'm on the verge of tears." (Durf)

"Eh? So you knew that father is injured?" (Regis)

Durf's mouth twitched when I said it nonchalantly.

That thoughtless remark was made with ease.

He broke out in a cold sweat and tried to ignore the question.

"Hmph, I just had the feeling that Shadiverga-dono's body is on the verge of breaking down. This might be the will of the Heavens." (Durf)

"Walkins, it's scary. This guy has the ability to converse with the Heavens." (Regis)

"Shii-, there might be a religion like this, you know." (Walkins)

I could see blue veins popping out on Durf's head the moment I said that.

Well, there was no need for you to be so high-strung.

Isn't this simply a joke from a kid?

Then just overlook it.

Durf clicked his tongue on seeing my unchanging demeanour.

"Tch, I'll distort that side of yours before long. Today will be the last day you'll be spoiled by Walkins-dono. I will obtain her and she will settle into my household after this." (Durf)

"Is your head alright? It'll only lead to your downfall if you were to believe in an impossible future. Well, from the start, I didn't think that brain of yours can think of the future with a calm state of mind anyway." (Regis)

".....Y-You s-son of a bitch-!" (Durf)

Durf clenched his fist.

He was almost at his boiling point.

He wouldn't be able to keep up his act of diplomacy in that state of anger.

After all, he is someone who reigns over people ever since he was born so, I don't think he has ever been spoken ill of directly.

Try looking at me instead. Especially what I've gone through in my first life.

I have received nothing but jeerings from people ever since I was born.
How many times do you think I have been taken into the police's custody now?
Return me my youth, the eternity that I've lost, damn head patrol officer!

Clenching his teeth, Durf tried to vent his anger out.

This is amusing.

The moment he boiled over with anger in public, I could already assess that diplomatic power of his.

He's the type whose insides collapse easily.

"Eeh, sorry to have kept you waiting for a long time. Since the observer has arrived, we can finally commence the duel."

The voice which was enhanced through magic reverberated through the arena.

In response to this announcement, Durf prepared himself to return to his own place.

"Remember this, damn kid." (Durf)

"Remember how you were making a fool of yourself? Sorry but no thanks. It feels repulsive to preserve the memory of a worthless human." (Regis)

".....Gu, gu, gununu." (Durf)

Durf's face turned red with rage as he looked at me.

However, his attendant was somehow able to get him to return to his place after calling him.

I guess his place was the opposite side of here.

The observer went up the arena ring and explained the outline of the duel.

The observer is a young woman with long blonde hair that's tied up together reaching her waist.

She should be an important individual in the kingdom but, I had never expected it to be such a pretty lady.

The woman then began her explanation in a crystal-clear voice.

"This will be a duel between the house of Horgos and the house of Din. As a general rule, the duel will go on until either party surrenders or is killed. Contenders, please prepare yourself."

Oops, it's almost time now.

On the other side, Durf could be seen exchanging glances with a silhouette resembling a human hiding behind the pillar.

That person appeared to be carrying odachi in both of his hands.

As I thought.

So, the other person couldn't make his appearance after I nearly burnt him to death and struck him with a lightning attack?

This person has not only engraved fear in Edgar but he had escaped unscathed during our last fight.

Will he be the Din household's opponent?

He was keeping his gaze concentrated on Shadiverga here as well.

Although, he is silent, drops of sweat could be seen trickling down his cheek. He's probably feeling tense.

"We will now be announcing the contenders of the duel. From the house of Horgos—-Stalin. From the house of Din—the head of the household, which in this case, the contender should be Shadiverga-sama."

At that moment, all the sights fell upon Shadiverga.

"So he's coming forth?" "No way" A clamour arose in the arena.

Was this an unexpected development for Durf as well? Cold sweat appeared to be running down his forehead.

But, that was not the expression that I was looking for from him.

What I wanted was even more than that. A lifeless pig who had his soul forcefully extracted from him—that was the look that I hoping to see.

"Well then, could both houses let us know your aspirations. First of all, the house of Horgos."

After saying so, the staff of the arena approached us.

So Durf will be the first?

Coming from him, it must be nothing more than just sarcastic remarks directed at us

anyway.

“Aa–, the house of Horgos will claim victory in the name of justice. I would like to express my gratitude to everyone here for coming to see this duel. Well, even though it might be good for me to step out personally in this duel, seeing that they are opposing contenders after all but, they are still peasants at the end of the day. Getting too close to those existence would just defile ourselves—” (Durf)

The arena resounded with laughter.

The only ones not showing any reaction to this were only us and the observer. Apparently most of the people here have a pretty shallow sense of humour. Any comedians would be delighted to have a crowd of audience like this.

“—As the head of the household who is entrusted with the west side of the Kingdom, I promise you all that I will deliver an overwhelming and swift victory.” (Durf)

He concluded his speech.

At that moment, the arena burst into spontaneous applause.

Durf raised his hand high above his head in response to the cheering reared. I had just personally experienced how a dictator came to be.

The insects had swarmed around the abundance of power.

Are you all that desperate for his scraps?

There is nothing more pathetic than this.

“Eeh, thank you very much. Then next, the head of Din household please.”

Thereupon, the staff held the crystal close to Shadiverga’s mouth.

Is that something like a microphone?

I wonder if that was what used to amplify the voice using magic.

When I exchanged looks with Shadiverga, he gave a nod as if he has given up on it.

Walkins appeared to have given me the green light too.

Alright, then should I go ahead now?

I snatched the crystal from him and spoke out loud.

“Eeh, since father has physically fell apart, I will be the one to speak on behalf of him. I’m Regis, the son of Shadiverga who is the current head of the house of Din.” (Regis)

The arena was astir with murmurings of the audience.

There would be no one who could have possibly predicted my appearance here.

I could hear the voices of those expressing their doubts.

“Who’s that kid?”

“I’ve never seen him before. Could he be the heir to the house of Din?”

“Since their territory is close by, I’ve heard of him before. He’s a strange child who has a precocious talent for almost everything.”

“Don’t make me laugh. What could a child of that age accomplish?”

There was a warm round of applause at my speech as well.

I should definitely give a proper response to this.

Clearing my throat, I cut to the chase.

“This is a good time as any since most of the distinguished families and guests from the Kingdom are present now. This is an important announcement relating to the house of Din.” (Regis)

“...Important announcement?”

The staff who was carrying the crystal tilted his head in wonder.

That’s a good reaction.

That was surely a reaction that was given as result of his inability to digest my words.

I would like those nobles to listen well to this too.

“Actually, my father possessed a collection of books that are unethical. The contents of those books are really impressive in a way, or should I say filthy beyond words.....” (Regis)

“O-Oi-!! That’s totally unrelated isn’t it!?” (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga who had kept silent all this while suddenly snapped at me.

However the sharp pain that ran through his body instantly silenced him, making him docile again.

That is certainly a deadly poison. It doesn't seem to be easily rid of.

"I'm already fed up with father's debauchery. As a result, after going through an emergency meeting—we finally came to a conclusion. I, Regis will inherit all the rights and authority to Din household for one day. Well in short, father will have to retire from his position for one day." (Regis)

Commotion broke out everywhere.

As I expected, they finally understood what I meant.

But, their realization came too late.

My strategy was already well underway the moment I wasn't thrown out of the arena.

"We hereby declare that, the head of the house of Din today will be me, Regis. — Therefore, I will be the one participating as the contender in this duel." (Regis)

I hadn't missed the moment when Durf fell off his chair on the other side when I said that.

The announcement was immediately followed by an intense booing from the audience.

However, I raised my voice and shouted out loud to suppress the uproar.

"You guys are noisy! This is something concerning my household! Do you have any problems with the decision made by my family, hah?!" (Regis)

All the jeerings instantly subsided.

They were just angry voices of those who didn't even give a damn to the duel.

I could also call this a misplaced anger of a bunch of hooligans.

As I thought, this is how a clamour should be.

"That's why, observer-san, the contender from the house of Din would be me. Will you acknowledge it?" (Regis)

".....If that's the case then, I'll approve of it. Based on Article 4 in the dueling rule which pertains to any additional minor points that determine the dueling method, we have guaranteed that anyone is allowed to participate as long as they comply with the conditions. So there is no problem." (observer)

In response to those words, I wore the knife engraved with the crest of Din by strapping it to my waist.

I'm ready for battle.

Although there were people who were still expressing their dissatisfaction, it no longer has anything to do with me.

The observer's decision is absolute in this place. I was just abiding by the rules.

"Kill him! Stalin, I want you to kill that brat!" (Durf)

Durf was getting excited.

That was quite a fast recovery. He was just dumbfounded a while ago.

It appeared to have hit him that this would be his chance to get rid of me.

He was literally grinning from ear to ear.

That fiend.

"Then I'll be going off." (Regis)

"Please be careful." (Walkins)

"Aa." (Regis)

Shadiverga still appeared to be depressed when I faced behind.

Was the reason given for his one day retirement too much for him to bear?

He needn't pay it any mind actually.

Even in my previous life, my own relatives had exposed my treasured books before.

I was seen as 'filth'. In their eyes, I must have looked like nothing more than a cockroach to them.

So don't cry if it's just at this degree.

On seeing my face, Shadiverga heaved a deep sigh and laughed.

"Regis, take care alright. Don't be reckless." (Shadiverga)

"I got it." (Regis)

".....You are truly my pride, son." (Shadiverga)

"You're a father that I can be proud of." (Regis)

Those words were truly from my heart.

I should go quickly now since the staff was urging me.

Was it because the enemy is a skilled assassin? As an opponent, he seemed to possess a much higher status.

But well, it should be fine.

I have a feeling that I will not lose to anyone now.

I don't plan on losing after staking it in that fight against Walkins.

Passing through a luxurious gate, I entered the ring.

I have fully replenished my magic so I'll be able to go all out to my heart's content.

A masked man equipped with an ominous looking odachi came forth from the other side.

We stood face to face with the observer in between us.

"Yo, I'm your opponent." (Regis)

".....It's laughable. Even that mercenary, couldn't win. Can you even, compete then?" (Stalin)

"It's the opposite. Edgar is stronger than me. In other words, if I can beat you then that would mean that she's far stronger than you."

"....foolish." (Stalin)

After saying so, Stalin shut his mouth and fell silent.

He swayed his sword dauntingly in exchange.

What he was doing might be no more than a bluff.

Nevertheless, I have yet to go through such a training. The ability to display a trick of that degree which would make the opponent falter.

"Then, both party, please take your stance..... Here we go. 3. 2. 1——" (observer)

The observer begun the countdown calmly.

I took in a deep breath.

And, her face closed in to the crystal in an instant, declaring the start of the decisive duel.

"——Begin-!" (observer)

CHAPTER 19

WHICH IS IMPORTANT?

Before I could do anything, Stalin made his move.

In just a blink of an eye, he appeared beside me, viciously swinging his sword right and left.

Nevertheless, I was able to invoke my magic quickly before the sword hit me.

“Orbs of light engulfing the Flame Demon of light, penetrate through and defeat the enemy— 『Gun Fire』 -!!” (Regis)

The fireball shot out of my palm, aiming right at Stalin.

In such close proximity, it would appear to be impossible for him to avoid this attack since he was already in his offensive stance.

That was what I was convinced of, but—

“.....warm” (Stalin)

Stalin ended up receiving the fireball attack on the left odachi.

Thick smoke billowed from where it was hit when he extinguished it, leaving soot stains on the area.

However he didn’t seem to have received any damage from that attack.

Hmm, I was only preoccupied with the incoming attack from his right hand so I had failed to take notice of his other hand.

I guess this guy is able to attack and defend at the same time.

“.....Did you finally understand the reason why I wield two swords?” (Stalin)

He muttered sarcastically.

It was an excellent execution of attack and defence simultaneously using dual wielding style.

On seeing that my movement was delayed due to my chanting, he swung his sword down.

A chorus of enthusiastic voices rang out around the arena.

But I pulled out my knife at that very moment.

Gyin A sharp sound resounded as I parried his sword.

“.....Wha-!?” (Stalin)

“This is what you call parrying. I can acquire this skill too after a sufficient amount of training.” (Regis)

This is the best solution you could use to cover a magician’s weakness.

It would be difficult to invoke the magic a short while after the chant.

As a result, the ability to concentrate will also weaken.

In the meantime, you could endure the enemy’s attack using a melee weapon.

By adopting this strategy, you would not make any blunders even when you go against a swordsman.

“.....as I thought, you are, different than, the usual nobles.” (Stalin)

“Why, thank you.” (Regis)

“.....but, it might be possible that, you have not been taught, the ways to defend against magic.” (Stalin)

“What?” (Regis)

At that moment, an enormous wave of magical energy was discharged from Stalin’s body.

That incantation must have been prepared beforehand.

He stuck out his hand towards me and chanted ominously.

“Dark thunder, torment the weakness of the earth. Let the glittering flash fall hard like strong electric blade—— 『Electron Abyss』 ” (Stalin)

The instant the incantation was recited, huge bolts of lightning flew out from that guy’s body.

Each of the lightning bolts that flew out, came at me like dozens of wriggling tentacles.

The range of that attack was too wide that it couldn’t be completely avoided.

I stiffened my face and head, taking a defensive posture to receive a portion of the

lightning.

“Gu–, it feels numb.” (Stalin)

All the lightning bolts received were diffused and reflected inside my body, stimulating a sense of pain.

Beads of sweat fell off my brow, making me feel unpleasant.

However, lightning magic is also a field in which I am specialized in.

Such a degree of attack would not stop my heart.

Once your offensive skill in that attribute increased, your resistance in that attribute will also increase simultaneously.

It would be dangerous though, if this were either water or earth magic instead.

Nevertheless, there’s no way I can afford to lose to something like lightning after studying the expert level of magic.

On seeing that I was still standing still even after receiving that attack, Stalin clicked his tongue.

“.....obstinate.” (Stalin)

“That’s just how it goes. Besides, it’s my belief to return the favour given by someone.” (Regis)

“.....what?” (Stalin)

“A thunder magic should be something, like this!” (Regis)

I took a stance as if I was dedicating my whole body to the sky.

Then I took a step forward, pushing out the magic power from the entire surface.

“Flash of thunderbolt, pierce through the earth. Pass your heavenly judgement and surge out the evil spirit— 『Bolt Judgement』 –!!” (Regis)

A wave of amplified electricity was transmitted out at an extraordinary speed.

It was an overwhelming sea of thunder.

“....tsk, this is.” (Stalin)

Stalin pulled back in an attempt to avoid it.

However, it would be naive of him if he were to think that this magic could be easily avoided.

As described in the expert level book of magic, it is a genuine high-level magic.

The speciality of this inevitable thunder magic is its speed.

At a lightning speed that one's eyes couldn't even follow, the thunder attack mowed down the assassin's body.

"...Guo-!" (Stalin)

He was blown off as he couldn't endure it.

Stalin who took on a defensive stance was pushed back to the edge of the ring. Unfortunately, his posture broke.

"Alright. Now's the time!" (Regis)

I should deal the decisive blow before he fixed his stance again.

Pointing the knife at his vital point, I rushed towards him with all my might.

However, at that moment, Stalin's body reeled from side to side.

The phenomenon happening looked similar to a heat haze.

It was as though the person standing there was just an illusion.

And then, right before I could press ahead, his body suddenly disappeared.

"...Could it be-!?" (Regis)

I looked around in a hurry.

When did I fall for his trick?

My heart began beating in an unpleasant tempo.

While my being alert, a burning sensation ignited in my back all of a sudden.

".....Giu-!?" (Regis)

Shit! I was slashed!

I writhed around on the ground as I wasn't able to endure the attack.

The assassin looked down at me with a cold gaze.

Seeing that, I tried to get to my feet somehow to resume the attack.

The wound is just shallow.

Nonetheless, that alone seemed sufficient for that guy.

Stalin approached me even though he was wobbling as he walked.

“.....It’s a dazzle magic. Called 『Confubody』 . The backlash is great. Using it excessively is, impossible. But——” (Stalin)

Chakkiri He fixed his grips on both of the odachi again.

The sight of the two swords that were wielded high over his head resembles a Grim Reaper’s scythe.

What the two swords were aiming for, was probably my head.

“.....just once, is enough to kill you.” (Stalin)

Stalin tried to swing down the sword.

I could hear the audience breathing out in relief.

It’s no longer possible to turn the tables anymore from here.

An unexpected result wouldn’t occur after all.

That must be what they were thinking of.

In the midst of all the sighing from the audience, my lips curled into a smile.

“.....explode, 『Cross Blast』 ” (Regis)

The surrounding area turned into a billowing sea of flames at that moment.

If that guy was able to drive me into a corner with a chantless magic, then it was also possible in reverse.

I could also push him into a valley of defeat.

Stalin opened his eyes wide when he saw the activation of the fire magic.

“.....Wha-! On its, own!?” (Stalin)

Yes.

The magic, Cross Blast was invoked with him and me in the center.

The blazing flames scorched the skin and burnt the clothes.

Since the magic was activated by a chantless magic, it wasn't possible to control the level of the heat at all.

But, that guy felt the same pain equally.

From here on, it would just be a test of our endurance.

"You know, I was locked in a sauna before a long time ago." (Regis)

".....? What are you talking about?" (Stalin)

"Well just listen. Even though I was still inside, the cleaner locked up the door." (Regis)

It was during the time when I was up the whole night on my PC.

I was one of the abnormally rare man in this modern world who managed to obtain the license to a fantastic game and spent the whole night playing it.

It was interesting. The ending made my tears flow all over.

Then, early the next morning.

To refresh myself, I visited a sauna that was experiencing a sharply declining patronage.

That was the time when it happened.

Due to my negligence, I ended up falling asleep in the sauna.

It was a very deep sleep that rarely occurs in one's life.

I was the biggest fool since that act itself was comparable to suicide.

So it wasn't really the fault of the cleaner.

Nevertheless, he should have at least confirmed that the sauna was empty before locking the door.

If this were to have persisted for a little longer, it would have led to an accidental death.

Well, this was not what I really wanted to tell him anyway.

"It was very hot inside. Not to mention, there was one old man with me before I fell asleep. He happened to love sweating it out in a sauna with exceedingly high temperature. After using up all the water in the bucket, he went back. So, when I finally woke up in the afternoon, the temperature I felt at that time was already comparable to the feeling of being grilled alive on an iron plate." (Regis)

That was because, that old man is someone who adjusted the heat only as he enters the sauna.

Any ordinary person who were to accompany him might've gone through a near-death experience in that temperature.

As a result, I became frightened of being cooped up in an enclosed space.

The moment I recalled that memory, I could feel laughter welling up inside me. It was pathetic.

"In the end, I became dehydrated and was taken to the medical center instantly. How much later do you think it was when I was finally rescued?" (Regis)

".....how should I know." (Stalin)

"It was after 38 hours." (Regis)

"....." (Stalin)

"That was because, the day after that was something like a holiday. The employees and manager had switched off everything, neglecting me who was still inside. It was later exposed that it was actually a no good shop that has committed accounting fraud and it went out of business after. In a sense, I was grateful——" (Regis)

We stood in the middle of the blazing flames.

Then I fixed my eyes on him.

"I'll show you the limits of my endurance." (Regis)

".....nonsense." (Stalin)

He might have spat that line out but, the heat appeared to be affecting him considerably too.

Despite the amount of time he has spent in his combat training, there was still no way he could've withstand this condition.

I was a useless NEET in my previous life.

I spent my days living like trash and died as trash too.

But there is one thing about myself that I am proud of.

I have an abnormally high pain tolerance and endurance.

This level of heat meant nothing to me.

On hearing that confident declaration, Stalin laughed through his nose.

Then, he pointed to his own clothes, hoping to worsen my despair.

“.....it’s, regrettable. I am equipped with, 『Burning Flame Dragonscale Armour』 . It was something, that was ripped off another family. Made of high grade materials. A first class goods. Not only is it light, it is also capable of, blocking out intense heat from lightning, and fire.” (Stalin)

“Is there even such a thing?” (Regis)

“.....that’s the difference of power, in which we belong to. It’s not something that, a fallen noble like you, can prepare.” (Stalin)

I see.

It was no wonder that the thunder magic earlier didn’t seem to be that effective.

He was wearing such high-performance armour.

In other words, even in this heat endurance competition, he would be the one in a much more advantageous position.

I would definitely lose now if we were to compete in it.

It might have been a miscalculation on my part.

Stalin seemed to be sneering at me behind his mask.

However, I’ll give him a payback for his mockery too.

“So? I didn’t create this sea of fire just so we could have a sauna endurance competition.” (Regis)

“.....Hmph, then what are you planning on—” (Stalin)

Stalin scoffed.

But, he appeared startled after surveying the surrounding.

Being encircled by blazing fire, there was no other choice for him than to move forward.

Even when he cast a furtive glance behind, what awaited him was a wall of scorching flame.

Moreover, I was also in the midst of chanting before his eyes.

That was when Stalin finally realized my true intention in creating the fire.
Yes. My real motive in this suicidal action was to limit his movements.

“Orbs of light engulfing the Flame Demon of light, penetrate through and defeat the enemy— 『Gun Fire』 -!” (Regis)



After taking careful aim at Stalin, I threw the ball of flame.
Even though he tried to guard against the attack immediately, he ended up missing the real target.
There was no way he could distinguish the small fireball that was hidden inside the big ball of flame on the spur of the moment.

The best place to conceal a tree would be in a forest.
So the best place to conceal the fire would be inside the flame itself.

Thus, the highly concentrated magic that I have launched then hit the guy.
Moreover, the place that was hit was an area that was unprotected by the armour.
To be more specific, it was the only exposed region on his body. His face.

“.....Gu, guooooooooo!” (Stalin)

Even though his voice was muffled, he certainly did raise a cry.
The attack earlier has hit the vital point.
In addition, the recoil received was great since it was a critical hit.
I chanted once again to prepare for another attack.

“Orbs of light engulfing the Flame Demon of light——” (Regis)

Stalin ran away desperately the instant I started my chanting and regained his posture immediately.
Even though the attack earlier should have put an end to this, his recovery was far too fast.

I couldn't hide my surprise at the reaction that he gave too.

"F-Fast-.....!" (Regis)

"....I can guard my face, with just one hand. I can still use, the other one, to kill. If the area here, is not targeted, I can fully withstand, this level of flame." (Stalin)

I see.

So he was bracing himself to receive some injuries whilst aiming to kill me.

Considering that he was able to reach that decision in that instant, I could tell that he is a skilled assassin.

"Penetrate through and defeat the enemy—" (Regis)

My magic would be activated after another word.

However, he should be able to endure it completely.

As one would expect from the one who was famous for working behind the scenes in the Imperial City.

There is a possibility that the same mistake would be repeated again but, could I execute my power without making a blunder?

Nonetheless, when it comes to the number of repeated mistakes committed, mine exceeded twice the norm.

So, what should be done so I would not fail again?

Conversely, how can I catch the enemy off guard?

How can I escape from the hunter's influence in particular?

I was supposed to be well-informed of it more than anyone else.

I cancelled off my 『Gun Fire』 stance and refined a new pose.

At that moment, Stalin's face twitched.

He seemed to have noticed my intention.

"—I cancelled it" (Regis)

"....Wha-, you. What are you planning-!" (Stalin)

"Demon's blood overflowing my body, turn the flame into a blazing Hellfire—" (Regis)

This is a ridiculously powerful fire magic.

Stalin guarded his face with one of his hand.

He seemed to be convinced that he would be able to receive it if only it were a small fireball.

But it would be a joke, if he were to think that he could receive this magic with such defence.

I'll let your body get a taste of it.

A super condensed hellfire-!

“—eat this, 『Astral Fire』 -!” (Regis)

The flames that were shot out hit Stalin directly in his face.

It was a scene of utter fiery cruelty.

It wouldn't be possible for him to resume his attack after receiving that thing directly.

“.....Ga, gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” (Stalin)

He screamed at the top of his lungs, paying no mind to the audience anymore.

Collapsing to the floor, he struggled desperately.

However that is an inextinguishable flame.

That's the kind of magic it is.

It's a magic that consumes a stupidly large amount of power.

It certainly pays the price as an 『Everlasting Flame』 .

It is my arch-nemesis, and also my first ever acquired magic that made me experience the most tormenting backlash.

This magic gave me a strong headache and made me feel nauseous even now.

Nevertheless, something like this will not make me give up.

I should deal a fatal blow here.

I tightened my grip on the knife and approached Stalin who was suffering on the ground.

That was when it happened.

(.....Hear this, child of the fallen.)

A voice resounded directly in my brain.

It was coincidentally the same voice as the one suffering on the ground right now.

But Stalin shouldn't be in the condition to be able to do this now.

I realized who it was instantly.

".....is this, Stalin's counterpart?" (Regis)

It was the person who had attacked and inflicted a serious injury upon Shadiverga.

I drove him away after that with my thunder magic though.

So you appeared again, just as I expected.

(.....Cancel off that flame, immediately. This is an order.)

(Haa? Are you making fun of me!?)

Even though I tried to answer, there was no reply coming from the other side.

Apparently it wasn't possible to reply from my end since this was just a 『Telepathy』 .¹

I had thought of reconnecting it again using Mega Telepathy since there seemed to be a serious meaning underlying the message earlier.

It didn't seem as if Stalin would be revived anytime soon too.

Although, I should just listen to it without being provoked by whatever that he intended to say.

(.....Look up, the audience seating overhead, on the right. I am, there.)

When I looked up the arena as instructed, I found a man in black, in the shadow of a pillar.

There's no doubt about it. It was the same assassin who tried to kill Shadiverga that time.

My lips twitched the moment I sighted that guy.

The reason being, what the guy was holding in his hand was—

(.....this is, the house of Jirgens', proof of inheritance. In addition, it seems to be, a

symbol of bond, with the house of Din. That fallen noble. This degree is fine, I'll be using, this knife then.)

After saying so, he applied pressure on the knife's handle with both hands.

Though the craftsmanship of the knife might be excellent, it is not something meant to be used in combat.

The knife will be broken immediately if he were to do that.

I could feel the temperature of my body soaring up high.

(.....If you don't cancel off, that fire magic, I'll break this, right now.)

"Wha-!" (Regis)

(.....Make your choice. If you win, I'll break the bond, between the fallen noble, and that filthy noble)

This is too despicable.

I looked away from that guy and glared at Durf.

Durf laughed when our gaze met.

He pointed at me as if he was making fun of me with the noble beside him.

As I thought, that guy was the main culprit.

He is seriously someone without an ounce of shame. He was making fun of me and was getting a kick out of this by pulling this underhanded method to defeat me.

"Regis, is there something wrong? Are you injured!?" (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga tried to encourage me at that moment.

It might be the wrong time for him to do this but, it didn't seem like a bad time too.

I am currently facing a serious dilemma.

Walkins, who was standing beside Shadiverga, looked at me anxiously as she prayed.

—Ah, that's right!

This is not a task that can be handed to her.

I aligned my sight with Shadiverga and chanted the invocation.

(.....Magic deployment)

I connected it to Shadiverga's image, enabling me to send my magic to him.
I chanted in my brain following that.

(.....Come forth from my body, make your appearance, the circuit of magic— 『Mega Telepathy』)

The line was connected after some noises.
He seemed to have noticed certain changes to himself.
He covered his ears, so as not to miss it.
Well, what he was doing was pointless though.

(Hey father.)
(.....Aa, so I can speak with you like this. Magic sure is convenient. So, what's up Regis?
You couldn't make your decision?)
(No well, there is something that I want to know. Can you answer me?)
(.....What is it?)

The tension in his face grew.
Though the question might sound unpleasant, I relayed it to him slowly.
I did it earnestly. Since this is something important.

(—Me or Jirgens' knife. Which is important?)

(You)

(.....eh?)

The answer was immediate.
Shadiverga replied before I could finish my words.

I became dumbfounded that my mouth dropped ajar.
Shadiverga replied naturally as if the answer was plain from the start.

(Didn't you hear me? It's you. I'm saying that you're much more important than the knife which is the symbol of bond between me and Sefina.)

(But, isn't it a symbol of unity between the house of Din and the house of Jirgens?)

(That's right. But you know, Regis? Sefina and I are of the same opinion.)

(.....About what?)

(Any parent who abandoned their child for a knife, is not an adult whom a child can be proud of)

(.....)

I became silent without realizing it.

I see.

There was no hesitation at all. He declared it sincerely.

While I was smiling bitterly in my heart, Shadiverga continued.

Even though the voice sounded gentle, it was overflowed with his pride as a father.

(Besides, if you're talking about the symbol of unity, you're one of them too.)

(Eh?)

(You're a child born to me and Sefina. Regis Din. Regardless of how one might call it, aren't you a symbol of unity between the house of Din and the house of Jirgens as well?)

(.....That's true.)

What he had just said made me happy.

Even I would be embarrassed if something like this was told to my face.

As I was ruminating on Shadiverga's words, I received another words of encouragement.

(That's all. Whatever that you plan to do, will be forgiven. Sefina will definitely permit it too. —Win this, Regis!)

(Aa. Thank you. Father.)

I cut off Mega Telepathy.

I have received the motivation.

Most importantly, I'm really glad to be that person's son.

My hesitation disappeared too.

Only I could present my answer here, after this.

“.....Now.” (Regis)

I glared at the assassin amidst the spectators.

Did you think I will succumb to such intimidation?

Besides, now that such suggestion has been brought up, all my preparations are in order.

The next step would be to just set it in motion.

I glanced at Shadiverga for a split second before declaring it with all my heart.

He gave me a thumbs up as he smiled.

Aa, I got it.

I will answer to your expectation.

Just watch how your son overcomes the enemy.

I took a deep breath.

Then I expressed my will in a voice loud enough to reverberate through the arena.

“—— 『Astral Fire』 , cancel-!” (Regis)

Shadiverga tumbled off his seat in that instant.

CHAPTER 20

CONCLUSION

Eh.....What the devil are you doing?

I could hear these voices coming from the audience's heart.

Even those who were rooting for Durf appeared to be dumbfounded with their mouths agape.

The flame that tormented Stalin disappeared.

He threw off his burnt armour and stood up.

Even though he did say that it was resistant to fire, it appeared to have certain limits too, if it was set ablaze directly.

No matter how you look at it, the armour that was made from the supposedly high-quality materials had become damaged.

With this, the endurance competition had become even.

That said, the enemy's chance of success was probably the one that had increased.

"W-What in the world are you doing, Regis!?" (Shadiverga)

"....." (Regis)

Shadiverga cried out in a fluster.

There were no changes in Walkins expression as she had her hands clasped together. Stalin readied his swords again.

The moment I stood myself facing that guy, the voice resounded in my head once more.

(.....Don't resist. I'll return this knife to your father-dono, once you die.)

Ah, just as I thought.

He would be using that knife to threaten me until I am killed.

Did you two plan this in advance?

Stalin swung his sword at me, but I accepted that strike without avoiding it.

As a result, in addition to the severe impact, I received a slash on the left side of my

stomach.

“.....Ga-, gu-” (Regis)

A burning sensation.

My nerves felt as if they were burnt.

But I would not succumb to such an attack.

I stood upright immediately.

On looking at my state, a sense of anxiousness could be seen in Stalin's eyes.

“.....This is the end. Face your despair in the underworld, fallen noble.” (Stalin)

Chakkiri He clashed his swords together and began chanting.

That must be a magic that would be impossible to deal with.

The sense of despair I felt earlier came back once again.

“.....The flash from the prison feast that drove me to madness. The Dark God of Ugliness dwelling in the two swords—— 『Chaos Stroke』 ” (Stalin)

The outline of his figure became blurry.

I tried my best to focus hard, but it didn't seem to work regardless.

It was completely fuzzy, just like a mirage.

Stalin then came at me with his swords.

But, I didn't try to resist.

If I were to strike back right now, everything would be wasted.

He swung his sword horizontally at me, aiming for my neck.

I didn't want to end my life though, so all I took was an evasive movement.

But, it wouldn't be possible to completely avoid his slash.

A skilled mercenary would not be able to see through this attack.

Even more so for someone like me who didn't have much experience in close combat.

The attack ended up hitting the area around my collarbone.

The sharp pain I felt was far worse than the last one.

As expected, I couldn't endure it, causing a groan to escape my lips.

"...Gu, gua" (Regis)

I collapsed to the ground as is and climbed to my feet immediately after.

However, the sword was already waiting there for me.

I am going to be killed.

The moment that sense of death crept into my mind—

"Seaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

It was howl that sounded like a mad dog, loud enough to even wake the dead.

That gallant yell didn't seem to have come from the ring, but—

"Edgar Christanval, at your service!"

A loud crashing sound could be heard simultaneously with the voice.

Four rows of the audiences' seats seemed to be destroyed, and screams arose from the people in the vicinity.

The sudden entry of the intruder had broken the silence of the hall.

The sneaky assassin who had taken my family's knife as hostage was blown off to the end of the hall.

But he was quick in resuming his posture.

He stood up in an instant, and glared at Edgar.

"...Tch, a surprise attack?" (Assassin)

"You guys were the ones who had attempted the assassination. Don't tell me that you're going to say that it was cowardly of me?" (Edgar)

"...Bitch, can't you see this knife here?" (Assassin)

"Aa, it's a pretty knife. It even made me feel like taking it as is." (Edgar)

Edgar smiled provokingly.

At that time, a knife with a flashy decoration could be seen in her hand.

Then she hid it again with a calm expression on her face.

On seeing that, the assassin's eyes widened in shock.

“...T-That’s impossible. The knife should be here—” (Assassin)

The item in your hand...

When did you swap it?

That must be what he was thinking.

My thoughts appeared to have been proven correct when he started examining the knife in his hand in a hurry.

However, Jirgen’s knife was indeed still in his possession.

At that moment, a small shadow overcast him.

“Thank you for dropping your guard.” (Edgar)

Her voice sounded so cold that even the air around seemed to shudder.

Edgar subsequently threw her knife at him with all her might.

The assassin flinched back in that instant.

Naturally, he couldn’t avoid it.

The sharp knife pierced into the area around his right shoulder.

“...Guaa! You bitch!!” (Assassin)

Nevertheless, could it be that he was already used to the feeling of pain?

Even though he had a grimace on his face, he pulled the knife out of his shoulder.

It would actually be a fatal injury for someone who fights with dual sword.

That knife was, in fact, the cheap copy I bought when I first came to the Imperial City. If you were to disregard the family crest engraved on the original knife, both knives look exactly the same.

In order to create the opening for her, I handed it to Edgar in advance.

“This is not the end. Here I go!” (Edgar)

Edgar whipped out a straight sword while the assassin silently pulled out a knife in response.

Right and left. One standing on each side.

It was exactly the same as when Shadiverga was attacked.

He was supposed to have injured his right shoulder, yet you wouldn't be able to tell it at all, from the way he carried himself.

There was not a single opening in his stance, as he glared at Edgar.

"...Do you think, you can win? Considering that, you're a fool, who can't even beat my brother." (Assassin)

"Hou? Then, does that mean that you're stronger than your brother?" (Edgar)

"...Of course. I was supposed to be the one, who should be participating in this duel. But, I had to leave it to my brother, due to this pointless injury of my body." (Assassin)

The assassin proclaimed.

Stalin is currently holding his sword to my neck.

It appeared that the power that he has hidden, is stronger than this guy.

By the way, Stalin is looking towards the audience seats in silence now.

I guess he must have thought that he could kill me anytime he wanted.

He was observing the situation while holding the sword close to my neck.

"...Someone hindering? But, just watch. My younger brother, will shatter your hopes." (Stalin)

Ah, so that's how it was.

Reinforcement had come so my confidence was supposed to have soared up.

But, are you trying to give me a short-lived elation by making me see all these?

Then, after looking at me condescendingly when I have fallen into despair, you would kill me subsequently?

There was no way my younger brother would lose to Edgar.

That must be what he was thinking of.

That confidence of his must have come from his past results.

Stalin brothers.

Even if the younger brother is defeated, the older brother is still around. Even if the

older brother is defeated, the younger brother will take revenge.
I am well-aware of the danger posed by that coordination.

The audience seats were in a state of chaos.
Nobles could be seen scrambling for safety, colliding into one another in the process as they tried to escape from the two people.
Their current condition reminded me of a dozen baby spiders scurrying around.
What happened to all that noble pride that you guys had always been flaunting?

Edgar seemed to have the same thought as me.
She chuckled when she noticed the pandemonium that was breaking out around her,
Then, she looked at the assassin with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

“Well then, shall we have a match?” (Edgar)
“I’ve said it before. I cannot afford to waste my time, for a maggot like you, who couldn’t even win against my brother.” (Assassin)
“You’re free to say whatever you want. Besides, whoever said that I was actually serious in that underground match the last time? I made a blunder at that time, but I will show you my real power now. —I will certainly be serious.” (Edgar)
“...Hmph. Then show me what you’ve got.” (Assassin)

The assassin drew close to her with a quick movement.
He then swung his knife with the half-injured side of his body.
Edgar avoided it by a hair’s breadth.
Then she jumped behind, taking a distance from him.

The assassin began charging at her again.
But, before he could do that, Edgar activated her magic.

“Burst open the flame of sword, pierce through the sky. Burning fire pass through the crimson wedge — 『Enchantment Fire』 ” (Edgar)

At that instant, the flames that burst out could be seen enveloping her straight sword.
Possibly because Edgar had used quite a high firepower, the fire clad sword erupted into a pillar of fire.
Her eyes became like those of a mad dog, looking extremely violent.

The last time she invoked this magic, she was using a sword cane.
And she was using a sword cane as her weapon, too, when she fought against Stalin previously.

But, it is different now.

What Edgar is currently wielding, is a huge straight sword.

It was probably something that was used when she was a mercenary.

Despite the difference in size between her stature and the length of the sword, she was swinging it without any trouble.

What a ridiculous strength!

I wonder if she had recalled the time when she was working as a mercenary. A warlike smile suddenly floated across her face.

On the other hand, the assassin sneered at her.

“...Just a deceptive appearance. The attack power of the sword itself remains the same.” (Assassin)

“What’s more, a high enchantment magic—-” (Edgar)

“...What!?” (Assassin)

Edgar raised her sword high over her head.

She gave off an intimidating feeling as if she was going to slash the sword as is.

Then she started chanting an especially powerful incantation in that state.

“Come forth the God of Flames, I wish to protect oneself. Repel all the wickedness from this one sword—- 『Holy Burster』 !!!”

All the flames released were gathered in the sword.

The pillar of fire enveloping the sword that erupted earlier shone red.

In the end, the sweltering heat with unthinkable high density subsequently dwelt in that huge sword.

What had happened made her look as if she was brandishing a treasure sword made of red jewels.

The appearance of Edgar was like that of a fire spirit, giving off a mysterious feeling.

The remaining spectators who had not fled earlier, raised a cry and started running about, trying to escape.

In the midst of all the screaming, Edgar raised her spirit.

“Here I go! Vanish from my sight!” (Edgar)

“You son of a bitch. For you to have released that much of flames—” (Assassin)

A hellfire emanated from the huge sword.

Just looking at that intensely burning flame seemed to hurt my eyes.

The assassin unconsciously took a step back.

However, Edgar was faster than him.

It took her only a split second to move close to him and swing her sword down.

The assassin tried to defend against the attack once more with both knives.

But, such weapons would not be able to stop the attack.

The materials used to form the knife itself were melted by the heat, shattering the knife’s blade and the sword was swung right at the assassin without any resistance.

—A seemingly explosive sound resounded through the arena.

“.....Gu, guaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

The upper body of the assassin was slashed.

He was probably wearing the same heat resistant armour as Stalin.

Nonetheless, the armour was tragically burnt into nothingness, literally, revealing only his bare skin.

It seemed that he had barely survived that attack.

Unfortunately, he was trapped by the flames in the audience seat, unable to move anywhere.

He had received the attack, yet he still lives.

It would seem that he has a terrific vitality.

But the outcome of the fight had been decided.

There was a look of fatigue on Edgar’s face after unleashing that single unexpected blow.

She breathed out in relief on looking at the collapsed assassin.

“.....I have cut off your tendons. You will not be able to work as an assassin anymore. It's just as act of killing each other so don't think too badly of me.” (Edgar)

She cancelled the magic and put away her sword.

Then she approached the assassin and picked up a blade.

It was a knife with luxurious looking decorations, which is also the symbol of bond between the house of Jirgens and the house of Din.

After retrieving the knife, Edgar faced towards me and shouted.

“—That guy is the only one left! Go and win this, Regis!” (Edgar)

A reliable word of encouragement.

That's right. I don't need to hold back anymore.

I clenched my knife firmly.

At that moment, a metallic sound could be heard from my neck.

I could hear someone clicking his tongue above me simultaneously.

“...Tsk. That brother of mine. I don't want to think that I'm born from the same womb as that trash.” (Stalin)

“.....” (Regis)

“.....Well whatever. This match's victory will be mine, once I kill you. Die this time, boy.” (Stalin)

“Hey, you know.” (Regis)

That was when I butted in.

What did this person say just now?

Even though I wasn't too concern about the human relation of other people, those words made me feel highly irritated.

I was no longer able to tolerate what he said anymore.

Stalin tilted his head at my words.

“....What is it? Last words?” (Stalin)

“There’s just something that I wanted to ask you. What is a family to you?” (Regis)
“...Just another person. We’re getting along, since our interest coincide, to keep on living.” [Stalin]
“You’re a shallow bastard, aren’t you?” (Regis)
“...Hmph. What are you, trying to say?” (Stalin)

Stalin distorted his eyebrows.

Why did I become the object of your scorn? You must be wondering about that.
Even for someone like me, who has spent my life living like garbage, understands the importance of my family.

But, what about you, Stalin?

“There’s nothing in particular. Perhaps, regardless of what I have to say, we’ll never reach a mutual understanding.” (Regis)

The memory of my sister’s face suddenly rushed unexpectedly into my mind.
She was someone dear to me.

I had wanted to become someone who appears more honourable in front of her.
Nevertheless, before I could do that, my existence had already ceased to exist in that world.

I don’t want to taste the same sense of loss again.

“—That’s why, I’ll defeat you and protect my family.” (Regis)

“...That so? Then just embrace your own illusions, and I’ll send you to the afterlife as is.” (Stalin)

“Can you even hit me? With that sword of yours?” (Regis)

“...What?” (Stalin)

He gazed at me suspiciously.

The flames from the astral fire spell had disappeared, and I am currently on the brink of being killed any second.

In truth, this guy should have killed me at his first opportunity.

However, he ended up watching his brother’s fight against Edgar leisurely, instead of dealing the decisive blow.

Just watch.

Even though we were fighting in a place where the force of the fire was weak, the flames from Cross Blast had spread close to us now.

The heat wouldn't pose any danger to his life, but this element alone was more than sufficient for me.

The final stage of the match is sweet, so I should bare my fangs this way.

In order to put an end to his life, I took a side step.

Having noticed my movement, Stalin made a horizontal swipe with his odachi.

At that instant, I bent my knees just a little, evading the attack by swaying to one side. The sword wound up passing by overhead, with just a small gap in between.

"...What the heck!?" (Stalin)

"It's the effect of heat haze. Due to the temperature here, the refraction of light is simulated." (Regis)

After getting out of range of the sword attack, I took a fighting stance once again with my knife.

One wrong step and he would end up on fire. Did he think he could easily swing his sword around as usual when we were surrounded by flames?

At the very least, it would not be possible for him to land a hit on a moving target in this kind of condition.

Even my knife wouldn't be useful in this state.

By chance, even if I do manage to land a hit, it would only be a minor graze.

We were not in a place whereby we could easily hit the vital points.

The damage I might inflict would be far from defeating him.

That was the reason why, I had not been fully using my knife to fight until now.

I reduced the impact of Cross Blast on me by escaping to another position.

And the time has come.

Now is the time for me to activate the decisive magic for this match.

"You might die if I were to end up striking your vital spot, so it's best if you were to defend yourself." (Regis)

“...Quit, bullshitting!” (Stalin)

Stalin tried to close in the distance.

However, the flames around obstructed his path, preventing him from reaching me directly.

On noticing his intention, I forced the magic power out from my whole body.

I began chanting in one breath, pushing all my dormant magic powers to the surface.

“Break the Heaven and Earth strike. Let the pole star fall all the way till it reaches the core — 『Meteor Breaker』 !” (Regis)

Due to the wind’s pressure, the flames became even more intense.

At this very minute, I had consumed all my magic power just to invoke this magic.

It is a magic that both Edgar and this guy are good at. An 『enchantment magic』 .

Even among those type of magic, this spell, in particular, is an exceedingly hard to learn top level magic from the 『Expert Edition』 .

I had not only exhausted all my magic power during training, but also suffered severe pain as though my body was being crushed.

I wouldn’t have mastered it, if it weren’t for the fact that I had repeated that process over and over again.

Indeed, truth to be told, there were numerous times when I had lost my consciousness.

I wonder how many times I almost died while I was training with Walkins.

Even those who research enchantment magic tend to shy away from this spell.

If I had not mastered that yesterday, I would’ve been tortured by an acute pain today in this match.

I was glad that I was able to make it in the nick of time.

This magic would abnormally strengthen one’s body.

It would convert all magic power in the body into power, and discharged them through physical attacks.

However, the amount of risk faced might not actually be worth the price.

It was an extremely absurd magic.

But, even so, that was why...

It was a magic most suitable for me.

“—With this, I’ll, defeat you!” (Regis)

My tongue got tangled up.

My arms became numb.

It felt as if my head was splitting into two, and there was an intense pain in my stomach, as though it was being knocked around like a sandbag.

It seemed that, among those who had used this magic, there were people who ended up dying due to the aftereffect too.

But, it wasn’t as bad as that ‘illness’ I had.

This was nothing compared to what I had suffered through in my previous life.

I successfully activated it and stared at Stalin after.

Was my form frightening to him? His eyes were opened wide in shock.

“...You, in that state—” (Stalin)

“Here I go.” (Regis)

“...Ku!” (Stalin)

Stalin tried to retreat.

However, he was blocked off by a wall of fire behind which he would only find death.

He was literally surrounded by a sea of flames.

Well, I had spent an extraordinary amount of magic power and invoked Cross Blast earlier.

Although it wasn’t a high-level magic, it could barricade the ring with a wall of fire.

Back, then right and left.

There was no place for him to escape.

Did he finally give up? Stalin faced himself to the front again.

I gradually approached him while gathering an enormous power in my body.

Upon noticing me drawing close to him, Stalin’s face twitched.

A strong sense of death.

I could understand it well since I was also hovering between life and death. It was an instinct.

He became frozen stiff by fear.

“You can’t seem to move, can you? I have been waiting a long time for this.” (Regis)

“...D-Don’t come close!” (Stalin)

“This is a good opportunity. I’ll have to pay you, and your master back.” (Regis)

“.....Stop iiiitttttttt!!” (Stalin)

Stalin started charging in at me.

He was at a loss on what to do, but he had finally decided to attack.

He raised the odachi over his head, hoping to take my life.

In return, I thrust my knife out.

As a result, my knife stabbed into Stalin’s abdomen as his whole his sword grazed the area around my chest.

This is it.

It was the time for me to release the power that was reinforced by Meteor Breaker all at once.

“—Eat this! Meteor Breakeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!” (Regis)

I transferred all the power charged into the knife that was pierced into him, and raised it again with all my might.

Hereupon, his legs floated up into the air, and the raging flames in the area enveloped his body like tentacles, consuming his flesh.

With just a single knife, I lifted Stalin up into the air.

Even though his body was penetrated by the knife and he was being burnt by the flames, he still had slight consciousness.

As if he was trying to put up his last struggle, he relentlessly scraped my cheek with the sword in his hand.

But, it was of no meaning since there wasn’t much force in the attack.

That was, his last attack.

I turned towards Durf and glared at him.

A grievous look of pain that puts me on the brink of death in the fight was portrayed on my face.

But, how might it look like in his eyes?

Durf could be seen trembling in the audience seat, mumbling in fright.

What am I going to do now?

That was probably what he was saying.

He suddenly cried out at me with a shaky voice.

“S-Stop! Stop it!!” (Durf)

“Stop what?” (Regis)

“I’ll admit that it’s my loss! J-Just don’t do it!” (Durf)

“...Do you think I can accept that?” (Regis)

I replied coldly.

Upon hearing my response, he broke out in cold sweat and shouted in a shrill voice.

“...Okay, I got it! I will give up on Walkins. You can do whatever you want to that trash.

S-So, that’s why—-” (Durf)

“Shut the fuck up. It’s too late for you to say that.

Father was seriously injured because of you.

Walkins felt unpleasant because of you.

Edgar’s shop was destroyed because of you.

And, you seriously irritate me—-” (Regis)

Thereupon, I cut off my words momentarily.

I took in a deep breath to prepare for my next words.

At that moment, I released all the resentment held up inside me, and shouted my lungs out.

“—I’ll have you compensate everything you humongous piggggggggggggg!!!” (Regis)

“H-Hiyyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” (Durf)



Durf tumbled off the audience seat.

He looked around in panic to seek help from his attendants, but they had already made their getaway before him.

No one had stayed by his side.

This was the so-called trust acquired with money and greed.

It was extremely fragile and easily broken.

No one cared to help him when he fell into a predicament.

He should understand that much himself.

He must have given us the trouble despite knowing it.

“Uooooooooooooooooooooo!”

I took a strong step forward, with all the power in my body.

Deep cracks spread out, like ripples, on the ground where my foot landed due to the strength of the impact.

After giving Stalin the finishing blow by striking him with my knife with all my might, I flung him instantly by applying the centrifugal force.

In a split second, the shadow of a flying human figure could be seen blocking off the rays from the sun.

Stalin’s body soared at a momentum that made it look as if he was swallowed up by the sun, and then flew faster towards a certain point.

Yes. Where the body was heading to, was towards Durf who was screaming as he was trapped by the wall behind him.

Just before he received the direct hit, the employees let out a cry—

“Hig-gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

A crushing sound loud enough to shake the very earth could be heard after an ugly cry echoed through the arena.

The ring creaked, and a cloud of smoke billowed up from the audience seats.

The attendants in the surroundings got involved in it too, resulting in a loud blast.

The nobles nearby, on the other hand, hadn't raise a single cry.
All they did was to merely hold their breath at the sight before them, as if what had taken place at that moment shouldn't have been possible.

The instant the smoke cleared, a tragic scene unfolded before my eyes.
Stalin could be seen in a miserable state, looking like a crushed insect at the audience seat.

He seemed to be still alive.
However, his lungs and ribs were probably all crushed now.
He seemed to have coughed out a huge amount of blood as he lay there as is, couldn't make any movement at all.

The one in the most severe state was Durf.
He had received a direct hit from Stalin, who was thrown there at super speed, and wound up getting caught in between the wall and Stalin.
I wonder if all the bones in his body were broken. He was merely lying upside down on the ground in a tragic state.
But, by the looks of it, he seemed to have preserved just his life due to his thick lump of fat.

But, that body fat of his was the one that had created this disaster.
The moment his body came in contact with Stalin's body that was still ablaze, Durf's body burst into flames.
Even as he was losing his consciousness, he was still being consumed by the hellfire.

A group of personnel had immediately brought water over to douse the fire, but he had suffered substantial burns.
His already ugly face became even more badly distorted.

Nevertheless, that condition of his didn't arouse any sympathy from me.
He reaped what he sowed.
It was a retribution fit for someone like Durf who had been scheming time and again.

There was just one thing that I would like to say to that guy.
I faced towards the audience seat and spat my words out calmly.

“Carve that wound into your body for the rest of your life. And let it remind you again when you try committing another crime. In this world, there are certain group of people whom you shouldn’t opposed to.” (Regis)

The observer who had evacuated the ring in the midst of the chaos came back. What greeted her sight was Stalin, who was rendered incapable of fighting anymore, and me, who was still in the ring, standing on my own two feet. Having seen these, she made a loud declaration.

“Horgos’ representative is incapable of fighting anymore, and the representative of the house of Din does not have the intention to pursue as well. Based on the stipulation of Article 4 in the dueling rule pertaining to any additional minor points that determine the dueling method, it is impossible to continue this match. Therefore, due to the abandonment of the match, the victory goes to the house of Din!” (observer)

At that moment, the arena erupted into tumultuous screams and cheers.

The upper rank nobles who had been receiving favours from Durf were furious. In contrast, the surrounding nobles who had been harassed by Durf before were singing praises to me. A great sense of comfort permeated me when the shouts of jeerings and praises pelted my cheeks one after another.

My gaze suddenly landed on Edgar. When my eyes met hers, she gave me a thumbs-up. She looked worn out, but the injuries on her body didn’t seem to be serious. I smiled back at her and turned towards Shadiverga.

On noticing me looking at him, he just nodded in silence. He must had believed in me. Walkins who was standing next to him looked so pleased and overwhelmed, she had tears in her eyes.

The enchantment magic was taught by her. I might be in peril if it wasn’t for that magic.

Walkins had splendidly responded to my unreasonable request in wanting to master that in just three days.

I nodded in response when she looked at me bashfully.

In the end, I turned my gaze upward towards the sky.

The endless sky above reflected in my eyes.

If you were to try reaching out for it, it might look as if it is within your grasp. But, it is actually an existence that is too far to reach.

I pulled out the knife and raised it to the sky.

The rays from the sun that landed on the surface made the knife give off a strong glitter.

An engraving of a silver sword and a gold shield.

This is our crest.

I raised the knife higher with one conviction in mind.

This was so other nobles could see it.

Even if we are fallen nobles, we could still emerge as the champion.

The reflected light illuminated the whole arena.

Needless to say, what had caused this to occur was only one thing.

I slowly looked up.

The crest of Din was shining brilliantly there, as if it was promising us the prosperity of Din's family from now on.

CHAPTER 21

THE REUNION OF TWO PEOPLE

The moment I cancelled out Cross Blast, exhaustion swept over me.
I had done something incredibly rash.
I breathed heavily as I knelt on the ground.

When I looked up towards the audience seats, seventy percent of the nobles appeared displeased.
But, this was not the end.
Rather, the best part would begin from here.

The observer who was standing in the ring, waited for Horgos' representative to come over.
...However, Durf, the assassin brothers, as well as most of the attendants were carried off somewhere at the speed of light.

It was probably so that the magicians could carry on with healing, using their recovery spells.
Rather, did the kingdom assign any magicians for that?

I strapped the knife back onto my waist and tried to get up.
Possibly because a sense of fatigue had attacked my feet, I ended up staggering unintentionally.

“...Uoo, whoops” (Regis)

I collapsed backwards, but someone supported me from behind as I keeled over.
A gentle vanilla ice-cream-like aroma greeted my nose.
Without even needing to turn around, I could tell that it was Walkins.

“Regis-sama, thanks for your hard work.” (Walkins)
“Oh, did you see it? My gallant figure.” (Regis)
“Yes. You have a very reliable back.” (Walkins)

As she said so, she hugged me tightly from behind.

I could feel embarrassment surging through me, but the sense of security that permeated me was far stronger.

Shadiverga walked towards us as the maid lent me her shoulder.

Had the effect of the poison lessened significantly? His complexion seemed to have returned to normal.

“It was exhilarating, Regis! I would like to try resolving it that way with my own hands, too, even just once.” (Shadiverga)

“What are you talking about? It’s because I’m your son that I was able to obtain victory like this.” (Regis)

On hearing that, Shadiverga merely scratched his cheek in embarrassment.

Since he has low self-esteem, he deprecates his own abilities entirely.

“Haha. Regis’ endurance and strength in magic are definitely inherited from Sefina.

Also, look — I couldn’t do anything at all...” (Shadiverga)

“No. Father’s encouragement gave me the strength. In other words, this strength belongs to me, Walkins, father and mother. This is *our* victory.”

I looked at Shadiverga, seeking his acknowledgement.

He then nodded, with tears in his eyes.

This guy is someone who is easily moved to tears.

He was smiling as he cried.

Well, that part of him was what made me trust him, though.

“As expected of Regis-sama. Watching this match made me feel anxious, but I believed that you would definitely win.” (Walkins)

“There was no way I was going to lose, when what’s at stake is you.” (Regis)

Even so, it was a pathetic sight.

Despite achieving victory, I had wounds all over my body.

The state of my legs was that of a newborn deer.

If I were to stumble upon people like my classmates in a place like this, I would be nicknamed Bambi-chan on the following day.

Hold on a second.
It didn't seem that bad actually.
Bambi-chan is really cute.

While I was being overwhelmed with happiness, someone walked out from the front.
It should be a representative from Horgos family.
Since Durf, the original representative was seriously injured, the attendant had stepped out on behalf of him.
Yes, this was so he could find out my demand.

Incidentally, the aforementioned representative was the attendant that I had clashed with in the northern noble district.
It was that guy who sent out the private soldiers in an attempt to kill Edgar and me.

"Yo, so how's the feeling of being a loser?" (Regis)
"...Tch. I can't believe we're beaten by a brat like you." (Attendant)

The attendant spat on the ground and faced me as he clasped my hand.
The observer who had confirmed it, began delivering her speech.

"Well then, I would like to reveal the demand of the winner of this duel. Furthermore, I, Limwris Trúvaneia, as someone who has been selected as the judge of this duel between nobles in this kingdom, have the power to enforce and the right to reject the demand." (Observer)

I paid no attention to the long-winded explanation.
Is this woman's name, Limwris?
From what I've seen, she didn't seem to be a noble.
She's an earth-shattering beauty. It made my heart skip a beat.

She didn't seem to be that old, but she was chosen as the observer.
In other words, she was probably trustworthy enough to be nominated by the king.
She might unexpectedly be someone from the magic association.
Since she seemed to have an aura similar to Walkins behind, I couldn't discern her age.
However, she has quite a cold expression.

After a lengthy speech, Limwris paused for a moment.

Oh, is she finally done?

This uncle dislikes listening to long-winded talk.

“— But just one more thing. Some demands may not be accepted and are at the discretion of the king. We will not accept any demand that would be disadvantageous to the kingdom. This is also one of the supplementary points in Article 122 of the dueling rules—” (Limwris)

Ah, sorry. She wasn't done yet at all.

The cool sounding lawyer-like explanation was still going on.

Although, were they familiar with the duel already?

The nobles in the audience seats appeared unconcerned.

It amazed me that they could endure listening to such a boring thing every time.

Rather than listening to these uninteresting words, copiously cited with references, I would have preferred to work on the electric circuit for physics that I have yet to do....
Ah, on second thought, physics is impossible.

There was once when I was conducting the experiment using iron balls, but I accidentally dropped it on the tip of my foot, breaking a bone in the process. That incident was too traumatic to me.

I was 'blessed' to have met that physics teacher, who had instructed us to use those real iron balls. Really.

“Well then, I shall disclose the demand without delay.” (Limwris)

Finally over?

Limwris brushed her hair, looking through the note quickly, from the beginning to the end.

At that moment, her face twitched.

She rubbed her eyes and read it again.

It didn't seem as if she was convinced, even after looking through the note numerous times.

She then looked at me suspiciously, with unclouded eyes, seemingly asking if I really wanted to go ahead with it.

I nodded slowly.

Upon seeing our exchange, the attendant raised his voice irritably and spoke out in a haughty manner.

“Could you make it quick? I don’t have that much free time to be sitting down with a filthy fallen noble. There’s a limit to how much insult I can take.” (Attendant)

“Is that so? Then join us and let’s be the fallen nobles together.” (Regis)

“...What?” (Attendant)

The instant he heard those words, he frowned.

I feigned ignorance and looked the other way.

Walkins’s body felt warm.

As I thought, it gave me a sense of security when she hugged me from behind.

I didn’t show it, though.

Limwris cleared her throat and read out the contents in one breath.

“Alright. First, the things that are requested are as follows:

First, the Horgos family will transfer all his gold and silver mines to the Din family;
second, all his surrounding lands and authority over the residents there are to be transferred to Din family;

third, 90% of Horgos’ assets are to be ceded to Din family;

and fourth, the rebuilding of the magic shop managed by Edgar-shi—” (Limwris)

She read them out one after another.

The riotous arena fell silent instantly.

Everyone was paralyzed by the demand, since the contents entirely undercut the honour of this kingdom’s nobles.

Normally, it is a common practice to make only one request in the duel.

Despite that, my request came one after another.

The absurdity of it made the attendant jeer at me.

“Wha.. What fucking demands are these?!” (Attendant)

“There’s no helping it, isn’t it? Your side lost.” (Regis)

The attendant became even more furious when I shrugged my shoulders and answered him.

He paid no mind to his honour anymore and spat out all the words of criticism held deep inside him.

“Do you even have any common sense! How many fucking demands are you going to make?! Gold mines? Territories? Authority? Shop? There are no nobles who would make such preposterous demands!” (Attendant)

“There’s one in front of you. Ah, don’t forget the silver mines. You left it out. Besides, don’t expect any dignity from a fallen noble. We’re just earning back our money for tomorrow since we almost died today. Exploiting the upper echelons just a little is fine, isn’t it?” (Regis)

I will definitely not change my demand.

Why should I yield?

Just because the nobles in this continent regard someone who makes more than one demand as despicable?

Don’t make me laugh.

Who’s going to abide by the dueling rules or the supplementary rules when the contents are not even written clearly?

It was my belief that you should take whatever things that you can get.

It was just like how I acquired too many free pocket tissues that were distributed outside.

However, there was one occasion when someone reported it to the girl who was distributing them.

She grasped my hand, exposing me when I tried to get one from her.

A man prostrating to a girl at the station at night.

I don’t think there are any other weirdos except for me who would do such a thing.

Don’t look down on this NEET bastard who has gone through numerous ‘trials and

tribulations’.

Did you think I have still not made any progress after all that?

The attendant’s shoulders were trembling out of anger.

“There is no way such suggestions would be accepted! This will definitely affect the country’s interest!” (Attendant)

“Don’t worry. Father will be able to govern the place well. He was able to bring smiles to the people’s face by sacrificing the growth of his hair. He will be able to make good use of the territories received.” (Regis)

“...This brat. Are you planning to crush the Horgos family?” (Attendant)

“It’s just crushing a stinking pigsty. Deliver the requests quickly and disappear from my sight.” (Regis)

The attendant placed his hand on the hilt of his sword when he heard my words. However, the moment I flicked the handle of my knife, he turned pale and regained his composure.

This was retribution for making light of me just because I am a kid.

There wasn’t anything else to say.

I made eye contact with the observer.

Thereupon, Limwris made a loud declaration.

“Well then, we will let the king decide if the contents of the demand are acceptable. The representatives from the two families will come by the king’s castle after this!” (Limwris)

Hou, so the king will be the one to decide?

Was that one of the stipulations, or something from the dueling rules?

By the way, these additional points in the dueling rules article are not really well-known, since fundamentally, the seven main rules of the duel are already sufficient.

Therefore, the supplementary points to the dueling rule are only for when something unexpected happens.

They were hardly used in a normal duel.

Nevertheless, there were a few exceptions in the situation this time.

Not only had I forced the opponent out of the ring, Din's family requested an abnormal amount of demands as well.

I had, in any case, incurred the animosity of the nobles who have good relationship with Horgos already.

Nonetheless, if we had cared about something like prestige, we wouldn't have ended up becoming fallen nobles.

Also, my job ends here.

I shall leave all the complicated discussions after that to Shadiverga while I go to the vicinity of this area to pick up medicinal herbs for curing baldness.

I then turned around triumphantly, anticipating seeing Shadiverga standing there, overflowing with pride but...

It was different than what I expected.

I wasn't beaten to a pulp nor was I killed.

Yet he was trembling and chattering his teeth.

"Father, what's wrong? Has the poison not wear off yet?" (Regis)

"N-No, that's not it. I'm going to have an audience with the King now, right? I-I was wondering, if it would be alright for someone like me to have this honour..." (Shadiverga)

Certainly, it might be too over the top for a fallen noble to have an audience with the king.

If he really didn't want to, I wouldn't mind going in his stead.

"Since I'm the head of the family today, I don't mind going actually." (Regis)

"Y-Yeah, I mean that's right!" (Shadiverga)

"But as I thought, father should be the one to go. It's only the process of transferring the execution right and decision-making power to you. So, just go and have the audience with the king." (Regis)

I gave Shadiverga a light pat on his back.

I had intended to hand over the baton to him casually, but he shook his head, looking

flustered.

“T-That won’t work! If it’s just meeting me, then it’s fine, but the King wants to meet the head of the family, right?” (Shadiverga)

“The royalty would be troubled, wouldn’t they? If a kid like me were to be the one to meet them? It would be better for father, who is still recognized as the feudal lord of the fallen noble, to make the appearance instead.” (Regis)

“...Uu, that is certainly true, based on the past experience. I wouldn’t know what might happen if you were to be the one to meet the king.” (Shadiverga)

Oh, you do understand it well, don’t you?

After my interaction with Durf, he seemed to have acquired the ‘skill’ that prevented him from stepping on the ‘landmines’.

Yes, so it would be a conversation between adults from here.

I don’t want to see the ugly dispute over territory and authority.

So, let’s just say that I have left the play.

After all, Shadiverga is originally good with words.

One who is quick at seizing the opportunities. He is basically that type of person.

At any rate, he will not mess up as long as they do not touch the issue regarding Sefina.

I shall entrust Shadiverga with the matter of diplomacy.

The lingering scent of something burning hung in the air inside the arena.

The majority of the nobles who were greatly disappointed by the unexpected result left the place, looking dissatisfied.

Shadiverga and the attendant, who represented Horgos’s family, were taken away by the observer.

A fallen noble and a high-ranking noble.

This duel happened in the Imperial City because of the two families that clashed with each other.

For the time being, the event that had disrupted the ordinary days was settled.



“Uo, Walkins-san! It’s been a longu–!!” (Edgar)

“What’s the point of being in such a hurry if you end up biting your tongue?!” (Regis)

Outside the arena.

We were in the vicinity of the street nearby.

While having our conversation, we drank warm teas that were purchased from a store not far away.

By the way, I had a lot bandages wrapped around my body due to the deep wounds on my back.

They would probably take a while to heal.

Edgar appeared to be exhausted as well.

But the moment I brought Walkins over to her, she sprung back to life like a phoenix that rises from the ashes.

The recovery rate was faster than when she drank alcohol.

It was possible that Walkins is the best revitalizing alcohol for Edgar.

Most importantly, I guessed she was the benefactor who had saved her life.

It must have been really painful though, since she had bitten her tongue hard.

Edgar trembled.

Was it because she was nervous? Her gaze was unfocused.

“Calm down. Walkins won’t run away. You don’t need to be in such a hurry.” (Regis)

“N-No. Walkins-san’s appearance hasn’t changed much...” (Edgar)

Ah, as I thought, you were surprised by that?

I supposed it was because I had not seen how Walkins looked like ten years ago.

I couldn’t guess what really happened, though.

Even so, it was understandable that she would feel strange seeing that Walkins’s appearance hasn’t changed.

On seeing Edgar’s perplexed reaction, Walkins tilted her head.

“Is that so? I think I should’ve changed a lot since then.” (Walkins)

“T-That hair. What have you done to that beautiful, long hair?” (Edgar)

“Ah, I cut it. It was disruptive since it was long.” (Walkins)

“...H-How could.” (Edgar)

Edgar became crestfallen.

Did she have some kind of past concerning Walkins’ hair?

Edgar flipped her waist length hair, and showed her elegant long hair to Walkins.

Edgar’s refreshing smell that was carried by the wind tickled my nostrils.

If you were to think about it, this fellow is also pretty.

Her red hair was as delicate as silk, and she has a pair of determined eyes.

It was regrettable that she’s an alcoholic, but she would normally look cute, wouldn’t she?

It made even this uncle feel like giving her three stars.

Ah, she glared at me.

It seemed she realized I was thinking rude things about her.

Couldn’t she even take a joke?

After Edgar sent me a warning glare, she turned to Walkins.

Her cheeks flushed red as she forced herself to say it out.

“The only reason I grew my hair long is because I admire Walkins-san...” (Edgar)

“No, your hair is beautiful. It is incomparable to even mine in the past.” (Walkins)

Walkins ran her hand over Edgar’s hair gently.

That action instantly caused Edgar’s face to turn bright red as she began mumbling a mysterious language, 『Awa, awawa』 .

“T-T-That... I was desperate to catch up with Walkins-san.” (Edgar)

“I’m not a human who is worthy of anyone’s admiration. For starters, I’m not even sure if I can be considered a human.” (Walkins)

“W-What do you mean?” (Edgar)

“No, it’s nothing.” (Walkins)

Walkins blurted out something unsettling.
However, she was able to dodge Edgar's question easily.
What she said earlier made me feel uneasy, though.
Well, it wasn't like I had just realized how mysterious Walkins' real identity is.

Walkins smiled innocently.
Not long after, Edgar took out a sword, as if she had just recalled it.
It was an iron sword with a thick blade that looked like an enormous weapon used by a family from somewhere.

"Take a look at this straight sword! This is an imitation of the weapon used by Walkins-san when you fought against the empire's army." (Edgar)
"It's well-maintained, isn't it? It's a pleasant thing, that you've taken such good care of your sword." (Walkins)

Upon hearing Walkins's praise, Edgar's face brightened up like a blooming flower.
It was a lovely smile, though.
Could it be because she was swinging her large sword?
The discrepancy between the two images I have of her was increasing.

"It seems that Regis-sama has been in your care this time. It might be strange for me, as his servant, to convey my gratitude, but thank you very much. Please get along with Regis-sama from now on." (Walkins)
"...Uo, Walkins-san is asking a favour from me." (Edgar)

jin
She was overwhelmed with tears of joy.
Where did the usual dignified demeanour go?
She had turned into a complete fangirl.

After Edgar was done with her fangirling, she coughed once before turning to me.
She looked at me with a lonely face like a small animal and asked me.

"Regis, you are all going home, right?" (Edgar)
"Yeah. There is nothing left to do here." (Regis)
"...I see. It will be lonely." (Edgar)

“I will come again after seven or eight years.” (Regis)

“I-Is it true?!” (Edgar)

Edgar’s face began to light up once more.

Walkins would probably not be accompanying me at that time, though.

So why was she still so happy?

“I have to achieve the top result at the magic academy here.” (Regis)

“...I see. Magic academy, is it?” (Edgar)

I nodded deeply.

After a long contemplation, Edgar appeared as if she had come to a decision.

I wonder what she was thinking of. I’ve got a bad feeling about this.

Was she planning to mess something up after seven or eight years?

Well, it didn’t seem like the said person would say it out.

It would be rude to ask her as well.

“Thank you very much for your help this time.” (Regis)

“Nn, you’re going?” (Edgar)

“Yeah. Father is having an intense war verbally now. After dealing with the aftermath of this duel, we will head back immediately.” (Regis)

“Is that so. I guess I should get a fresh start and do my best, too.” (Edgar)

“Well, that’s all.” (Regis)

“Goodbye, Regis.” (Edgar)

I waved my hand gently and began to walk off.

Walkins chatted with Edgar for a while.

They were probably reminiscing about their memories from ten years ago.

Once their conversation settled down, Walkins gave her a quick bow and trotted after me.

“You’re done?” (Regis)

“Yes. I’m glad she’s doing well.” (Walkins)

She placed her hand on her chest and nodded silently.

Edgar Christanval.

Would it be several years until I meet her again?

I wondered how old would she be at that time.

I had a feeling that I would be killed if I were to ask her, so I didn't say it.

She would probably be in her late twenties.

It would be all right. I have no problem with that range of age at all.

Ah, I was referring to a pure and sincere relationship between friends, naturally.

There were too many disappointing points about her for me to harbour any wicked feelings for her.

It wasn't something that I could say, though.

"Edgar-san has become a fine person." (Walkins)

"Yeah. She has the capability to become a big-shot one day. In many ways." (Regis)

"...As I thought, it's wonderful to be able to help someone. It made me feel this way once again after meeting her." (Walkins)

I agree.

When I helped someone, it felt as if I was being rewarded, too.

Was it because of the way I died in my previous life?

I would risk everything to protect my close friends.

Even if it cost me my life...

Well, I guess it couldn't be helped.

I was living this life for the sake of helping someone.

I drew that firm conclusion.

"...Regis-sama, there's a tinge of sadness in your eyes." (Walkins)

"Eh, you mean me?" (Regis)

"Yes. There's this tense, empty feeling in your eyes. Are you troubled by something?" (Walkins)

"No, there's nothing at all. I'm always all right." (Regis)

Her words pierced me like a nail. I was taken aback.

That wouldn't do. I would make the people around me worry if I were to look so gloomy.

I forced myself to look tough and walked beside Walkins.

Walkins stole a glance at my face, looking rather concerned.

Then she punched her hand, as if she had just thought of something.

She pulled my hand and began running all the sudden.

"O-Oi, Walkins?" (Regis)

"Even if we're in the Imperial City, our training still resumes! The one who reaches the mansion first wins. The loser will have to listen to whatever the winner says."

(Walkins)

Oioi.

What were you saying all of a sudden?

That was what I thought, but I soon realized her real intention.

Was she trying to cheer me up after seeing my sullen expression?

What an attentive person.

I like that part of you.

Yeah, considering that her motivation was triggered, I should give it a go.

We could sweat it out for a little, then I would let her win in the end.

After all, I am quite generous.

Ha ha ha.

"Alright. Fine with me. But, it would be troublesome to go all out, so I'll let you win."
(Regis)

"Is that so? By the way, if I win, I'll sneak into Regis-sama's bed at night." (Walkins)

At that moment, all the senses in my body went on high alert.

I ran.

I ran really quick.

I ran as if my life depended on it.

I put on a burst of speed as though I was running barefooted to escape from a cheetah

and overtook Walkins momentarily.
On looking at my speed, she uttered a cry of surprise.

“Huh? Didn’t you say that you’ll let me win?” (Walkins)
“Only an idiot will not give his all in a situation like thiiiiisssss!” (Regis)

I pushed forward as I yelled.
And I tripped over my own feet.
Running with an exhausted body was an absurd thing to do.
There was a strange sound when I hit my flank. It hurt.

But there was no time for that now. I should keep running.
On seeing me giving it my all, Walkins smiled happily.

“Oh, someone’s motivated. Then this Walkins shall give it her all too!” (Walkins)
“Can you please go easy on meeeeeeeee!” (Regis)

However, my sorrowful cry ended up in vain.
Walkins displayed her terrific abilities in running and overtook me in a split second.
Fast. She was way too fast.
Wasn’t that speed just too overwhelming, my maid?

It would be impossible for someone like me, who used to be a NEET in my previous life, to catch up.
That said, I mustn’t be defeated in a place like this.
Most importantly, I mustn’t lose my chastity in a place like this.

“Uoooooooooooo!” (Regis)
“Wah, you’re fast. I still couldn’t shake you off even after going all out.” (Walkins)

Walkins begun to break out in cold sweat.
Was it because of my terrible state? All the people who passed by us jumped out of our way.
World oh world, was that truly how humans were?

I did not compete with Walkins directly, who was ahead of me, but used a shortcut

instead.

There was still a little bit more to go until I reached the mansion.

I slipped into the crowd and succeeded in getting ahead of her.

“Fuhahaha. How’s that? Justice always wins, Walkins!” (Regis)

Just a little bit more.

There was still another two meters before I reached the gate.

I won. I won.

I had never won even once against Walkins.

But, it seemed that God was on my side at that moment.

The feeling of the wind caressing my face was comfortable.

I should plant my footprints on the finishing line.

The moment that thought came to my mind, my foot tripped over something.

It was a stone.

Not to mention, it was a considerably huge one.

My body took a forward plunge as I fell down with great force.

“...Guboah!” (Regis)

It was as if my face was covered with a grated Japanese radish container.

Could someone bring me soy sauce?

It seemed like I could make a very good side dish now.

A bright red grated Japanese radish.

Another name for it would be a ‘suicidal action’.

That was because I was stopped a few centimetres before reaching my goal.

Walkins trotted out from behind me and passed through the gate happily.

“Goal!” (Walkins)

...Ah, is that so?

Good for you.

While you were there being happy, someone with whom you are familiar was behind you, on the verge of dying.

That person was on the brink of fainting.

While in such a state, I collapsed.

After returning to the mansion, I was forced to a lap pillow by Walkins.

No, I wasn't the one who was the lap pillow.

Walkins was the one being a lap pillow.

Although I had refused because I was embarrassed, Walkins cut in with a shrewd remark that she had won the match.

Was such a request alright?

Walkins is a completely selfless person.

Giving someone like me a lap pillow wouldn't be interesting at all.

That said, since I was completely exhausted, it was enjoyable for me when she requested it.

I was in such a blissful state of comfort that I wasn't able express it in words.

Anyway, the only thing I could say was that Walkins' thighs were very soft. The feeling of comfort given was as if I were being embraced by an angel.

I was in utter bliss.

Just this alone had made me feel sincerely glad for giving my all this time.

EPILOGUE

The next day.

I got up at an early time in the morning.

Although my wounds were still sore, they didn't hinder my movements.

When I looked out the window, I could see information brokers running around in a hurry.

That's right, it seemed that it had gotten to the point that information experts had come to make a fuss even in the noble's quarters.

They were yelling about yesterday's incidents while handing out newspaper extras.

Strips of the newspaper were carried by the wind, reaching even the second floor of this mansion.

I picked them up and read the contents.

『Man from the Western lands, defeated in a duel against a fallen noble.』

『A miraculous victory obtained by the House of Din. Will the country be shaken by their unrestrained greed?』

『An unusual circumstance in which the king had approved of the demands after examining them.』

『It was found out that the House of Horgos had hired assassins. Could the attack on the King's right-hand man also be the work of Lord Durf? Suspect in custody for investigation.』

『The House of Horgos's revenue has plummeted due to the approval of the requests.』

Well, I guess it was as expected.

Since I had received the news about it yesterday, I wasn't particularly surprised.

Those staying in the northern noble district—

especially the nobles that depended on the Horgo's household, should be gnashing their teeth in anger about now.

The majority of the nobles in the southern noble district here are against the upper nobilities.

In particular, the nobles who had been victims of the audacity of Horgo's household in the imperial capital have an antipathy towards them.

That was why the people who were roaming around here wore cheerful looks on their faces.

I went downstairs to the first floor and made my way to the study room.

Wondering if Shadiverga had awakened already, I opened the door to find him inside just as expected.

"Good morning, father." (Regis)

"Oh, you're already awake? I'll be here until noon, so why don't you prepare first before we head back?" (Shadiverga)

After saying so, his gaze went back to the documents.

It looked as though he had a lot on his mind judging from the serious look on his face.

"Are you liquidating the territories received from the Horgos's household? Looks like a complicated issue." (Regis)

"...Would you like to give it a try, Regis?" (Shadiverga)

"Forget about it. It's definitely too soon for me." (Regis)

Well, I had no intention to do it at all even after becoming an adult, though.

It didn't seem to be the right job for someone like me who has no experience in handling domestic affairs.

Shadiverga hung his head dejectedly upon hearing my response.

He had an intense debate with the king and the attendant yesterday.

So, he must be worn out as well.

However, because of his tenacity in refusing to yield even a little, we acquired great results from the negotiation.

What Din's household received from the Horgos's household after the conclusion was made by the king were as follows:

『First: 90% of the gold mine and silver mine owned by the House of Horgos will be transferred to the House of Din.』

These mineral resources were an important source of income for the Horgos's household.

However, because they had a monopolization on their other areas of income, they ruthlessly mined the area.

The mountain across the river was hard to manage, so it stayed with the Horgos family. The reason was because, after taking the profit for the country into consideration, the remaining 10% would be better off left to the Horgos's household to manage.

Well, we had still taken quite a lot from them.

So, they might not be able to make any movement for a while.

Next.

『Second: The House of Horgos's territories—specifically 30% of the levelled terrain will be ceded to the House of Din.』

There was a huge change in the request here.

Even if we were to acquire many territories, it would be meaningless if we couldn't govern them well.

Considering the limited workforce Din's household has, we wouldn't be able to manage that much land.

That was why we prioritized Din's household's territory and requested only the lands around us.

The decision-making rights in the territory would be entrusted to the Din's household.

It would be too troublesome if the territory was too big, even for us, so the amount of territory we received was just right.

Next.

『Third: 50% of Horgos's household's property will be transferred to Din's household』

The property, in this case, refers to their personal assets and does not include the country's funds.

The Horgos household had to cough up the money from their own savings because it would be an embarrassment if a significant household that governs the west countries suddenly collapsed. That was how this amount came to be.

That said, they had transferred the assets to us with extreme reluctance.

They were probably biting their handkerchiefs in anger at this time. ⁽¹⁾

By the way, it seemed that this money would be set aside to develop the newly obtained territories and resolve the inequality in the country.

Shadiverga was, at that moment, troubled with by the allocation of the funds for that. It looked like it would be decided by noon.

Lastly.

『Fourth: Rebuild Edgar-shi's magic shop.』

This request was approved as is.

It seemed that the cost to rebuild the shop and replace the destroyed goods would be fully reimbursed.

I was initially worried about what I should do if they didn't provide full compensation for this, though.

At any rate, Edgar should be 'healed' by this.

Financially, that is.

While I was recounting yesterday's incidents, the entrance to the mansion opened.

Walkins, the super servant, came in.

She must have headed out somewhere just now.

She was indeed a hard worker, considering how early in the morning it was.

"Welcome back, Walkins." (Regis)

"Good morning, Regis-sama." (Walkins)

"Did you go somewhere?" (Regis)

"Yes. I was buying various things from the morning market." (Walkins)

Various things, was it?

The bag Walkins was carrying seemed to be jam-packed with various dangerous-looking items, resembling bars.

“What are you using those for?” (Regis)

“I’ll be using them for ‘excavation’.” (Walkins)

“And where are you going to excavate?” (Regis)

“Mainly places like the library. I thought of destroying all the trap doors and little devices there.” (Walkins)

At that moment, I could hear Shadiverga sneezing from the study room.

He sure had a hard time. It was a never-ending, vicious cycle.

It seemed that Sefina’s instruction was still in effect.

I have to be careful so I wouldn’t get caught up in it.

I felt bad for Shadiverga, but all I could do was wish him all the best so he could come back alive.

“It was troubling just now, you know. When I was walking around the northern district, I was reviled by the resident nobles, who called me an ‘ignoramus with no common sense’.” (Walkins)

“... That’s unforgivable. Should I launch a sneak attack on them later?” (Regis)

To me, besmirching Walkins was equivalent to committing an act of blasphemy against the Goddess.

I resolved to ensure that the nobles would never say such a thing again.

While I was carefully formulating a plan for revenge, Walkins shook her head.

“You don’t need to do that. Although, it was unexpected for the king to approve of such unreasonable demands.” (Walkins)

“It was the other way round. The king had approved of them precisely because they are unreasonable.” (Regis)

Walkins tilted her head upon hearing my words.

It might be because what I said was contradicting.

However, I wasn’t wrong.

Breaking the unwritten rule that ‘only one request is allowed’ was worth it.

Although, thanks to that, we were labelled as ‘greedy fallen nobles with no common sense’.

They should’ve added more idiomatic expressions to it since it’s still not as good.

Though, every time they do so might cause Shadiverga’s stress to accumulate.

“If I were to behave meekly like how a fallen noble would, and make a realistic request, like demanding for only 5% of their gold and silver mine, it would be fulfilled instantly and that would be the end of it. It is possible that the king would like to reduce the power of the nobles staying in the northern side as well since their behaviour was getting worse lately. So, when we made all these unreasonable demands, he was able to take the opportunity——” (Regis)

“...Was it because of the supplementary points in the dueling rule? That the approval of the requests will be left to the king’s discretion? So, the king had also taken the opportunity to weaken the influence of the Horgos’s household who was rampaging in the imperial capital by distributing the power to a weaker noble family, like Din’s household.” (Walkins)

“Well, in a word, the circumstances has become our ally this time.” (Regis)

I came up with this method when I first found out about the northern noble district. If it goes well, I will be able to rob Horgos’s household of their power. That was what I thought.

It was unexpected that it had succeeded splendidly.

With this, the house of Horgos would not throw their weight around like last time anymore.

“Oh right, we’ll probably be here until noon, so it might be better for us to get ready first.” (Regis)

“I comprehend. Then I shall go make the preparations.” (Walkins)

Walkins went upstairs.

She is cute, as always.

Her cuteness is overflowing with every action.

Stop beating so fast, my heart.

That's right. As for what happened to Durf and the rest after that....

Firstly, the Stalin brothers' lives were no longer in danger after receiving prompt treatment.

However, they suffered from extraordinary injuries following such a huge failure.

It was possible that they would not be able to carry out any further assassinations.

Following the two cases of crimes that they had committed previously, the country had placed restrictions on them.

These two cases were the assassination attempt on Shadiverga, and the attack on the king's right-hand man.

Judging from the offences they had committed, I wasn't sure if they would be able to leave the prison alive.

Incidentally, the one who received the 'Worst Injuries Award' this time was unexpectedly Durf.

His whole body was badly burned.

His ribs had punctured his lungs, and it seemed that several of his internal organs were damaged.

There were various places that suffered complex fractures as well, and parts that couldn't be mended even after treatment.

It seemed that when the request was approved, Durf had to be carried out on a stretcher to meet Shadiverga.

At that time, Shadiverga's face had apparently reminded Durf of me, so he trembled and ended up fainting upon the encounter.

My face doesn't really resemble Shadiverga's.

However, if Durf had wound up in that state even after looking at Shadiverga, it made me wonder what his reaction will be when I see him again.

Well, by the looks of it, he would probably never get himself involved with Din's household ever again.

That is something that I'd be thankful for.

Din's household had profited a lot from the battle in the kingdom this time.

I was somehow able to make use of this opportunity to break free from our fallen

noble state.

Nevertheless, the majority of the upper-stratum was occupied by corrupted nobles, so it would still take us a long time to reach it.

I guess the incident this time served as a foothold in our goal.

Well, whatever.

There is no point thinking too far ahead into the future.

What's important now is to fill my tummy.

I went upstairs to have my breakfast.



Come now, let me have it!

It is torture time.

The carriage carrying Din's family departed from the kingdom at high speed.

Incidentally, the moment I got into the carriage, I couldn't stop trembling.

That reminds me, I had poked fun at Shadiverga before, saying that his face was ocean blue when I saw his pale face.

I'd like to apologize for that. I am reflecting on it.

That is because my complexion currently isn't as bad as that.

It is of a mulberry colour, close to indigo.

Shadiverga and Walkins were sitting on either side of me, rubbing my back.

"...You're seriously susceptible to motion sickness." (Shadiverga)

"Frail-looking Regis-sama is wonderful, too." (Walkins)

"Y-You guys are noisy. Please don't make it worse." (Regis)

If you shake the carriage any more than this, everything is going to be covered with the contents of my stomach.

Are you all fine with that?

I have absolute confidence in my patience and endurance.

But I am prone to motion sickness since my previous life.

Once I boarded a train, I would turn into a 'demonic sprinkler man'.

I also got dizzy when I cycled at full speed before, and ended up getting into an accident at an accident-prone S-shaped turn.

I had rammed into a trailer and suffered from serious injuries that took me three months to make a complete recovery in the aforementioned accident.

However, regardless of how much pain I could endure, I was still killed by a single steel frame.

Well, anyway motion sickness is my greatest enemy.

"But Regis, you've become quite strong. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you defeating an assassin like him." (Shadiverga)

"What? You thought I would lose, father?" (Regis)

"N-No, I didn't mean that. It's just that, that overwhelming strength you've displayed was like Sefina when she's at her peak..." (Shadiverga)

Come to think of it, Sefina was a noble who had made her name in swordsmanship and magic.

If it weren't for her body's condition, she would probably be the country's pride for her outstanding skills even now.

Even though she got caught up in a power struggle in the end, her individual skills were still amazing.

But Shadiverga, that was a silly thing to say.

"Of course. I am planning to go magic academy in the imperial capital." (Regis)

"...Eh?" (Shadiverga)

A silly sound escaped his throat upon hearing my words.

That reminds me, I had not mentioned the things about Sefina's cure to him.

Shadiverga's face stiffened when he found out that I was planning to go to the magic academy.

"You want to go to the magic academy?" (Shadiverga)

"That's right. Is there a problem?" (Regis)

"Walkins, did you hear what Regis said?" (Shadiverga)

“I heard it perfectly.” (Walkins)

“Then, what about the discrimination in social status—” (Shadiverga)

“Shadiverga-sama will be able to do something about it, right?” (Walkins)

As soon as Shadiverga brought up the critical point, Walkins interjected with a question that Shadiverga could not refuse.

Shadiverga could only nod as he broke out in cold sweat.

“...T-That’s right. If Regis wants to go, then I’ll try to do my best about it.” (Shadiverga)

It seemed that my goal to enter the magic academy would have various obstructions.

That wasn’t something that I have heard of before, so should I look it up later?

Shadiverga seemed to be greatly perplexed, probably because he was just entrusted with another new task.

“...Then, I guess I have no choice but to ask that person. It feels unpleasant, though. That person had betrayed me before the last time.” (Shadiverga)

Now, who was he talking about?

It was hard to tell since Shadiverga has strange personal connections.

However, judging from this atmosphere, it was likely that this person was the key to the problem.

“Well, the minimum age requirement for the admission is 15, right? What I can do now is to improve my magic foundation as much as possible.” (Regis)

“True. Walkins here will do her best to support you, too.” (Walkins)

“Yeah. For now, leave the admission problem to me. Let’s each do what we can do.” (Shadiverga)

Oh, it was surprising that he could say something nice occasionally.

I applauded him.

At that moment, I felt the carriage rise up lightly.

It seemed that we have just entered the wasteland.

The shaking of the carriage became intense all of a sudden, causing the sensory receptors inside my body to scream.

“...Guo, this is bad. I can’t hold it, anymo—” (Regis)

This won’t do. I will definitely throw up at this rate.

The moment I tried to open the window in a hurry, Walkins grasped my head.

She then pulled me and buried my head in her chest.

That action of hers was so sudden that I became completely paralysed.



“...W-Walkins? This is bad. Please get away from me. At this rate, I’ll—” (Regis)

Throw up.

Before I could finish my sentence, Walkins tightened her hug.

squeeze

It seemed as though I could hear the sound of her embrace.

As a result, my face was buried deep in her chest.

Due to the feelings of nervousness and surprise that came forth, coupled with the sweet smell coming from her body, not only had my sense of balance crashed, but all of my sense of reason seemed to have crashed as well.

It was no good.

The shock I received was too much that my nausea...

“...is gone.” (Regis)

“Are you feeling better now, Regis-sama?” (Walkins)

When I buried my face in Walkins’s chest, I felt better all of a sudden.

The sense of discomfort that was raging inside me disappeared all at once.

It was replaced by the sweet smell coming from Walkins’s body

My physical condition returned to normal instantly.

“...Did you use some kind of magic?” (Regis)

“Nope. Regis-sama has a head shaking habit. In addition to that, you’re also prone to motion sickness, so it’s natural that you’ll feel nauseated.” (Walkins)

W-What?

Do I have such a habit?

I hadn’t noticed it.

Although, it was indeed true that I didn’t feel sick anymore once I kept my head rigid like this.

It could also be that this sense of comfort had overpowered my feeling of nausea.

“I noticed it the last time during our parrying practice.” (Walkins)

“T-That’s an amazing observation skill...” (Regis)

At any rate, I was no longer tormented by motion sickness.

I cast a side-glance at the landscape rushing by outside the window.

I couldn’t admire the spectacular sceneries outside a while ago, but I can do so now.

There were giant rocks around that resemble the Ayers Rocks in the wasteland.

The humble plants that grew there shined brightly as they reflected the sunlight.

Beautiful. Just the sight of it cleansed my heart.

In addition to that, the softness of Walkins’s body against my face was so comforting that everything felt heavenly.

So, a carriage trip can be fun, too.

As I nodded to myself, feeling convinced of it, I heard a disturbing sound beside me.

“...Uup, it’s no good. I get motion sickness easily, too.” (Shadiverga)

Shadiverga looked at us pleadingly, as though he was on the verge of tears.

He was able to endure it well during our trip to the imperial capital, though.

Was it because of his exhaustion this time?

He sent Walkins a pleading look, as if he was asking her for help.

What? So Shadiverga wants Walkins’s help with that, too?

Then why don’t you ask the servant sitting at the back of the carriage to help?

Since that servant’s a man, he should be able to help secure Shadiverga’s head properly with his thick chest.

Before I could tell Shadiverga that, Walkins answered him in a cold tone of voice.

“Ah, I don’t want to. This spot is reserved only for Regis-sama.” (Walkins)

“Did I even ask you for it?!” (Shadiverga)

“You’re noisy. Open the window and vomit outside, or please just swallow them back.”

(Walkins)

“What’s with the difference in treatment?! ...Au, I can’t hold it in anymore.”

(Shadiverga)

Shadiverga could not endure it any longer and threw up out the window.

How should I put it... There are many wasteland areas in the western part of the kingdom.

The local nobles will have a very tough time just travelling to the kingdom.

In the end, our positions seemed to have switched completely, unlike during our earlier trip. Shadiverga suffered a number of times before reaching our destination.

Alright. I will wear a cast to secure my neck from now on before riding in a carriage. Otherwise, I will definitely die.

I made that vow in my heart as I looked at the painful expression on Shadiverga's face.

-End of first arc-



卷末付録 キャラクター ラフ資料



レジス・デイン

ウォーキンス



シャディベルガ・デイン



マントあり

エドガー・クリスタンヴァル



シュターリン兄弟(兄)



ドウルフ・ザジム・ホルゴス



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